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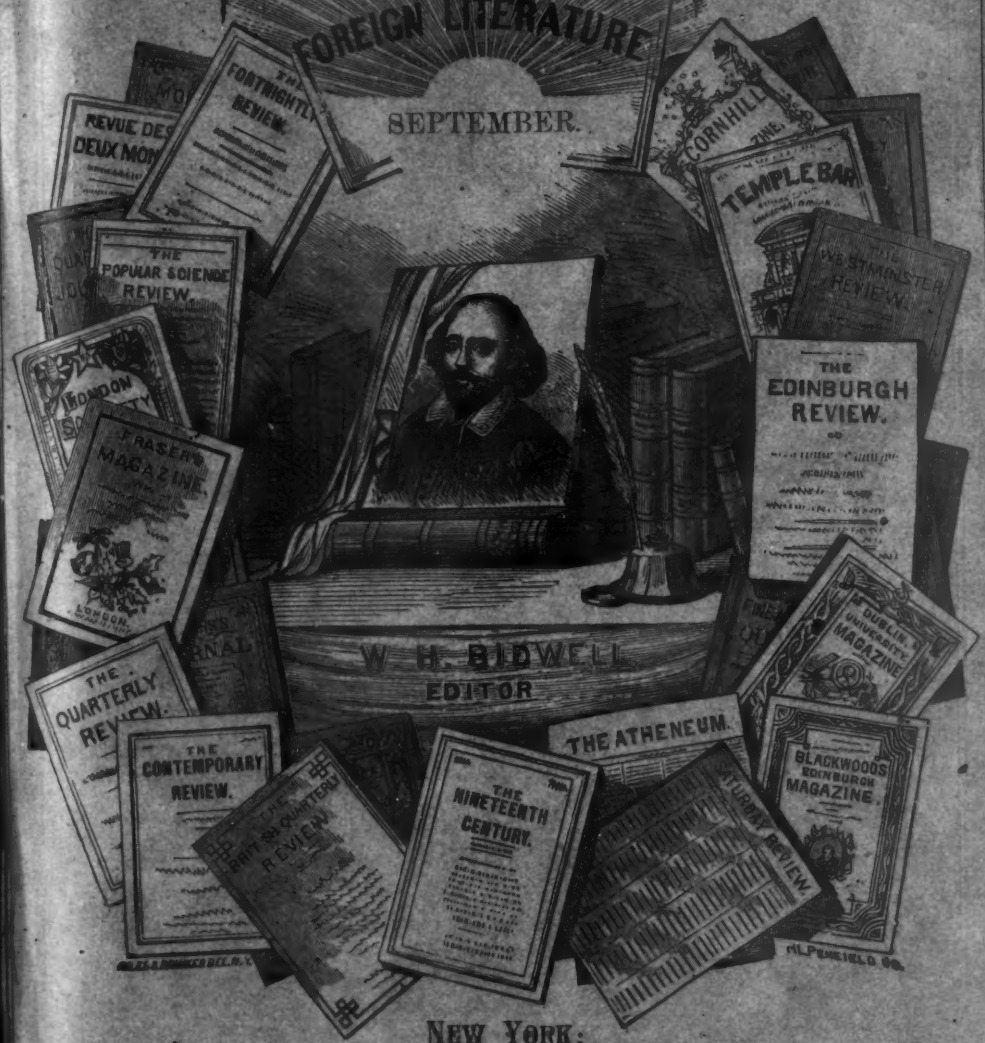
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THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE

SEPTEMBER.



W. H. BIDWELL
EDITOR

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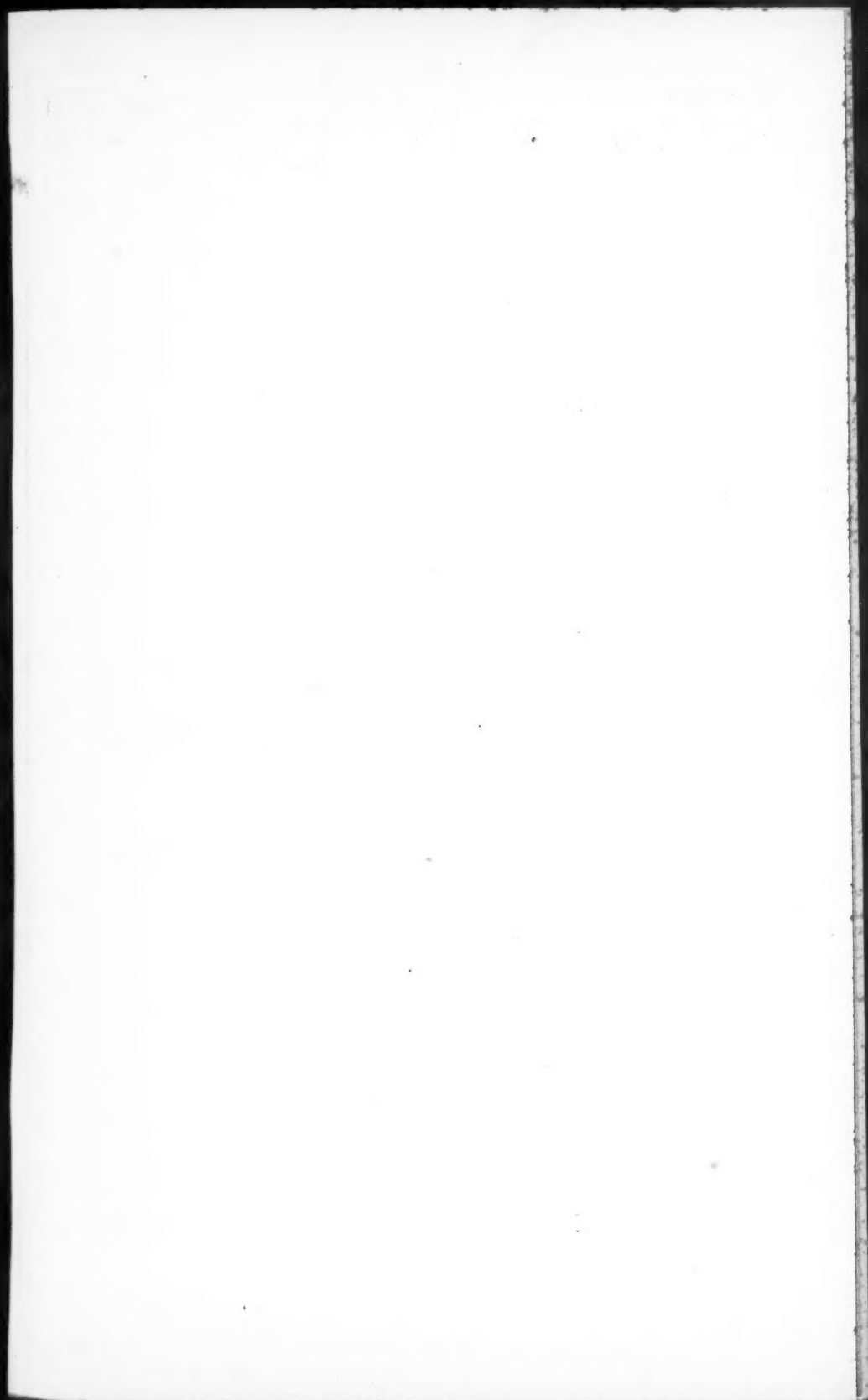
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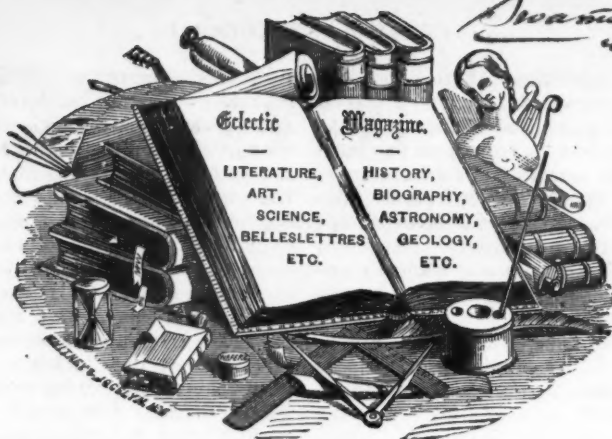
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SEPTEMBER, 1880.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU: HIS CHARACTER AND OPINIONS.

BY R. L. STEVENSON.

I.

THOREAU'S thin, penetrating, big-nosed face, even in a bad wood-cut, conveys some hint of the limitations of his mind and character. With his almost acid sharpness of insight, with his almost animal dexterity in act, there went none of that large, unconscious geniality of the world's heroes. He was not easy, not ample, not urbane, not even kind; his enjoyment was hardly smiling, or the smile was not broad enough to be convincing; he had no waste lands nor kitchen-midden in his nature, but was all improved and sharpened to a point. "He was bred to no profession," says Emerson; "he never married, he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the state; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither

trap nor gun. When asked at dinner what dish he preferred, he answered, 'The nearest.'" So many negative superiorities begin to smack a little of the prig. From his later works he was in the habit of cutting out humorous passages, under the impression that they were beneath the dignity of his moral muse; and there we see the prig stand public and confessed. It was "much easier," says Emerson, acutely, much easier for Thoreau to say *no* than *yes*; and that is a characteristic which depicts the man. It is a useful accompaniment to be able to say *no*, but surely it is the essence of amiability to prefer to say *yes* where it is possible. There is something wanting in the man who does not hate himself whenever he is constrained to say *no*. And there was a great deal wanting in this born dissenter. He was almost shockingly devoid of weaknesses; he had not enough of them to be truly

polar with humanity ; whether you call him demi-god or demi-man, he was at least not altogether one of us, for he was not touched with a feeling of our infirmities. The world's heroes have room for all positive qualities, even those which are disreputable, in the capacious theatre of their dispositions. Such can live many lives ; while a Thoreau can live but one, and that only with perpetual foresight.

He was no ascetic, rather an Epicurean of the nobler sort ; and he had this one great merit, that he succeeded so far as to be happy. " I love my fate to the core and rind," he wrote once ; and even while he lay dying, here is what he dictated (for it seems he was already too feeble to control the pen) : " You ask particularly after my health. I *suppose* that I have not many months to live, but of course know nothing about it. I may say that I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing." It is not given to all to bear so clear a testimony to the sweetness of their fate, nor to any without courage and wisdom ; for this world in itself is but a painful and uneasy place of residence, and lasting happiness, at least to the self-conscious, comes only from within. Now, Thoreau's content and ecstasy in living was, we may say, like a plant that he had watered and tended with womanish solicitude ; for there is apt to be something unmanly, something almost dastardly, in a life that does not move with dash and freedom, and that fears the bracing contact of the world. In one word, Thoreau was a skulker. He did not wish virtue to go out of him among his fellow-men, but slunk into a corner to hoard it for himself. He left all for the sake of certain virtuous self-indulgences. It is true that his tastes were noble ; that his ruling passion was to keep himself unspotted from the world ; and that his luxuries were all of the same healthy order as cold tubs and early rising. But a man may be both coldly cruel in the pursuit of goodness, and morbid even in the pursuit of health. I cannot lay my hands on the passage in which he explains his abstinence from tea and coffee, but I am sure I have the meaning correctly. It is this : He thought it bad economy and worthy of no true virtuoso to spoil the natural rap-

ture of the morning with such muddy stimulants ; let him but see the sun rise, and he was already sufficiently inspirited for the labors of the day. That may be reason good enough to abstain from tea ; but when we go on to find the same man, on the same or similar grounds, abstain from nearly everything that his neighbors innocently and pleasurably use, and from the rubs and trials of human society itself into the bargain, we recognize that valetudinarian healthfulness which is more delicate than sickness itself. We need have no respect for a state of artificial training. True health is to be able to do without it. Shakespeare, we can imagine, might begin the day upon a quart of ale, and yet enjoy the sunrise to the full as much as Thoreau, and commemorate his enjoyment in vastly better verses. A man who must separate himself from his neighbors' habits in order to be happy, is in much the same case with one who requires to take opium for the same purpose. What we want to see is one who can breast into the world, do a man's work, and still preserve his first and pure enjoyment of existence.

Thoreau's faculties were of a piece with his moral shyness ; for they were all delicacies. He could guide himself about the woods on the darkest night by the touch of his feet. He could pick up an exact dozen of pencils by the feeling, pace distances with accuracy, and gauge cubic contents by the eye. His smell was so dainty that he could perceive the fetor of dwelling-houses as he passed them by at night ; his palate so unsophisticated that, like a child, he disliked the taste of wine—or perhaps, living in America, had never tasted any that was good ; and his knowledge of nature was so complete and curious that he could have told the time of year, within a day or so, by the aspect of the planets. In his dealings with animals, he was the original of Hawthorne's Donatello. He pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail ; the hunted fox came to him for protection ; wild squirrels have been seen to nestle in his waistcoat ; he would stoop his face into a pool and bring forth a bright, panting fish, lying undismayed in the palm of his hand. There were few things that he could not do. He could make a house,

a boat, a pencil, or a book. He was a surveyor, a scholar, a natural historian. He could run, walk, climb, skate, swim, and manage a boat. The smallest occasion served to display his physical accomplishment; and a manufacturer from merely observing his dexterity with the window of a railway carriage, offered him a situation on the spot. "The only fruit of much living," he observes, "is the ability to do some slight thing better." But such was the exactitude of his senses, so alive was he in every fibre, that it seems as if the maxim should be changed in his case, for he could do most things with unusual perfection. And perhaps he had an approving eye to himself when he wrote: "Though the youth at last grows indifferent, the laws of the universe are not indifferent, *but are forever on the side of the most sensitive.*"

II.

Thoreau had decided, it would seem, from the very first to lead a life of self-improvement: the needle did not tremble as with richer natures, but pointed steadily north; and as he saw duty and inclination in one, he turned all his strength in that direction. He was met upon the threshold by a common difficulty. In this world, in spite of its many agreeable features, even the most sensitive must undergo some drudgery to live. It is not possible to devote your time to study and meditation without what are quaintly but happily denominated private means; these absent, a man must contrive to earn his bread by some service to the public such as the public cares to pay him for; or, as Thoreau loved to put it, Apollo must serve Admetus. This was to Thoreau even a sourer necessity than it is to most; there was a love of freedom, a strain of the wild man, in his nature, that rebelled with violence against the yoke of custom, and he was so eager to cultivate himself and to be happy in his own society, that he could consent with difficulty even to the interruptions of friendship. "*Such are my engagements to myself that I dare not promise,*" he once wrote in answer to an invitation; and the italics are his own. Marcus Aurelius found time to study virtue, and between whiles to conduct the imperial affairs of Rome; but Thoreau is so busy

improving himself, that he must think twice about a morning call. And now imagine him condemned for eight hours a day to some uncongenial and unmeaning business! He shrank from the very look of the mechanical in life; all should, if possible, be sweetly spontaneous and swimmingly progressive. Thus he learned to make lead-pencils, and, when he had gained the best certificate and his friends began to congratulate him on his establishment in life, calmly announced that he should never make another. "Why should I?" said he; "I would not do again what I have done once." For when a thing has once been done as well as it wants to be, it is of no further interest to the self-improver. Yet in after years, and when it became needful to support his family, he returned patiently to this mechanical art—a step more than worthy of himself.

The pencils seem to have been Apollo's first experiment in the service of Admetus; but others followed. "I have thoroughly tried school-keeping," he writes, "and found that my expenses were in proportion, or rather out of proportion, to my income; for I was obliged to dress and train, not to say think and believe, accordingly, and I lost my time into the bargain. As I did not teach for the benefit of my fellow-men, but simply for a livelihood, this was a failure. I have tried trade; but I found that it would take ten years to get under way in that, and that then I should probably be on my way to the devil." Nothing, indeed, can surpass his scorn for all so-called business. Upon that subject, gall squirts from him at a touch. "The whole enterprise of this nation is not illustrated by a thought," he writes; "it is not warmed by a sentiment; there is nothing in it for which a man should lay down his life, nor even his gloves." And again: "If our merchants did not most of them fail, and the banks too, my faith in the old laws of this world would be staggered. The statement that ninety-six in a hundred doing such business surely break down is perhaps the sweetest fact that statistics have revealed." The wish was probably father to the figures; but there is something enlivening in a hatred of so genuine a brand, hot as Corsican revenge and sneering like Voltaire.

Pencils, shop-keeping, and trade being thus discarded one after another, Thoreau, with a stroke of strategy, turned the position. He saw his way to get his board and lodging for practically nothing; and Admetus never got less work out of any servant since the world began. It was his ambition to be an Oriental philosopher; but he was always a very Yankee sort of Oriental. Even in the peculiar attitude in which he stood to money, his system of personal economics, as we may call it, he displayed a vast amount of truly down-east calculation, and he adopted poverty like a piece of business. Yet his system is based on one or two ideas which, I believe, come naturally to all thoughtful youths, and are only pounded out of them by city uncles. Indeed, something essentially youthful distinguishes all Thoreau's knock-down blows at current opinion. Like the posers of a child, they leave the orthodox in a kind of speechless agony. These know the thing is nonsense. They are sure there must be an answer, yet somehow cannot find it. So it is with his system of economy. He cuts through the subject on so new a plane that the accepted arguments apply no longer; he attacks it in a new dialect where there are no catchwords ready made for the defender; after you have been boxing for years on a polite, gladiatorial convention, here is an assailant who does not scruple to hit below the belt.

"The cost of a thing," says he, "is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run." I have been accustomed to put it to myself, perhaps more clearly, that the price we have to pay for money is paid in liberty. Between these two ways of it, at least, the reader will probably not fail to find a third definition of his own; and it follows, on one or other, that a man may pay too dearly for his livelihood, by giving, in Thoreau's terms, his whole life for it, or, in mine, bartering for it the whole of his available liberty, and becoming a slave till death. There are two questions to be considered—the quality of what we buy, and the price we have to pay for it. Do you want a thousand a year, a two thousand a year, or a ten thousand a year livelihood? and can you afford the one you want? It is

a matter of taste; it is not in the least degree a question of duty, though commonly supposed so. But there is no authority for that view anywhere. It is nowhere in the Bible. It is true that we might do a vast amount of good if we were wealthy, but it is also highly improbable; not many do; and the art of growing rich is not only quite distinct from that of doing good, but the practice of the one does not at all train a man for practising the other. "Money might be of great service to me," writes Thoreau; "but the difficulty now is that I do not improve my opportunities, and therefore I am not prepared to have my opportunities increased." It is a mere illusion that, above a certain income, the personal desires will be satisfied and leave a wider margin for the generous impulse. It is as difficult to be generous, or anything else, except perhaps a member of Parliament, on thirty thousand as on two hundred a year.

Now Thoreau's tastes were well defined. He loved to be free, to be master of his time and seasons, to indulge the mind rather than the body; he preferred long rambles to rich dinners, his own reflections to the consideration of society, and an easy, calm, unfettered, active life among green trees to dull toiling at the counter of a bank. And such being his inclination he determined to gratify it. A poor man must save off something; he determined to save off his livelihood. "When a man has attained those things which are necessary to life," he writes, "there is another alternative than to obtain the superfluities; *he may adventure on life now*, his vacation from humbler toil having commenced." Thoreau would get shelter, some kind of covering for his body, and necessary daily bread; even these he should get as cheaply as possible; and then, his vacation from humbler toil having commenced, devote himself to Oriental philosophers, the study of nature, and the work of self-improvement.

Prudence, which bids us all go to the ant for sluggards and hoard against the day of sickness, was not a favorite with Thoreau. He preferred that other, whose name is so much misappropriated, Faith. When he had secured the necessities of the moment, he would not

reckon up possible accidents or torment himself with trouble for the future. He had no toleration for the man "who ventures to live only by the aid of the mutual insurance company, which has promised to bury him decently." He would trust himself a little to the world. "We may safely trust a good deal more than we do," says he. "How much is not done by us! or wht if we had been taken sick?" And then, with a stab of satire, he describes temporry mankind in a phrase: "All the day long on the alert, at night we unwillingly say our prayers and commit ourselves to uncertainties." It is not likely that the public will be much affected by Thoreau, when they blink the direct injunctions of the religion they profess; and yet, whether we will or no, we make the same hazardous ventures; we back our own health and the honesty of our neighbors for all that we are worth; and it is chilling to think how many must lose their wager.

In 1845, twenty-eight years old, an age by which the liveliest have usually declined into some conformity with the world, Thoreau, with a capital of something less than five pounds and a borrowed axe, walked forth into the woods by Walden Pond, and began his new experiment in life. He built himself a dwelling, and returned the axe, he says with characteristic and workmanlike pride, sharper than when he borrowed it; he reclaimed a patch, where he cultivated beans, peas, potatoes, and sweet corn; he had his bread to bake, his farm to dig, and for the matter of six weeks in the summer he worked at surveying, carpentry, or some other of his numerous dexterities, for hire. For more than five years, this was all that he required for his support, and he had the winter and most of the summer at his entire disposal. For six weeks of occupation, a little cooking and a little hygienic gardening, the man, you may say, had as good as stolen his livelihood. Or we must rather allow that he had done far better; for the thief himself is continually and busily occupied; and even one born to inherit a million will have more calls upon his time than Thoreau. Well might he say, "What old people tell you you cannot do, you try and find you can." And how surprising

is his conclusion: "I am convinced that *to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime*, if we will live simply and wisely; *as the pursuits of simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial.*"

When he had enough of that kind of life, he showed the same simplicity in giving it up as in beginning it. There are some who could have done the one, but, vanity forbidding, not the other; and that is perhaps the story of the hermits; but Thoreau made no fetich of his own example, and did what he wanted squarely. And five years is long enough for an experiment and to prove the success of transcendental Yankeeism. It is not his frugality which is worthy of note; for, to begin with, that was inborn, and therefore inimitable by others who are differently constituted; and again, it was no new thing, but has often been equalled by poor Scotch students at the universities. The point is the sanity of his veiw of life, and the insight with which he recognized the position of money, and thought out for himself the problem of riches and a livelihood. Apart from his eccentricities, he had perceived, and was acting on, a truth of universal application. For money enters in two different characters into the scheme of life. A certain amount, varying with the number and empire of our desires, is a true necessary to each one of us in the present order of society; but beyond that amount, money is a commodity to be bought or not to be bought, a luxury in which we may either indulge or stint ourselves, like any other. And there are many luxuries that we may legitimately prefer to it, such as a grateful conscience, a country life, or the woman of our inclination. Trite, flat, and obvious as this conclusion may appear, we have only to look round us in society to see how scantily it has been recognized; and perhaps even ourselves, after a little reflection, may decide to spend a trifle less for money, and indulge ourselves a trifle more in the article of freedom.

III.

"To have done anything by which you earned money merely," says Thoreau, "is to be" (have been, he means,) "idle and worse." There are two pas-

sages in his letters, both, oddly enough, relating to firewood, which must be brought together to be rightly understood. So taken, they contain between them the marrow of all good sense on the subject of work in its relation to something broader than mere livelihood. Here is the first: "I suppose I have burned up a good-sized tree to-night—and for what? I settled with Mr. Tarbell for it the other day; but that wasn't the final settlement. I got off cheaply from him. At last one will say: 'Let us see, how much wood did you burn, sir?' And I shall shudder to think that the next question will be, 'What did you do while you were warm?'" Even after we have settled with Admetus in the person of Mr. Tarbell, there comes, you see, a further question. It is not enough to have earned our livelihood. Either the earning itself should have been serviceable to mankind, or something else must follow. To live is sometimes very difficult, but it is never meritorious in itself; and we must have a reason to allege to our own conscience why we should continue to exist upon this crowded earth. If Thoreau had simply dwelt in his house at Walden, a lover of trees, birds, and fishes, and the open air and virtue, a reader of wise books, an idle, selfish self-improver, he would have managed to cheat Admetus, but, to cling to metaphor, the devil would have had him in the end. Those who can avoid toil altogether and dwell in the Arcadia of private means, and even those who can, by abstinence, reduce the necessary amount of it to some six weeks a year, having the more liberty, have only the higher moral obligation to be up and doing in the interest of man.

The second passage is this: "There is a far more important and warming heat, commonly lost, which precedes the burning of the wood. It is the smoke of industry, which is incense. I had been so thoroughly warmed in body and spirit, that when at length my fuel was housed, I came near selling it to the ashman, as if I had extracted all its heat." Industry is, in itself and when properly chosen, delightful and profitable to the worker; and when your toil has been a pleasure, you have not, as Thoreau says, "earned money merely,"

but money, health, delight, and moral profit all in one. "We must heap up a great pile of doing for a small diameter of being," he says in another place; and then exclaims, "How admirably the artist is made to accomplish his self-culture by devotion to his art!" We may escape uncongenial toil, only to devote ourselves to that which is congenial. It is only to transact some higher business that even Apollo dare play the truant from Admetus. We must all work for the sake of work; we must all work, as Thoreau says again, in any "absorbing pursuit—it does not much matter what, so it be honest;" but the most profitable work is that which combines into one continued effort the largest proportion of the powers and desires of a man's nature; that into which he will plunge with ardor, and from which he will desist with reluctance; in which he will know the weariness of fatigue, but not that of satiety; and which will be ever fresh, pleasing, and stimulating to his taste. Such work holds a man together, braced at all points; it does not suffer him to doze or wander; it keeps him actively conscious of himself, yet raised among superior interests; it gives him the profit of industry with the pleasures of a pastime. This is what his art should be to the true artist, and that to a degree unknown in other and less intimate pursuits. For other professions stand apart from the human business of life; but an art has its seat at the centre of the artist's doings and sufferings, deals directly with his experiences, teaches him the lessons of his own fortunes and mishaps, and becomes a part of his biography. So, says Goethe:

"Spät erklingt was früh erklang;
Glück und Unglück wird Gesang."

Now Thoreau's art was literature; and it was one of which he had conceived most ambitiously. He loved and believed in good books. He said well, "Life is not habitually seen from any common platform so truly and unexaggerated as in the light of literature." But the literature he loved was of the heroic order. "Books, not which afford us a cowering enjoyment, but in which each thought is of unusual daring; such as an idle man cannot read, and a timid one would not be entertained by; which even make us danger-

ous to existing institutions—such I call good books." He did not think them easy to be read. "The heroic books," he says, "even if printed in the character of our mother-tongue, will always be in a language dead to degenerate times; and we must laboriously seek the meaning of each word and line, conjecturing a larger sense than common use permits out of what wisdom and valor and generosity we have." Nor does he suppose that such books are easily written. "Great prose, of equal elevation, commands our respect more than great verse," says he, "since it implies a more permanent and level height, a life more pervaded with the grandeur of the thought. The poet often only makes an irruption, like the Parthian, and is off again, shooting while he retreats; but the prose writer has conquered like a Roman and settled colonies." We may ask ourselves, almost with dismay, whether such works exist at all but in the imagination of the student. For the bulk of the best of books is apt to be made up with ballast; and those in which energy of thought is combined with any stateliness of utterance may be almost counted on the fingers. Looking round in English for a book that should answer Thoreau's two demands of a style like poetry and sense that shall be both original and inspiring, I come to Milton's "Areopagitica," and can name no other instance for the moment. Two things at least are plain: that if a man will condescend to nothing more commonplace in the way of reading, he must not look to have a large library, and that if he proposes himself to write in a similar vein, he will find his work cut out for him.

Thoreau composed seemingly while he walked, or at least exercise and composition were with him intimately connected; for we are told that "the length of his walk uniformly made the length of his writing." He speaks in one place of "plainness and vigor, the ornaments of style," which is rather too paradoxical to be comprehensively true. In another he remarks: "As for style of writing, if one has anything to say it drops from him simply as a stone falls to the ground." We must conjecture a very large sense indeed for the phrase "if one has anything to say." When

truth flows from a man, fittingly clothed in style and without conscious effort, it is because the effort has been made and the work practically completed before he sat down to write. It is only out of fulness of thinking that expression drops perfect like a ripe fruit; and when Thoreau wrote so nonchalantly at his desk, it was because he had been vigorously active during his walk. For neither clearness, compression, nor beauty of language come to any living creature till after a busy and a prolonged acquaintance with the subject on hand. Easy writers are those who, like Walter Scott, choose to remain contented with a less degree of perfection than is legitimately within the compass of their powers. We hear of Shakespeare and his clean manuscript; but in face of the evidence of the style itself and of the various editions of "Hamlet," this merely proves that Messrs. Hemming and Condell were unacquainted with the common enough phenomenon called a fair copy. He who would recast a tragedy already given to the world must frequently and earnestly have revised details in the study. Thoreau himself, and in spite of his protestations, is an instance of even extreme research in one direction; and his effort after heroic utterance is proved not only by the occasional finish, but by the determined exaggeration of his style. "I trust you realize what an exaggerator I am—that I lay myself out to exaggerate," he writes. And again, hinting at the explanation: "Who that has heard a strain of music feared lest he should speak extravagantly any more forever?" And yet once more, in his essay on Carlyle, and this time with his meaning well in hand: "No truth, we think, was ever expressed but with this sort of emphasis, that for the time there seemed to be no other." Thus Thoreau was an exaggerative and a parabolical writer, not because he loved the literature of the East, but from a desire that people should understand and realize what he was writing. He was near the truth upon the general question; but in his own particular method, it appears to me, he wandered. Literature is not less a conventional art than painting or sculpture; and it is the least striking, as it is the most comprehensive, of the three. To hear a strain of music, to see a beau-

tiful woman, a river, a great city, or a starry night is to make, a man despair of his Lilliputian arts in language. Now, to gain that emphasis which seems denied to us by the very nature of the medium, the proper method of literature is by selection, which is a kind of negative exaggeration. It is the right of the literary artist, as Thoreau was on the point of seeing, to leave out whatever does not suit his purpose. Thus we extract the pure gold; and thus the well-written story of a noble life becomes, by its very omissions, more thrilling to the reader. But to go beyond this, like Thoreau, and to exaggerate directly, is to leave the saner classical tradition, and to put the reader on his guard. And when you write the whole for the half, you do not express your thought more forcibly, but only express a different thought which is not yours.

Thoreau's true subject was the pursuit of self-improvement combined with an unfriendly criticism of life as it goes on in our societies; it is there that he best displays the freshness and surprising trenchancy of his intellect; it is there that his style becomes plain and vigorous, and therefore, according to his own formula, ornamental. Yet he did not care to follow this vein singly, but must drop into it by the way in books of a different purport. "Walden, or Life in the Woods," "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," "The Maine Woods," such are the titles he affects. He was probably reminded by his delicate critical perception that the true business of literature is with narrative; in reasoned narrative, and there alone, that art enjoys all its advantages, and suffers least from its defects. Dry precept and disembodied disquisition, as they can only be read with an effort of abstraction, can never convey a perfectly complete or a perfectly natural impression. Truth, even in literature, must be clothed with flesh and blood, or it cannot tell its whole story to the reader. Hence the effect of anecdote on simple minds; and hence good biographies and works of high, imaginative art are not only far more entertaining, but far more edifying, than books of theory or precept. Now, Thoreau could not clothe his opinions in the garment of art, for that was not his tal-

ent; but he sought to gain the same elbow-room for himself, and to afford a similar relief to his readers, by mingling his thoughts with a record of experience.

Again, he was a lover of nature. The quality which we should call mystery in a painting, and which belongs so particularly to the aspect of the external world and to its influence upon our feelings, was one which he was never weary of attempting to reproduce in his books. The seeming significance of nature's appearances, their unchanging strangeness to the senses, and the thrilling response which they waken in the mind of man, continued to surprise and stimulate his spirits. It appeared to him, I think, that if we could only write near enough to the facts, and yet with no pedestrian calm, but ardently, we might transfer the glamour of reality direct upon our pages; and that, if it were once thus captured and expressed, a new and instructive relation might appear between men's thoughts and the phenomena of nature. This was the eagle that he pursued all his life long, like a schoolboy with a butterfly net. Hear him to a friend: "Let me suggest a theme to you—to state to yourself precisely and completely what that walk over the mountains amounted to for you, returning to this essay again and again until you are satisfied that all that was important in your experience is in it. Don't suppose that you can tell it precisely the first dozen times you try, but at 'em again; especially when, after a sufficient pause, you suspect that you are touching the heart or summit of the matter, reiterate your blows there, and account for the mountain to yourself. Not that the story need be long, but it will take a long while to make it short." Such was the method, not consistent for a man whose meanings were to "drop from him as a stone falls to the ground." Perhaps the most successful work that Thoreau ever accomplished in this direction is to be found in the passages relating to the fish in the "Week." These are remarkable for the vivid truth of impression and a happy suitability of language, not frequently surpassed.

Whatever Thoreau tried to do was tried in fair, square prose, with sentences solidly built, and no help from bastard rhythms. Moreover, there is a progression—I cannot call it a progress—in this

work toward a more and more strictly prosaic level, until at last he sinks into the bathos of the prosy. Emerson mentions having once remarked to Thoreau: "Who would not like to write something which all can read, like 'Robinson Crusoe'?" and who does not see with regret that his page is not solid with a right materialistic treatment which delights everybody?" I must say in passing that it is not the right materialistic treatment which delights the world in "Robinson," but the romantic and philosophic interest of the fable. The same treatment does quite the reverse of delighting us when it is applied, in "Colonel Jack," to the management of a plantation. But I cannot help suspecting Thoreau to have been influenced either by this identical remark or by some other closely similar in meaning. He began to fall more and more into a detailed materialistic treatment; he went into the business doggedly, as who should make a guide-book; he not only chronicled what had been important in his own experience, but whatever might have been important in the experience of anybody else; not only what had affected him, but all that he saw or heard. His ardor had grown less, or perhaps it was inconsistent with a right materialistic treatment to display such emotions as he felt; and, to complete the eventful change, he chose, from a sense of moral dignity, to gut these later works of the saving quality of humor. He was not one of those authors who have learned, in his own words, "to leave out their dullness." He inflicts his full quantity upon the reader in such books as "Cape Cod," or "The Yankee in Canada." Of the latter he confessed that he had not managed to get much of himself into it. God knows he had not, nor yet much of Canada, we may hope. "Nothing," he says somewhere, "can shock a brave man but dullness." Well, there are few spots more shocking to the brave than the pages of "The Yankee in Canada."

There are but three books of his that will be read with much pleasure: the "Week," "Walden," and the collected letters. As to his poetry, Emerson's word shall suffice for us, it is so accurate and so prettily said: "The thyme and marjoram are not yet honey." In

this, as in his prose, he relied greatly on the good will of the reader, and wrote throughout in faith. It was an exercise of faith to suppose that many would understand the sense of his best work, or that any could be exhilarated by the dreary chronicling of his worst. "But," as he says, "the gods do not hear any rude or discordant sound, as we learn from the echo; and I know that the nature toward which I launch these sounds is so rich that it will modulate anew and wonderfully improve my nudest strain."

IV.

"What means the fact," he cries, "that a soul which has lost all hope for itself can inspire in another listening soul such an infinite confidence in it, even while it is expressing its despair?" The question is an echo and an illustration of the words last quoted; and it forms the key-note of his thoughts on friendship. No one else, to my knowledge, has spoken in so high and just a spirit of the kindly relations; and I doubt if it be a drawback that these lessons should come from one in many ways so unfitted to be a teacher in this branch. The very coldness and egoism of his own intercourse gave him a clearer insight into the intellectual basis of our warm, mutual tolerations; and testimony to their worth comes with added force from one who was solitary and disobliging, and of whom a friend remarked, with equal wit and wisdom, "I love Henry, but I cannot like him."

He can hardly be persuaded to make any distinction between love and friendship; in such rarefied and freezing air, upon the mountain-tops of meditation, had he taught himself to breathe. He was, indeed, too accurate an observer not to have remarked that "there exists already a natural disinterestedness and liberality" between men and women; yet, he thought, "friendship is no respecter of sex." Perhaps there is a sense in which the words are true; but they were spoken in ignorance; and perhaps we shall have put the matter most correctly, if we call love a foundation for a nearer and freer degree of friendship than can be possible without it. For there are delicacies, eternal between persons of the same sex, which

are melted and disappear in the warmth of love.

To both, if they are to be right, he attributes the same nature and condition. "We are not what we are," says he, "nor do we treat or esteem each other for such, but for what we are capable of being." "A friend is one who incessantly pays us the compliment of expecting all the virtues from us, and who can appreciate them in us." "The friend asks no return but that his friend will religiously accept and wear and not disgrace his apotheosis of him." "It is the merit and preservation of friendship that it takes place on a level higher than the actual characters of the parties would seem to warrant." "This is to put friendship on a pedestal indeed; and yet the root of the matter is there; and the last sentence, in particular, is like a light in a dark place, and makes many mysteries plain. We are different with different friends; yet if we look closely we shall find that every such relation reposes on some particular apotheosis of one's self; with each friend, although we could not distinguish it in words from any other, we have at least one special reputation to preserve; and it is thus that we run, when mortified, to our friend or the woman that we love, not to hear ourselves called better, but to be better men in point of fact. We seek this society to flatter ourselves with our own conduct. And hence any falsehood in the relation, any incomplete or perverted understanding, will spoil even the pleasure of these visits. Thus says Thoreau again: "Only lovers know the value of truth." And yet again: "They ask for words and deeds when a true relation is word and deed."

But it follows that since they are neither of them so good as the other hopes, and each is, in a very honest manner, playing a part above his powers, such an intercourse must often be disappointing to both. "We may bid farewell sooner than complain," says Thoreau, "for our complaint is too well grounded to be uttered." "We have not so good a right to hate any as our friend."

"It were treason to our love
And a sin to God above,
One iota to abate
Of a pure, impartial hate."

Love is not blind, nor yet forgiving. "O yes, believe me," as the song says, "Love has eyes!" The nearer the intimacy, the more cuttingly do we feel the unworthiness of those we love; and because you love one, and would die for that love to-morrow, you have not forgiven, and you never will forgive, that friend's misconduct. If you want a person's faults, go to those who love him. They will not tell you, but they know. And herein lies the magnanimous courage of love, that it endures this knowledge without change.

It required a cold, distant personality like that of Thoreau, perhaps to recognize and certainly to utter this truth; for a more human love makes it a point of honor not to acknowledge those faults of which it is most conscious. But his point of view is both high and dry. He has no illusions; he does not give way to love any more than to hatred; but preserves them both with care, like valuable curiosities. A more bald-headed picture of life, if I may so express myself, or a more selfish, has seldom been presented. He is an egoist; he does not remember, or does not think it worth while to remark, that, in these near intimacies, we are ninety-nine times disappointed in our beggarly selves for once that we are disappointed in our friend; that it is we who seem most frequently undeserving of the love that unites us; and that it is by our friend's conduct that we are continually rebuked and yet strengthened for a fresh endeavor. Thoreau is dry, priggish, and selfish. It is profit he is after in these intimacies; moral profit, certainly, but still profit to himself. If you will be the sort of friend I want, he remarks naively, "my education cannot dispense with your society." His education! as though a friend were a dictionary. And with all this, not one word about pleasure, or laughter, or kisses, or any quality of flesh and blood. It was not inappropriate, surely, that he had such close relations with the fish. We can understand the friend already quoted, when he cried: "As for taking his arm, I would as soon think of taking the arm of an elm-tree!"

As a matter of fact he experienced but a broken enjoyment in his intimacies. He says he has been perpetually on the brink of the sort of intercourse he want-

ed, and yet never completely attained it. And what else had he to expect when he would not, in a happy phrase of Carlyle's, "nestle down into it?" Truly, so it will be always if you only stroll in upon your friends as you might stroll in to see a cricket match; and even then not simply for the pleasure of the thing, but with some afterthought of self-improvement, as though you had come to the cricket match to bet. It was his theory that people saw each other too frequently, so that their curiosity was not properly whetted, nor had they anything fresh to communicate; but friendship must be something else than a society for mutual improvement—indeed, it must only be that by the way, and to some extent unconsciously; and if Thoreau had been a man instead of a manner of elm-tree, he would have felt that he saw his friends too seldom, and have reaped benefits unknown to his philosophy from a more sustained and easy intercourse. We might remind him of his own words about love: "We should have no reserve; we should give the whole of ourselves to that business. But commonly men have not imagination enough to be thus employed about a human being, but must be cooing, a barrel, forsooth." Ay, or reading Oriental philosophers. It is not the nature of the rival occupation, it is the fact that you suffer it to be a rival, that renders loving intimacy impossible. Nothing is given for nothing in this world; there can be no true love, even on your own side, without devotion; devotion is the exercise of love, by which it grows; but if you will give enough of that, if you will pay the price in a sufficient "amount of what you call life," why then indeed, whether with wife or comrade, you may have months and even years of such easy, natural, pleasurable, and yet improving intercourse as shall make time a moment and kindness a delight.

The secret of his retirement lies not in misanthropy, of which he had no tincture, but part in his engrossing design of self-improvement and part in the real deficiencies of social intercourse. He was not so much difficult about his fellow human beings as he could not tolerate the terms of their association. He could take to a man for any genuine qualities, as we see by his admirable sketch of the

Canadian wood-cutter in "Walden"; but he would not consent, in his own words, to "feebly fabulate and paddle in the social slush." It seemed to him, I think, that society is precisely the reverse of friendship, in that it takes place on a lower level than the characters of any of the parties would warrant us to expect. The society talk of even the most brilliant man is of greatly less account than what you will get from him in (as the French say) a little committee. And Thoreau wanted geniality; he had not enough of the superficial, even, at command; he could not swoop into a parlor and, in the naval phrase "cut out" a human being from that dreary port; nor had he inclination for the task. I suspect he loved books and nature as well and near as warmly as he loved his fellow-creatures: a melancholy, lean degeneration of the human character.

"As for the dispute about solitude and society," he thus sums up, "any comparison is impertinent. It is an idling down on the plain at the base of the mountain instead of climbing steadily to its top. Of course you will be glad of all the society you can get to go up with? Will you go to glory with me? is the burden of the song. It is not that we love to be alone, but that we love to soar, and when we do soar the company grows thinner and thinner till there is none at all. It is either the tribune on the plain, a sermon on the mount, or a very private ecstasy still higher up. Use all the society that will abet you." But surely it is no every extravagant opinion that it is better to give than to receive, to serve than to use our companions; and above all, where there is no question of service upon either side, that it is good to enjoy their company like a natural man. It is curious and in some ways dispiriting that a writer may be always best corrected out of his own mouth; and so, to conclude, here is another passage from Thoreau, which seems aimed directly at himself: "Do not be too moral; you may cheat yourself out of much life so. . . . *All fables, indeed, have their morals; but the innocent enjoy the story.*"

V.

"The only obligation," says he,

"which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right." "Why should we ever go abroad, even across the way, to ask a neighbor's advice?" "There is a nearer neighbor within, who is incessantly telling us how we should behave. *But we wait for the neighbor without to tell us of some false, easier way.*" "The greater part of what my neighbors call good I believe in my soul to be bad." To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life. It is "when we fall behind ourselves" that "we are cursed with duties and the neglect of duties." "I love the wild," he says, "not less than the good." And again: "The life of a good man will hardly improve us more than the life of a freebooter, for the inevitable laws appear as plainly in the infringement as in the observance, and" (mark this) "*our lives are sustained by a nearly equal expense of virtue of some kind.*" Even although he were a prig, it will be owned he could announce a startling doctrine. "As for doing good," he writes elsewhere, "that is one of the professions that are full. Moreover, I have tried it fairly, and, strange as it may seem, am satisfied that it does not agree with my constitution. Probably I should not conscientiously and deliberately forsake my particular calling to do the good which society demands of me, to save the universe from annihilation; and I believe that a like but infinitely greater steadfastness elsewhere is all that now preserves it. If you should ever be betrayed into any of these philanthropies, do not let your left hand know what your right hand does, for it is not worth knowing." Elsewhere he returns upon the subject, and explains his meaning thus: "If I ever *did* a man any good in their sense, of course it was something exceptional and insignificant compared with the good or evil I am constantly doing by being what I am." There is a rude nobility, like that of a barbarian king, in this unshaken confidence in himself and indifference to the wants, thoughts, or sufferings of others. In the whole man I find no trace of pity. This was partly the result of theory, for he held the world too mysterious to be criticised, and asks conclusively: "What right have I to grieve who have not

ceased to wonder?" But it sprang still more from constitutional indifference and superiority; and he grew up healthy, composed, and unconscious from among life's horrors, like a green bay tree from a field of battle. It was from this lack in himself that he failed to do justice to the spirit of Christ; for while he could glean more meaning from individual precepts than any score of Christians, yet he conceived life in such a different hope, and viewed it with such contrary emotions, that the sense and purport of the doctrine as a whole seems to have passed him by or left him unimpressed. He could understand the idealism of the Christian view, but he was himself so unaffectedly unhuman that he did not recognize the human intention and essence of that teaching. Hence he complained that Christ did not leave us a rule that was proper and sufficient for this world, not having conceived the nature of the rule that was laid down; for things of that character that are sufficiently unacceptable become positively non-existent to the mind. But perhaps we shall best appreciate the defect in Thoreau by seeing it supplied in the case of Whitman. For the one, I feel confident, is the disciple of the other; it is what Thoreau clearly whispered that Whitman so uproariously bawls; it is the same doctrine, but with how immense a difference! the same argument, but used to what a new conclusion!

Thoreau had plenty of humor until he tutored himself out of it, and so forfeited that best birthright of a sensible man; Whitman, in that respect, seems to have been sent into the world naked and unashamed; and yet by a strange consummation, it is the theory of the former that is arid, abstract, and claustral. Of these two philosophies, so nearly identical at bottom, the one pursues self-improvement—a churlish, mangy dog; the other is up with the morning, in the best of health, and following the nymph Happiness, buxom, blithe, and debonair. Happiness, at least, is not solitary; it joys to communicate; it loves others, for it depends on them for its existence; it sanctions and encourages to all delights that are not unkind in themselves; if it lived to a thousand, it would not make excision of a single

humorous passage; and while the self-improver dwindles toward the prig, and, if he be not of an excellent constitution, may even grow deformed into an Obermann, the very name and appearance of a happy man breathe of good-nature, and help the rest of us to live.

In the case of Thoreau, so great a show of doctrine demands some outcome in the field of action. If nothing were to be done but build a shanty beside Walden Pond, we have heard altogether too much of these declarations of independence. That the man wrote some books is nothing to the purpose, for the same has been done in a suburban villa. That he kept himself happy is perhaps a sufficient excuse, but it is disappointing to the reader. We may be unjust, but when a man despises commerce and philanthropy alike, and has views of good so soaring that he must take himself apart from mankind for their cultivation, we will not be content without some striking act. It was not Thoreau's fault if he were not martyred; had the occasion come, he would have made a noble ending. As it is, he did once seek to interfere in the world's course; he made one practical appearance on the stage of affairs; and a strange one it was, and strangely characteristic of the nobility and the eccentricity of the man. It was forced on him by his calm but radical opposition to negro slavery. "Voting for the right is doing nothing for it," he saw; "it is only expressing to men feebly your desire that it should prevail." For his part, he would not "for an instant recognize that political organization for *his* government which is the *slave's* government also." "I do not hesitate to say," he adds, "that those who call themselves Abolitionists should at once effectually withdraw their support, both in person and property, from the Government of Massachusetts." That is what he did: in 1843 he ceased to pay the poll-tax. The highway-tax he paid, for he said he was as desirous to be a good neighbor as to be a bad subject; but no more poll-tax to the State of Massachusetts. Thoreau had now seceded, and was a polity unto himself; or, as he explains it with admirable sense: "In fact, I quietly declare war with the State after my fashion, though I will still make what use and get what advantage of her I can, as is usual in

such cases." He was put in prison; but that was a part of his design.

"Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison. I know this well, that if one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name—ay, if *one* HONEST man, in this State of Massachusetts, *ceasing to hold slaves*, were actually to withdraw from his copartnership, and be locked in the country jail therefor, it would be the abolition of slavery in America. For it matters not how small the beginning may seem to be; what is once well done is done for ever." Such was his theory of civil disobedience.

And the upshot? A friend paid the tax for him; continued year by year to pay it in the sequel; and Thoreau was free to walk the woods unmolested. It was a *fiasco*, but to me it does not seem laughable; even those who joined in the laughter at the moment would be insensibly affected by this quaint instance of a good man's horror for injustice. We may compute the worth of that one night's imprisonment as outweighing half a hundred voters at some subsequent election; and if Thoreau had possessed as great a power of persuasion as (let us say) *Falstaff*, if he had counted a party however small, if his example had been followed by a hundred or by thirty of his fellows, I cannot but believe it would have greatly precipitated the era of freedom and justice. We feel the misdeeds of our country with so little fervor, for we are not witnesses to the suffering they cause; but when we see them wake an active horror in our fellow-man, when we see a neighbor prefer to lie in prison rather than be so much as passively implicated in their perpetration, even the dullest of us will begin to realize them with a quicker pulse.

Not far from twenty years later, when Captain John Brown was taken at Harper's Ferry, Thoreau was the first to come forward in his defence. The committees wrote to him unanimously that his action was premature. "I did not send to you for advice," said he, "but to announce that I was to speak." I have used the word "defence"; in truth he did not seek to defend him, even declared it would be better for the good cause that he should die; but he praised his action as I think Brown would have liked to hear it praised.

Thus this singularly eccentric and independent mind, wedded to a character of so much strength, singleness, and purity, pursued its own path of self-improvement for more than half a century, part gymnosophist, part backwoodsman; and thus did it come twice, though in a subaltern attitude, into the field of political history.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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EDGAR ALLAN POE.

BY WILLIAM MINTO.

"A DISSOLUTE, fantastic writer, died at Baltimore in consequence of fits of intoxication." Such is the summary of Poe's character and career in a popular American encyclopædia, and it represents very fairly the general conception of the man which has been current since his death, on both sides of the Atlantic. Alongside of this conception there has been from the first another and more accurate conception, vehemently insisted upon by high authority long before Mr. Ingram systematically set himself to free Poe's memory from certain personal slanders, but the truth has not had a chance in the competition for popular favor. The unfortunate American poet has been seized upon in popular fancy as a type of the moody, idle, discontented worker by fits and starts; the perfect example of the kind of artist whom George Eliot satirized as a foil to the patient, laborious, contented and prosperous Stradiarius. The few who had looked at his work critically knew otherwise; but the many who read "The Raven," or "The Mystery of Marie Roget," believed them to be the wierd fancies of a brain distempered by wild fits of drinking, thrown out in semidelirious intervals; and supposed, if they gave a thought to the author's literary principles, that they were those enunciated by the Bohemian Naldo:

Higher arts
Subsist on freedom—eccentricity—
Uncounted inspirations—influence
That comes with drinking, gambling, talk
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Then moody misery and lack of food—
With every dithyrambic fine excess.
These make at last a storm which flashes out
In lightning revelations. Steady work
Turns genius to a loom; the soul must lie,
Like grapes beneath the sun, till ripeness comes
And mellow vintage."

Now, seeing that Poe was at immense pains to explain his literary method; seeing that no man of his time set up a more exacting standard of excellence or labored harder to fulfil its exigencies; seeing that it is much more true that he worked himself to death than that he drank himself to death; seeing that even Baudelaire's charitable assumption that he drank to stimulate his working power and bring back marvellous or awful visions which would not come when his imagination was in its normal state, has been again and again, since his death, denied by those who knew him intimately—seeing this, it is not a little strange that Poe should have been fixed upon as a type of the irregular, impulsive artist; his name quoted by moralists as a warning, and as a justification by ambitious but self-indulgent youths, waiting for the inspiration which shall enable them to turn out masterpieces without conscious effort. We all know how the mistake about Poe's character is supposed to have originated—in the malice of a biographer who had suffered from the poet's criticism, and who obtained possession of his papers after his death from a confiding relative, for the deliberate purpose of taking revenge. But why did the mistake take so deep a root? It is true that Griswold's slanders, which were at once contradicted, had the start, and they had also the advantage of being prefixed to an edition of the poet's works. But this alone would not account for the enduring hold of the misrepresentation upon the public mind.

Another principle of explanation has to be called in. There can be no doubt that a simple theory of a man's character, or any other complicated phenomenon, has an enormous advantage over a

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Against a malignant myth like this, so naturally impressive, so simple and complete in its explanation of the poet's life, so harmonious in its details, the complicated truth fights at a hopeless disadvantage. The truth, unfortunately, is complicated. Poe's defenders cannot give the lie direct to all the malicious misrepresentations and insinuations of his biographer; they have to admit ugly facts, and then palliate them or explain them away. A great part of their defence consists in pleading extenuating circumstances—a plea upon which the general mind very properly looks with suspicion. The vindictory testimony which Mr. Ingram has collected, shows conclusively that Griswold's memoir gave a grossly distorted view of Poe's life as a whole, but it cannot be denied that there was an element of truth in many of the alleged incidents. It is not true that Poe was expelled from the University of Charlottesville. It is as far as possible from the truth that he began even then to undermine his constitution by riotous excesses. Mr. Ingram has collected the testimony of Poe's school-fellows, class-fellows, and professors, and they all agree in describing him as a quiet, orderly, studious youth, successful in carrying off college distinctions. The feature which seems most to have struck his class-fellows was a certain melancholy pride and reserve, which Mr. Ingram accounts for as partly constitutional, and partly due to his position as an adopted orphan. That he did not indulge in riotous excesses is sufficiently proved by the fact that he excelled as an athlete, and performed feats of leaping, running, and swimming, with which such excesses are physically incompatible. But it seems to be true that he indulged in gambling; that his gambling debts reached the considerable total of

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\$2000, that Mr. Allan refused to pay them, and that he quarrelled with Mr. Allan, and did not return to the university. Further, the records of West Point show that he was expelled from that institution. As against this fact, Mr. Ingram can only argue from internal evidence, which certainly favors his supposition, that for some reason Poe was tired of the institution and the prospect of a military career, and deliberately brought about his expulsion by absenting himself from parades and roll-calls. There is abundant evidence that there was nothing else conspicuously irregular in his conduct, and that all the time he was a great reader of books. When, after this, he quarrelled with Mr. Allan, in consequence apparently of no misconduct more gross than wayward pride, and threw himself upon literature as a profession, there is still no evidence of extraordinary irregularities, and there is abundant evidence of hard work. That prolonged fits of debauchery or negligent execution of duties had anything to do with his giving up editorial work on the Richmond *Southern Literary Messenger*, or the Philadelphia *Gentleman's Magazine*, or *Graham's Magazine*, was conclusively refuted, as soon as the charge was made, by the proprietors with whom he had co-operated. There remains the fact that he did frequently change his employment, and that he did, after some eight years of laborious struggle in his profession, begin to yield to the temptation to drink, which gained such a hold upon him in the later years of his life, when he was the mere wreck of what he had been, when his home was broken up by the death of his wife, and his dreams of ambition were threatened with the same doom as his dreams of domestic happiness. But for the fact that Griswold's insinuation that Poe's habits of dissipation were the cause of his misfortunes has been so often repeated since the truth was made known, one could not have believed it possible that such a slander, once established, could have survived the exposure of its falsehood by Mr. Graham, the proprietor of the magazine with which the poet was connected:

"I shall never forget," Mr. Graham wrote in 1850, soon after Griswold's memoir appeared, "how solicitous of the happiness of his

wife and mother-in-law he was, while one of the editors of *Graham's Magazine*; his whole efforts seemed to be to procure the comfort and welfare of his home. Except for their happiness, and the natural ambition of having a magazine of his own, I never heard him deplore the want of wealth. The truth is, he cared little for money, and knew less of its value, for he seemed to have no personal expenses. What he received from me in regular monthly instalments went directly into the hands of his mother-in-law for family comforts; and twice only I remember his purchasing some rather expensive luxuries for his house, and then he was nervous to the degree of misery until he had, by extra articles, covered what he considered an imprudent indebtedness. His love for his wife was a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty, which he felt was fading before his eyes. I have seen him hovering around her when she was ill, with all the fond fear and tender anxiety of a mother for her first-born—her slightest cough causing in him a shudder and heart-chill that was visible. I rode out one summer evening with them, and the remembrance of his watchful eyes, eagerly bent upon the slightest change of hue in that loved face, haunts me yet as the memory of a sad strain!"

This was the wife whom Poe's biographer, with unspeakable malignity, accused him of neglecting and ill-treating. Mr. Ingram has done well to put on record the poet's own confession and explanation of the "irregularities" into which he fell during his wife's protracted illness.

"Six years ago," Poe wrote to a friend in 1848, "a wife whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood-vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her forever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped. At the end of a year the vessel broke again. I went through precisely the same scene. . . . Then again—again—and even once again, at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death, and at each accession of the disorder I loved her more dearly, and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity. But I am constitutionally sensitive—nervous in a very unusual degree. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During those fits of absolute unconsciousness, I drank—God knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies referred the insanity to the drink, rather than the drink to the insanity. I had, indeed, nearly abandoned all hope of a permanent cure, when I found one in the death of my wife. This I can and do endure as becomes a man. It was the horrible never-ending oscillation between hope and despair, which I could not longer have endured without total loss of reason. In the death of what was my life, then, I received a new, but—O God!—how melancholy an existence."

This explanation, wrung from the heart of a proud, high-spirited man, to whom such explanations must have been torture, is a sufficient answer to the degrading charges of vulgar profligacy and dissipation which have been affixed to his name, and the knowledge of the truth ought to consign his traducer to everlasting infamy. No one who has inquired into the painful story of Poe's latter days can doubt for a moment that his irregularities were the result and not the cause of his misfortunes. More than this : no one can help feeling that squabbling or hair-splitting over the question of his indulgence in strong drink is unworthy of the dignity of his figure in literature, and pitifully out of keeping with the tragic interest of his career. Still, the question of his personal habits having been raised, it may be doubted whether the poet's defenders have not been betrayed into a line of defence which is in itself unfortunate and misleading. In pleading the unhappy circumstances of his life as an explanation of the malady to which he succumbed, they find themselves face to face with the question why his circumstances were so unhappy; why, with all his genius and unremitting labor, his writings were so unremunerative that when his powers were in their prime he fought a losing battle with poverty. The answer which Mr. Ingram suggests to this question—that Poe made so many enemies by his critical onslaughts on writers of whom the American people were proud that the doors of the market were closed against him—is not satisfactory. But the truth is, that the question may be answered fully and completely without supposing Poe to have been the victim of spite and resentment, and without supposing that the American public were too stupid to understand him till after his death, and that they were much to blame in allowing one of their most extraordinary men of genius to starve during his lifetime. The main cause of Poe's failure to maintain himself was not the malice of aggrieved mediocrities; and it is putting him altogether into too vulgar a category to class him among misappreciated and underrated men of genius. The original fault lay as little with rivals, with the public, or with the publishers, as with the poet's

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alleged habits of intemperance. The causes of his failure are to be found in his mental habits and methods of work, and without attempting anything like a complete analysis of his genius, it may be worth while to consider some of his more salient peculiarities, and to show how they inevitably limited the amount of his literary production.

In the first place, then, Poe was an intellectual voluptuary, though the exercises of mind in which he sought pleasure are as far removed as possible from the ordinary idea of enjoyment. Analysis, which to most minds is a synonym for all that is dry and repugnant, was his master passion. Not a little of the misapprehension which has darkened his memory has arisen, as in the case of Byron, from confounding him with his own fictitious characters. Griswold's calumnies would probably have been much more easily dispossessed if they had not found support in the narrative of the profligate youth of William Wilson, who has been generally identified with the author himself. We should, therefore, be cautious about identifying him with any of the personages in his stories, every trait in whose characters was skilfully fashioned to support an artistic aim. But there can be little doubt that in the emphasis which he constantly laid upon the pleasure to be derived from analysis, he spoke from personal experience, and that the youth who took delight in the German moralists, "not from an ill-advised admiration of their eloquent madness, but from the ease with which his habits of thought enabled him to detect their falsities," was an adumbration of himself.

"The analytical faculties," he says in his description of the character of Dupin, the amateur detective in "The Murderers of the Rue Morgue," "are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that mental activity which *disentangles*. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solution of each a degree of acumen which appears to the ordinary apprehension preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition."

In this passage Poe described his own

besetting pleasure, the pleasure which drew him irresistibly after it whenever opportunity offered, and which is mainly responsible for the unprofitable dissipation of his energies. In the strength of this intellectual propensity, and not in any loose hankering after vulgar vice, we have probably the true explanation, or a large part of the explanation, of his gambling fit at the university. One of his favorite theories was, that by close observation of an opponent in any game of cards, and searching analysis of the meaning of his looks, it was possible to tell his hand as accurately as if one saw it. The reduction of chance to a working mathematical formula was another problem which forcibly challenged his intellect. But while it is possible that it was by these intellectual provocations to gamble that the young student was led astray, it must also be admitted as possible that such an apology is as wide of the mark as it would be in the case of any other scapegrace, and that Poe gambled, as other young men have gambled, from mere love of excitement. In using his ungovernable delight and pride in feats of analysis, his inability to leave any problem which accident threw in his way till he had sifted it to the bottom, as an explanation of his difficulty in making a living by literature, we stand upon surer ground. Every admirer of Poe's genius must have marvelled and sorrowed over the time which he gave to the solution of cryptographs. In an article on Cryptography he had committed himself to the theory that the human intellect was incapable of devising any cipher which the human intellect could not unravel. Immediately the magazine in which the article appeared was besieged by crowds of correspondents, each of whom believed himself to be in possession of a cipher which no human being could read without the key. Although Poe's proposition did not imply that his was the human intellect which could solve any cipher, he at once took up the challenge, and triumphantly solved every cipher that was sent in—a feat which was neither in his day's work nor in his day's wages.

And this is only a type of the habit by which Poe squandered his intellectual force. Much of his work for the *Southern*

Messenger and *Graham's Magazine* consisted in reviewing books. Mr. Ingram deplotes this, not only because he thereby made enemies—a belief with which reviewers of books often console themselves when their own productions are ill-treated—but also because he ought to have been employed in work more worthy of his genius. He does not, however, it seems to me, bring out with sufficient emphasis how much of his force Poe wasted in this labor, viewed simply as a means of livelihood. Poe did his work too thoroughly, both for the amount paid and for the purposes of the periodical. The feat which he performed in reviewing the first number of "Barnaby Rudge" shows the spirit in which he approached his duties. He gave in that review a speculative account of the course that the plot ought to follow, and solved in advance the mystery of Haredale's murder with such exactitude that Dickens wrote in astonishment to ask whether his reviewer had dealings with the devil. If Poe had examined only masterpieces with the microscopic completeness with which he analyzed "Barnaby Rudge," the labor might have paid him in furnishing hints for his own creative work. But every book that was submitted to him underwent the same process of exhaustive scrutiny. Every book presented itself to his analytic faculty as a problem to be attacked and solved; he analyzed the writer's aims and his method, and set himself to consider how the subject ought to have been treated. The reviewer who can supply five lines on a book in five minutes is the reviewer who can hope to make reviewing a profitable trade. Poe could not or would not do this; every book, good or bad, was a challenge to his powers of analysis, and he could not part with it till he had dissected it out. Perhaps we may ask whether work of this kind ought not to have been better paid and more highly appreciated. Poe's employers would probably have answered this question by saying that the public, whom they were trying to induce to buy their periodicals, did not care for this kind of thoroughness. They were not catering for an audience of artists who might have found profit as well as pleasure in a masterly analysis of the mechanism of a book. Their audience only

cared to know whether a book was interesting, worth reading, or worth buying; how it might have been made more interesting, and whether it satisfied exacting canons of construction, were matters in which they had a languid concern or no concern at all. What chiefly struck Poe's employers about his reviews was that they were "classical and scholarlike," and they were aware also that he wrote with "fastidious difficulty." Into the secret of his difficulty they did not inquire. They probably considered it a defect in him that he was not a more ready writer. And they measured the value of his articles on the sound commercial principle that, except when he chanced to make a sensation by exposing the weak points of celebrities, they could get reviews equally, or perhaps more, suited to the requirements of the general reader at the same price.

But, it may be asked, why did Poe's employers allow him to waste his time in analytic criticisms, stipulating only for the introduction of "spice" into his analysis, a requirement which he fulfilled by a not very happy imitation of the humor of De Quincey? Why, instead of keeping him drudging at book-reviewing, did they not urge him to supply them with tales and poems? Surely this implied a certain dulness of appreciation. It may be doubted, however, whether in this matter, either, the publishers were to blame. They could not have been unaware of the value—the commercial value—of Poe's tales; for chiefly by means of them the circulation of *Graham's Magazine* was raised in one year from two or three thousand to twenty-five thousand. Mr. Graham, we may be sure, would have been glad of a supply of such tales as the "Murder in the Rue Morgue," though it appears that he was not prepared to pay more than fifty dollars for "The Gold Bug." But the truth is that the supply was not forthcoming in plentiful quantity. In writing tales, as in writing reviews, Poe composed with "fastidious difficulty," and the secret of the difficulty is again to be found in his passion for scrupulous, exhaustive analysis. The exacting scrutiny of artistic aims and artistic mechanism which he applied to the pro-

ductions of others, he applied with even greater rigor to his own.

Poe let the world into the secret of his "Philosophy of Composition" in what purported to be a frank confession of the various steps by which his poem of "The Raven" attained its ultimate point of completion. The revelation, as we shall see, left much to be revealed; but, as far as it went, it was such a shock to received notions that there is an all but universal consent to regard Poe's "Philosophy of Composition" as a joke. Mr. Ingram speaks of it as a "half-hoaxing, half-serious" essay, and apparently numbers it among the evidences of the poet's love of mystification. There is, indeed, a ghastly attempt at humor in one passage, that in which he dismisses as irrelevant to the poem *per se* "the circumstances—or say the necessity"—of composing a poem which should suit at once the popular and the critical taste. But as regards the substance of Poe's revelation, he was no more jesting about this than Newton was when he propounded his theory of gravitation. Whether Poe was right in supposing that all poems ought to be composed in the same way is another question; but that the basis of "The Raven" was laid after the method which he describes, there is not the least occasion to doubt. Not only so, but any one who looks analytically at Poe's tales will see that all the best of them, from the "MS. Found in a Bottle" downward, bear every mark of having been constructed on the same plan. And the wearing, worrying labor imposed upon his imagination by the stringent subjection of its activity to analytic fetters, goes far to explain the premature breakdown of his powers.

Let us see what the process was that Poe described. His essay on the "Philosophy of Composition" starts from a question asked him by Dickens, "Are you aware that Godwin wrote his 'Caleb Williams' backward?" In answer to this Poe maintains that "every plot worth the name must be elaborated to its dénouement before anything is attempted with the pen. It is only with the dénouement constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence or accusation by making the

incidents, and especially the tone at all points, tend to the development of the intention." The dullest person may be defied to see anything humorous in this. Poe took Dickens to task for having—indefatigable artist though he was—written "Barnaby Rudge" without a fixed determination as to where the plot was to lead him, and detected unmistakable signs of wandering intention, details here and there impressively introduced as for a purpose, and left stranded, as it were, in the tale, having no purpose to fulfil, because the purpose for which they had been introduced had been abandoned. It was Poe's theory that in order to secure the highest possible effect, no detail should be irrelevant, every incident, however trivial, should be in harmony with the impression designed to be left at the end by the completed work. The theory is by no means peculiar to him, but it may be doubted whether anybody ever strove with such indomitable effort to make this invention comply with his hard condition. In order to the perfect realization of such an ideal, it was not necessary—as he said—that the artist should work backward; there would, indeed, be no obvious advantage in such a mode of proceeding; but it was necessary that the artist should have in his eye from the first the goal of his endeavor, and that he should settle upon this before starting. Nobody, it may safely be presumed, would deny that this was not merely Poe's philosophy, but his actual method of composition in the case of his tales. "I prefer," he says in his essay, "instead of taking a theme from historical or contemporary incident, commencing with the consideration of an effect. Keeping originality always in view—for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily obtainable a source of interest—I say to myself, in the first place, 'Of the innumerable effects, or impressions, of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?' Having chosen a novel, first, and secondly a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone—afterward looking about

me (or rather within) for such combinations of event or tone as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect."

There is something repugnant in this dry analytic way of expressing an artist's designs upon his readers. We should not refuse our credence to such a confession from an actor, a stage artist, because we go to a theatre resigned to the knowledge that illusions are to be practised on our feelings. But we have a deep-rooted belief in the novelist as being more a creature of impulse. Still, whether Poe is to be called theatrical or not for his pains, few persons who have examined the mechanism of his tales will refuse to believe that they were conceived and constructed in this way, that the themes did not rise in his mind incidentally or accidentally, but were deliberately sought for and chosen for their suitability to the production of certain preconceived impressions. But when we come to a poem so weird, so fantastic, so overcharged apparently with personal spontaneous impulse, as "The Raven," the poet's cold-blooded retrospective analysis of the stages through which it took shape in his brain is so paradoxical that there is much excuse for receiving it with incredulous laughter. After telling us how he decided that the poem must be short—it was one of his theories that a long poem is a contradiction in terms, no mind being capable of sustaining itself in the exaltation proper to poetry through a long poem—and that its effect must be sad—the tone of sadness belonging to the highest manifestation of beauty, Poe proceeds to say:

"The length, the province, and the tone being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me as a key-note in the construction of the poem—some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn. In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects—or, more properly, points in the theatrical sense—I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the *refrain*. The universality of its employment sufficed to assure me of its intrinsic value, and spared me the necessity of submitting it to analysis. I considered it, however, with regard to its susceptibility of improvement, and soon saw it to be in a primitive condition. As commonly used, the *refrain*, or burden, not only is limited to lyric verse, but depends for its impression upon the force of monotone—both in sound and thought. The pleasure is deduced solely from the sense

of identity—of repetition. I resolved to diversify, and so heighten the effect by adhering in general, to the monotone of sound, while I continually varied that of thought: that is to say, I determined to produce continuously novel effects, by the variation of the application of the refrain—the refrain itself remaining, for the most part, unvaried.

"These points being settled, I next bethought me of the nature of my refrain. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied, it was clear that the refrain itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence, would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best refrain.

"The question now arose as to the character of the word. Having made up my mind to a refrain, the division of the poem into stanzas was, of course, a corollary; the refrain forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt: and these considerations inevitably led me to the long *o* as most sonorous vowel, in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant.

"The sound of the refrain being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word 'Nevermore.' In fact, it was the very first which presented itself.

"The next desideratum was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word 'nevermore.' In observing the difficulty which I at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the pre-assumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by a human being—I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature repeating the word. Here, then, immediately arose the idea of a non-reasoning creature capable of speech; and, very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a Raven, as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended tone.

"I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven—the bird of ill-omen—monotonously repeating the one word, 'Nevermore,' at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself—'Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the universal understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy?' Death—was the obvious reply. 'And when,' I said, 'is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?' From what I have already explained at some length, the answer, here also, is obvious—'When it most closely allies itself to Beauty:

the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world—and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover.'

"I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word 'Nevermore.' I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying, at every turn, the application of the word repeated; but the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the Raven employing the word in answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been depending—that is to say, the effect of the variation of application. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover—the first query to which the Raven should reply 'Nevermore'—that I could make this first query a commonplace one—the second less so—the third still less, and so on—until at length the lover, startled from his original nonchalance by the melancholy character of the word itself—by its frequent repetition—and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it—is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character—queries whose solution he has passionately at heart—propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture—propounds them not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which, reason assures him, is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote), but because he experiences a frenzied pleasure in so modelling his question as to receive from the expected 'Nevermore' the most delicious, because the most intolerable, of sorrow. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me—or, more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction—I first established in my mind the climax, or concluding query—that query to which 'Nevermore' should be in the last place an answer—that query in reply to which this word 'Nevermore' should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

"Here, then, the poem may be said to have had its beginning—at the end, where all works of art should begin—for it was here, at this point of my preconsiderations, that I first put pen to paper."

There is something irresistibly ludicrous in this matter-of-fact statement about combining the two ideas of the despairing Lover and the monotonous Raven, and the fun seems to get more fast and furious as the poet proceeds to tell how he discussed with himself various ways of bringing the lover and the raven together, and for what reasons, founded on profound analysis of emotional effect, he resolved to bring them together as he did. The poem has im-

pressed us as a cry from a stricken heart, and it is disenchanting to be told that it was a deliberately-planned assault, step by step, upon our feelings. We feel as if we had been deceived, and we naturally prefer to believe that the poet is only in jest, that he is making an attempt, which we can easily see through, to mystify us. Yet that Poe should have laid the groundwork of his poem in this way, and sifted and tested every plank in the structure as he explains, is in thorough accordance with the critical theories which we find perpetually recurring in his writings, theories propounded and argued with a uniform persistency which leaves no room for the suspicion of a jest.

One may safely say that the belief that Poe was serious in the Philosophy of Composition which he illustrates from his own construction of "The Raven" would commend itself generally more to his detractors than to his admirers. To take it seriously seems at first sight to deny all his claims to genius and imagination, to represent him as a cold, mechanical, artificial worker by rule and compass, building up by slow, calculating effort what the man of genius does by easy, unconscious instinct. We should, indeed, have reached a glaringly absurd conclusion if we had involved ourselves by following any theory in the denial of Poe's possession of creative power. Patent facts would confute us. But the truth is that the poet in what he calls his reconstruction of "The Raven," his recollection of the processes followed in the original construction, does not let us so deep into the secret of the composition as we might suppose if we did not pause and reflect. An inconsiderate reader might jump to the conclusion that Poe had here laid bare the whole process of the making of the poem, that he had given, as it were, a recipe by observing which any man of ordinary intellect might produce such another poem. Some such conclusion as this does perhaps lie in the minds of those who cannot bring themselves to believe that he was in earnest. But what he really does in this essay is to show the limits which he voluntarily imposed upon his imagination, the course which, by previous analytic effort, he marked out for it, and within which he constrained it to run.

He explains that he began by resolving to produce certain effects; but we are not brought by this explanation any the nearer to the imaginative process by which he produced them. He shows us how he tested by analytic processes the materials which his imagination brought at the summons of his will; it does not follow that anybody who can understand the justness of the tests, could order their imagination to bring them similar materials with any likelihood of being obeyed. If Poe was serious in his "Philosophy of Composition," and if he did construct his poems after the method which he describes, the fact is not a proof of poverty of imagination; on the contrary, no higher proof could be afforded of the fertility of his imagination than that it should have been able to bring him from its stores what he wanted to satisfy his exacting critical standard.

Among other circumstances which may have favored the idea that Poe's account of his method of construction was a jest or a satire on plodding rhymesters, we may reckon the idea that this is not the way in which great poems generally are composed. Poe fully recognized this; his pride lay in being an artist, working consciously with all his powers of analysis, imagination, and will for the realization of definitely-conceived aims. Other poets have not taken the world so much into their confidence, whether in jest or in earnest; but the outsider's conception of the ordinary genesis of a poem is that it is produced rather by a process of growth than of deliberately-motivated construction; that it develops in the poet's mind, by gradual expansion of which he is imperfectly conscious, by steps which he could not recall if he tried, from germ to complete creation. The outside critic may be permitted to believe that except in peculiarly happy cases the imagination cannot safely be left unchecked, if its luxuriance is to be brought within the limits of art, and that the happiest genius is compelled sometimes to practise the chilling process of self-criticism. In one of his numerous discourses on the analytic faculty, Poe laid down the paradox that the constructive faculty is much less rare than is commonly supposed and that it is nowhere found more active than

in idiots. That is to say, any fool can construct: the test of wisdom, of sanity, of genius lies in being able to adapt construction to definite ends, whether in practical invention or in poetry. Whatever amount of truth there may be in this paradox—there is generally a solid substratum of truth in Poe's paradoxes—whether or not it be true, as he maintained, that the analytic faculty is so far from being incompatible with the imaginative faculty that neither can exist in their highest development apart—we can all easily understand what happens when, as in his case, the analytic faculty is paramount and imperious, and insists that the imaginative faculty shall not stir a step except in obedience to its behests. If Poe had possessed less powers of analysis and a more easily satisfied judgment, there can be no doubt that he would have been a much more joyous and prosperous worker. He may have been right or he may have been wrong in his assumption that most writers, and especially poets, would shudder at the idea of telling the secrets of their art—if he had been alive now, the reception of his own confessions might have convinced him that revelations of the kind are as distasteful to the

readers of poets as to the poets themselves—but it is readily intelligible that an imaginative artist, working under such conditions as he imposed on himself, must have suffered tortures in the act of composition from the impediments to an easy flow of matter which he specifies—"elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought, true purposes seized only at the last moment, innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view, fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable, cautious selections and rejections, painful erasures and interpolations." The torture must have been all the more keen and exasperating in proportion to the fiery impatience, the eager, far-reaching ambition, of his temperament; confinement is more deadly to an animal raging under impulses for freedom than to an animal with a torpid predisposition to contentment. To understand Poe's method of work is to understand the reason why he produced so little, why he did not produce enough to furnish himself with a means of living, and why, circumstanced as he was, his restless, sensitive mind was chafed and fretted into insanity. He broke himself on a wheel of his own making.—*Fortnightly Review*.

A LEARNED LADY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY M. CREIGHTON.

THOSE who are interested in the study of human character must always linger over the records of the sixteenth century, must always feel an irresistible attraction in the lives of those who first had the problem set before them of the reconciliation of the contending claims of the conscience and the intellect. The intellectual movement of the Renaissance revived the buried culture of antiquity, and created a desire for clearly-defined personality, which, as it grew, tended to regard morality as an obstacle to free self-development. Against this the Reformation movement asserted the dignity of the individual conscience, and in the interest of the sincerity of the religious life limited the sphere of free inquiry, and fettered the childlike curiosity which had been the charm and the power of the Renaissance. The few who attempt-

ed to co-ordinate these two impulses will always be marked characters in the history of thought. More, Erasmus, and Hutten will always be objects of curiosity and interest. But many who occupied no prominent position, and who left no lasting results behind them, are equally deserving of attention. Those especially who, in Italy, were deeply penetrated with culture, yet felt the piercing power of the new religious impulse, have been too generally disregarded. The absorbing interest of the great religious conflict of the sixteenth century has drawn all eyes upon the battle in which such mighty interests were at stake. When Europe was marshalled into two great camps, and the aspirations of national life ranged themselves on either side, those who looked upon the problem as an individual problem, and

sought to reconcile for themselves the antagonism which they felt, were disregarded at the time and have since been neglected. Yet it is worth while to recall, where it is possible, these forgotten lives, discover the spirit which they breathe, and listen to these voices crying in the wilderness, where their accents were scattered by the unheeding winds.

Such a one was Olympia Fulvia Morata, who was born at Ferrara in 1528, whose life we purpose to trace from her letters, and leave it to speak its own lesson.

No city tells so distinctly the story of the rise of an Italian princely family as does Ferrara, which lies about forty miles south of Venice, not far from the coast of the Adriatic Sea. Though still an important city, it is sorely shrunk from its ancient grandeur, and the grass grows thick in its broad and deserted streets. We soon see the reason for the breadth and straightness of the principal streets, for all converge toward a huge fortress that rises threatening and majestic in the city's centre. It is a colossal red-brick building in Gothic style, with four massive towers at the four corners, walls of vast thickness, balconies high on every side, and small windows—a place meant for defence against every foe. Round it is a deep moat, across which the entrance in old days was by a drawbridge. It was the castle of the lords of Este, who made themselves masters of Ferrara, and left this substantial token of the way they held it. No chance for the citizens to make a commotion; from every side the castle could pour forth its soldiers, who would scour the streets. No chance of plotting in secret; the castle seemed a spy set over the whole city. No hopes of seizing it by surprise; its moat and drawbridge on all four sides made it too secure. No hopes of reducing it by siege; its spacious court-yards were well supplied with stores, and gave ample room for every kind of sport. From their mighty castle the lords of Este kept the Ferrarese in subjection, and ruled them with a magnificent and generous rule.

The ruling families which made themselves masters of the Italian cities might have many political faults, but they were always representative of the aspirations of the citizens whom they ruled.

They kept down all patriotic sentiment which had its root in the municipal traditions of the past, but they were at one with their subjects in the desire for the glory of their city in the present. When the New Learning arose in Italy, and men returned to the study of classical antiquity, the whole life of the Italians became absorbed in the pursuit. Universities teemed with scholars, and every city was anxious that it should number among its citizens artists and men of learning who might spread the influence and increase the glory of their city. But the Italian universities had their roots in the feeling of municipal freedom and under the baneful patronage of princes the art and learning of Italy put forth its dying splendor while it lost its vital principle. Universities flourished, and scholars increased; but the universities lost their hold upon the popular life, and the scholars wrote elegant nothings, and ceased to be leaders of their fellow-men.

Among the cities where art and literature were munificently encouraged, Ferrara, under its Este lords, might claim a chief place. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the court of Duke Alfonso was gay and brilliant. Dosso Dossi, Bellini, and Titian were all employed to paint him pictures, and it was a current saying, 'Ferrara has as many poets as its country has frogs.' Chiefest among those was Ludovico Ariosto, whose '*Orlando Furioso*' remains the most perfect satire on the downfall of the Middle Ages, the most splendid interpretation of the inquiring, polished, humorous spirit of the new age which had arisen in its stead. The beliefs and sentiments of the Middle Ages melted away when touched by the poet's magic wand amid a burst of inextinguishable laughter; the monstrous, deformed, inhuman Caliban of the past disappeared before the gentle, sprightly Ariel of the present. But Ariosto pointed to the glories of a future which Italy was not to possess. He died in 1533, and Duke Alfonso in the following year. It was not long before a new spirit took possession of Ferrara—the spirit of theology, which Ariosto, when he wrote, had imagined for ever laid to rest.

Duke Alfonso was succeeded by his son, Ercole II., who had married Renée

of France, daughter of King Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany. Renée had been brought up in the French court with her cousin Margaret, who became Queen of Navarre, and the two girls had together become imbued with the new religious spirit that was seething in Northern Europe. At first it was doubtful how far the new spirit might prevail, either in the Roman Church or in the affairs of each national Church, and Renée and Margaret had no feeling of rebellion against existing authority in the religious speculations in which they indulged in common. When Renée went to Ferrara in 1527, she carried her new opinions with her; but the spirit of Italian culture was much too tolerant to heed what opinions any one chose to entertain. Renée was skilled in philosophy, geometry, astronomy, and was fond of learned men. She gathered round her many of the new school of religious thought. When the spirit of repression rose in France and drove many French theologians to quit their native land, they took refuge for a time at Ferrara. There came the first poet of modern France, Clément Marot; there for a time came Calvin before he settled in Geneva, and till his death he continued in correspondence with Duchess Renée; then came Languet, the historian. Moreover, from various parts of Italy the new theologians gathered round Renée's court, M. A. Flaminio, Aonio Paleario, Peter Martyr Vermigli, Celio Calcagnini, and Celio Curione.

The new opinions gained adherents in Ferrara, among others a professor in the university, Pellegrino Morata. Morata was a native of Mantua, who had been summoned to Ferrara by Duke Alfonso to act as tutor to his younger sons, and had afterward stayed as professor of classical literature in the university. In Ferrara he married a wife, and for a while basked in the full enjoyment of princely patronage. But it would seem that he ventured to write a book which entered with too much boldness into theological controversy. Duke Ercole II. did not wish to have the reputation of fostering heretics; if people chose to hold their tongues in public, they might hold what opinions they liked; but he could not have his professors bringing him into disrepute.

Morata was ordered to leave Ferrara, and taught at Venice, Vicenza, Cesena, and perhaps at other places. But his friends in Ferrara did not forget him. One of his brother professors, who also agreed with him on questions of theology, Celio Calcagnini, when time had done away the effects of his rashness, and the hostility against him had subsided, prevailed on the duke to recall him to Ferrara in 1539.

Morata was soon restored to high favor at the court, and when in 1540 Duchess Renée wanted a girl to share the studies of her eldest daughter Anna, his daughter Olympia was chosen for that purpose.

So at the age of twelve Olympia Morata left her home for the court of Ferrara. She was two years older than Anna of Este, whose companion she was to be. She had been carefully instructed in all the learning of the age; had gained a considerable knowledge of Greek and Latin literature, and was seriously engaged in the study of rhetoric, or the art of public speaking. How carefully she was educated we see from a letter of her father on the subject of pronunciation, addressed to her at this time. In our day we should consider this question as a very trivial one, and if a teacher were to urge it seriously upon scholars he would probably fail in awaking any enthusiasm. But in Italy artistic feeling prevailed on every point. The object of education was to enable every one to make the best of themselves. The importance for this purpose of manner, of voice, of mode of speaking, of turn of expression was keenly left by all. Pellegrino Morata was doing nothing pedantic or affected when he wrote as follows to his daughter:

"Pronunciation rather than action is the important point in speaking. The speaker ought to use his lips as the reins of his voice, by which he raises and drops it in turn; he ought to adorn each word before it leaves his palate. But he ought not to do this inelegantly by distorting his lips, puffing out his cheeks, or looking as if he were cracking nuts with his teeth. A lady, before she leaves her chamber, consults her mirror for her expression. The voice ought to do likewise. If it is rough or too sonorous, the lips and teeth should be used as barriers to check it; if it is too thin, the cheeks should be used to give it animation; if it is too shrill the lips should be drawn together to give it volume, so that the long

words be not tripped up by the too delicate palate. Strive that your speech be made pleasant in the speaking. The seductive power of the Goddess of Persuasion, the suavity of Pericles, the bees on the lips of Plato, the chains of Hercules, the lyres of Orpheus and Amphion, the sweetness of Nestor, nay, the grace of Christ Himself was nothing else than a sweet, soothing, cheerful, soft speech, not affected nor elaborate, but beautifully, delicately, and subtly harmonized. The greatest orator will change the sound not only in every sentence according to its sense, but in every word. I for my part would rather hold my tongue than speak harshly, inarticulately, or unpleasantly."

Such are some of the maxims contained in a long letter which deals in detail with many practical points of pronunciation. It is full of references to classical authorities, and shows none of that condescension to an inferior intelligence which we should expect to find in a letter addressed to a child of twelve. That it was not the outpouring of a pedant, we know from the statement with which it begins, that it was written at Olympia's special request, in answer to her own questions. Her father begins by saying it was a difficult subject, "Yet I write because I neither can nor ought to deny you anything, seeing that you are my daughter, and are anxious not only to speak artistically, but to express your speech gracefully."

At the court of Ferrara Olympia Morata began her higher studies by attending the classes of the professors at the university, her own father, Celio Calcagnini, and especially two Germans, Chilianus and John Sinapius, who were doctors of medicine, but taught literature. To Chilianus Sinapius Olympia felt that she owed much, and like all who are really in earnest with knowledge, she expressed to him her deep sense of gratitude. "To my father," she says, "I owe the beginning of life; to you, my teacher, the beginning of living well. From you I learned to count as nothing the things which are commonly reckoned good, but looking up to virtue to reckon it as the one peculiar good of the soul which can never be lost." Under the teaching of Chilianus, Olympia rapidly advanced in her knowledge of Greek, and devoted herself to the study of Cicero. At the age of fourteen she wrote Latin letters, translated several of Boccaccio's stories into Latin, wrote observations on

Homer, and several rhetorical compositions in praise of celebrated men of old times. She then turned her attention to the higher branches of learning, philosophy, and theology, and wrote dialogues in Greek and Latin in the style of Plato and Cicero, dealing with philosophical and theological subjects. She was scarcely sixteen years old when she was requested to give lectures in the University of Ferrara, in which she commented on the Paradoxes of Cicero, and discussed the philosophical problems which that book contains. There was nothing extraordinary in a lady lecturing in Italy at that day. There was no notion of rivalry between the sexes, any more than between classes in the State. All were at liberty to do their best, and they had an audience sufficiently critical to take whatever was said at its real worth. Olympia's real knowledge and gracefulness in speaking won for her lectures both respect and attention. She might long have taught at Ferrara if religious difficulties had not again arisen.

While Olympia Morata had been quietly educating herself at Ferrara, the great religious conflict had been more and more agitating Europe; the gulf between the opposite parties of Catholics and Protestants had been widening, and the political issues of the religious controversy had become more clearly marked. The Papacy had been forced to quit the attitude of easy tolerance which, under the impulse of the New Learning, it had so long assumed, and the Inquisition was again set in motion to purge Italy of heretics. France also had become decidedly and pronouncedly Catholic, and the pope and the King of France alike looked with suspicion on the court of Ferrara and the freedom of opinion which was there encouraged or tolerated by the duchess. Accordingly, her nephew, the French king, joined with the pope in urging the Duke of Ferrara to look more closely after the orthodoxy of his wife, and to purge his court from heretics. Ercole II. did not wish to have the reputation of favoring heresy, which would be a hindrance to his political projects. He therefore restrained his wife's liberty, took the education of his children into his own hands, made many changes in his court, and ordered inquisition to be made into

the Lutherans at Ferrara. Olympia was driven from the court, was looked upon with great suspicion from her openness of speech, and was abandoned even by her patron, the Duchess Renée, who thought it was wise to bow before the storm. Olympia, at the age of nineteen, was suddenly deprived of the luxuries and of the leisure which a court life had secured her, and lived in poverty with her father, who was also deprived of his endowments, and was in failing health. For some months she had to nurse him in his last illness, harassed by the feeling of living in an atmosphere of perpetual suspicion, so that she dared not even be seen reading her Bible. Her father died within a year, and left Olympia, who was not yet twenty, to take care of an invalid mother and look after the education of three sisters and a brother, who were all younger than herself.

It was a hard situation for a girl of Olympia's age. She was abandoned by every one, reduced to poverty, harassed by the feeling that all her actions were spied, and that an imprudence on her part would bring down punishment not only on herself, but on her helpless mother and sisters. She had come to this all at once, from living in the luxury of a court, being petted by princes and princesses, and having a crowd of listeners to her lectures on philosophy. But she had not been effeminated by her courtly life, nor had her practical capacity been weakened by her learning. Knowledge had only given her a keener insight into the things needful for life. Culture had only brought her that true refinement of soul which has its riches in itself and is independent of outward things. Knowledge and culture in her case only gave greater fulness of meaning to a deep religious feeling. "I do not regret," she writes, "the short-lived, fugitive pleasures which I have lost. God has kindled in me a desire to dwell in that heavenly home in which it is more pleasant to abide for one day than a thousand years in the courts of princes."

Olympia did not suffer the miseries of this position more than two years. A young German doctor who was studying medicine at Ferrara, Andrea Grunthler, loved her in spite of her poverty. As

she says, "He was not deterred either by the hatred of the duke or by my misery from marrying me." He was a man of good birth, of considerable attainments, and was possessed of sufficient private property to maintain a wife. "If I had continued in the duke's favor," says Olympia, "if he had given me wealth, he could not have placed me in a better position than that in which, poor and bereft of all, I have been placed by God." The young couple were glad to leave Ferrara, and Grunthler went, soon after his marriage, to arrange for a home in Germany.

It might be thought that such an educated lady as Olympia was superior to anything so commonplace as falling deeply in love; but the following extracts from one of her letters to her husband during his absence will prove the contrary:

"I greatly grieve that you are away from me and will be away so long; for nothing more grievous or more painful could befall me. I am always afraid lest some mishap or illness should overtake you. I know my fears outstrip the reality; but, as the poet says—

'Love is full of anxious fear.'

Let me know, I beseech you, how you fare, for I swear that nothing could be dearer or more delightful than you, and I know that you know it. I wish, dear husband, that you were with me, so that I could show you more clearly how great is my love for you. You would not believe me if I were to tell you how I long for you; nothing is so hard or difficult that I would not willingly do it to give you pleasure, yet I could bear anything for your sake more easily than your absence. I beseech you to strive with all your might that this summer we may be together in your home. If you love me as I do you, I know that you will manage it. But not to trouble you, I will say no more, nor did I touch the subject to reproach you, but only to admonish you of your duty although I know that you are as anxious as myself."

Olympia did not long pine in her husband's absence. Her old tutor, John Sinapius, who had returned to Germany as a physician, recommended Grunthler to Ferdinand of Austria. One of the king's counsellors, George Herman of Guttenburg, welcomed Grunthler and his wife on their arrival in Germany early in 1550. Herman himself had need of medical advice, and they stayed some time with him near Augsburg. When he was cured they settled in Augsburg. Olympia left her mother and sisters in

Ferrara, but brought with her her brother, of the age of eight, that she might relieve her family by taking charge of his education. Grunthler refused a lucrative post at Linz, which Herman offered him from Ferdinand of Austria; for he did not choose to go to any city where he could not openly express his religious convictions. In 1557 they removed to Schweinfurt, Grunthler's native place, then an important city lying between Würzburg and Coburg. Here Olympia enjoyed a little rest, and set herself to the work of turning the Psalms of David into Greek verse. She also wrote several Latin dialogues dealing with moral and religious questions. "If you ask what I am doing," she writes, "I bury myself in literature, and often spend the whole day in reading; for there is no greater solace that I can find. My husband also is busy with his studies." Indeed, Olympia was sorely to be pitied. Germany was a strange land, whose language she knew very imperfectly. Everything must have been strange and rude and primitive to a cultivated Italian lady. She had no literary society, few of the refinements or graces of life around her. Compared with the princely splendor of Ferrara, Schweinfurt must have seemed a semi-barbarous place.

Yet amid these uncongenial surroundings Olympia did not shut herself up in herself or her own pursuits, but was eager to help others. She writes to a young man, a pupil of her husband's, to comfort him amid the political disturbances of the time, which he was afraid might interrupt his studies. Listen to her wise advice, which all students might well lay to heart:

"Do not trouble yourself too much for fear lest these sad times interrupt your studies: you will not lose much by that, for there is as much good in securing what you have acquired as in acquiring something new. Even if you go to war you can find time to read some one book without a teacher; for everything cannot be got from teachers, they can only point the way to the fountains. I advise you, therefore, to read some one book, to read it again and again, and weigh its meaning, for it is better to know one thing well than many things moderately."

She bestirred herself also to have some of Luther's writings translated into Italian, and deplored her own ignorance of German, which prevented her from doing

such a work herself. Moreover, her heart was moved within her at the behavior of a German preacher in Schweinfurt, who, in spite of his office, did not always observe the rule of temperance. She writes to him:

"I have often wished for an opportunity of talking with you, but as I have never been able to find one, I determined to tell you in a letter what I wished to say face to face; for the precept of Christ, which all ought to obey, does not suffer me any longer to delay. Since I find that you oftentimes act amiss, I am driven to admonish you, if I would obey Christ. You ought, therefore, if you consider rightly, in no way to be angry with me for thinking that you ought to be admonished for your excessive self-indulgence, which is opposed both to your ministerial office and to your gray hairs. Even men who make no professions of religion agree that temperance is disgraceful to an educated man; more disgraceful to a Christian, whose purity of life ought to lead others to God; most disgraceful to a minister who shows others the way and does not follow it himself."

It is sufficiently remarkable that a lady not yet twenty-five years old should have felt herself called upon to write on such a subject to an old man; still more remarkable that she should have done it with such simplicity and tact. The letter is a proof that only the wise can be genuinely simple.

The tranquillity of Olympia's life was soon to come to an end, and the fruits of her labors were ruthlessly destroyed. The religious question had convulsed Germany. Catholic and Protestant States watched one another with growing hostility. The Emperor Charles V. waited his time, and at last struck a blow against the Protestants which he hoped would be decisive. But the French king, in spite of his Catholicism, did not wish that there should be a powerful ruler over a united Germany; the German princes were afraid lest, after his success, Charles V.'s hand should weigh too heavily upon them. Charles V. was forced to give way before an alliance between France and his turbulent vassals in Germany. Then confusion grew greater as adventurous spirits pressed on to see what sport could be gained by fishing in troubled waters. Among others who were wishing to try their fortunes, the erratic Albert Alcibiades of Brandenburg wished to better himself at the expense of the prince bishops of Würzburg and Bamberg. In

1553 he entered Franconia and stationed in Schweinfurt part of his troops, who inflicted on the citizens all the miseries of military license and exacted from them large contributions in money. Moreover, Albert's foes besieged his army in Schweinfurt, and the luckless citizens, after being pillaged by their unwelcome guests, had to undergo all the horrors of a siege. Their provisions were at a low ebb, and the crowding within the city walls of the soldiers in addition to the citizens soon produced a plague; half the citizens died, many more went mad with horror. Grunthler was stricken with plague, and nothing could be done for him, as all the medicine in the city was long since exhausted; but Olympia's careful nursing managed to rescue him almost miraculously from the very jaws of death.

He was scarcely restored to health before the besieging troops were re-enforced and the siege was actively pressed; day and night bombs were hurled into the city, and for days Olympia and her husband were driven to lurk for safety in their wine-cellar. At last Albert saw that he could hold out no longer; he took advantage of the darkness of night to elude the besiegers and march with his forces out of Schweinfurt. But the army of defence was as lawless as the army of invasion, and was anxious only for booty. The luckless citizens of Schweinfurt were punished for having had an army quartered on them so long, and their city was given up to pillage. The brutal soldiers rushed in and set it on fire. Olympia and her husband received a warning to flee if they wished to escape being burned to death. Peniless, they fled, but even so were stopped and stripped of their clothes; Olympia made her escape clad only in her linen smock. Exhausted with hunger and terror, Olympia and her husband managed to drag themselves fifteen miles, to the little town of Hamelburg. The burghers were afraid to admit them within their walls, but at length Olympia was allowed to enter, looking, as she says, like a queen of beggars, barefoot, with dishevelled hair, clad in some rags which she had borrowed on the way. Fatigue and excitement brought on a low fever, but in spite of her illness the folks of Hamelburg were too afraid to allow

her to stay more than four days. At the next town which they reached Grunthler was imprisoned by an officer of the Bishop of Würzburg, who said that he had orders to kill all refugees from Schweinfurt. Luckily, he was prevailed upon to wait a few days till application could be made to the bishop, who ordered Grunthler's release. They managed to crawl away to Rineck, where the count received them kindly, and sent them on to the Count of Erbach, who was a Protestant. He and his wife did what they could to repair their losses, and by his influence obtained for Grunthler a post in the University of Heidelberg.

There Olympia settled in the middle of 1554. She had indeed been driven from place to place since she quitted her native land. All her books and papers had been destroyed at Schweinfurt, except a very few, which a friend afterward bought back from a soldier who happened to have carried them away. She and her husband had no money except what was given by the kindness of friends, and they had to practise rigid economy. Even so, Olympia's kindness made her seek for a refugee from Schweinfurt as a servant, that she might be useful to some one who had suffered the same miseries as herself. Her learning had not made her neglect the duties of a good housewife; her letters about servants and expenses show the utmost carefulness and capacity for household management.

Olympia's health had greatly suffered from her privations, and she was for some time incapable of much exertion. Yet she renewed her intercourse with men of letters, resumed her studies, and tried as she was able to replace her writings which had been destroyed at Schweinfurt. She also strove to form another library—a difficult undertaking in those days, when books were luxuries. It is pleasant to find that in this she was aided by the liberality of the great Basel printers, foremost among whom were Froben and Izingrin, who joined together to send her a handsome present of books. She went on with the education of her brother, and also took the daughter of her old teacher, John Sinapius, to be educated in her house.

But rest and peace were not long to

be Olympia's portion. Again misfortune overtook her and her husband. A plague broke out in Heidelberg, and the majority of the students and inhabitants fled from the city. Grunthler could not afford to go, and Olympia again had to endure a scene of misery. Luckily they escaped the plague, but Olympia's fever returned with such violence that her strength was entirely exhausted and death came daily nearer to her. A few days before her death she wrote to her old friend Celio Curione, who was himself recovering from a serious illness :

"How tender-hearted are they who are joined together in true Christian friendship, dear Celio, you may judge when I tell you that your letter moved me to tears. For when I read that you had been saved almost from the jaws of death I wept for joy. For I see how God protects you that you may long be able to serve his Church. As to myself, dear Celio, know that I have lost all hope of longer life. I have tried all that medicine can do without avail. Daily, even hourly, my friends expect nothing but my departure, and I think this will be the last letter you will receive from me. My body and my strength are both exhausted ; I have no relish for food ; day and night phlegm threatens to suffocate me. The fever is raging and incessant ; pains in my whole body deprive me of sleep. Nothing is left for me but to breathe out my soul. But I still have a spirit within me which is mindful of all my friends and all their kindness. So I wished to thank you for your books, and to thank most warmly all those good men who sent me so many beautiful presents. I think that I shall soon die. I commend to your care the Church, that whatever you do may be for her profit. Farewell, most excellent Celio, and when you hear the news of my death do not grieve, for I know that my life will only begin after death and I wish to be dissolved and be with Christ."

This letter did not reach its destination till Olympia was in her grave. It was inclosed to Curione by her widowed husband, who gives the following description of her death :

"When she was almost dying, waking a little out of sleep, I saw her look pleased and smile softly. I went nearer and asked why she smiled so sweetly. 'I saw just now,' she said, 'a quiet place filled with the fairest and clearest light.' When she could speak no more through weakness, 'Courage,' I said, 'dear wife ; in that fair light you will dwell.' Again she smiled and nodded her head. A little while afterward she said, 'I am quite happy.' When next she spoke her eyes were already dim. 'I can scarcely see you any longer' she said, 'but everything seems to me full of the most beautiful flowers.' They were her last words. Soon after, as if overcome by sweet sleep, she

breathed forth her soul. For many days she had repeated that she wished for nothing but to be dissolved and be with Christ, whose great mercies toward herself she never ceased to speak of when the disease allowed, saying that he had illumined her with the knowledge of his word, had weaned her mind from the pleasures of this world, had kindled in her the longing for eternal life ; nor did she hesitate in all she said to call herself a child of God. She bore nothing worse than if any one, for the sake of consoling her, said that she would recover from her illness. For she said that God had allotted her a short term of life, but full of labor and sorrow, and she did not wish again to return from the goal to the starting-point. She was asked by a pious man if she had anything on her mind that troubled her. 'For all these seven years,' she said, 'the devil has never ceased to try by all means to draw me from the faith ; but now, as though he had shot all his darts, he nowhere appears. I feel nothing else in my mind except entire quiet and the peace of Christ.' It would be long to tell you all that she said, to the admiration of us who heard her. She died on October 26, 1555, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in the twenty-ninth year of her age and the fifth year of her married life."

Such scraps of her literary remains as could be found were edited by her friend Celio Curione, and were published at Basel in 1562. They were characteristically dedicated to Queen Elizabeth of England, as being the most learned lady of her age.

In literature Olympia Marata is little more than a name. Yet the record of her simple life of self-devotion to the cause of truth and intellectual freedom is more precious than a library full of her writings. In her intellectual character we can clearly see the meeting of the two great movements that produced modern thought—the Renaissance and the Reformation. To the culture which came from the study of classical antiquity she added the seriousness and sincerity of the new religious life. She showed an example—rare in any age, most rare in the age in which she lived—of a religion that was free from fanaticism, from affectation, from intolerance, from desire for controversy. Culture gave her genuineness and breadth of view, depth of insight to distinguish what was real from what was seeming, strengthened her to turn her convictions into the stuff of which her life was built. Listen to her words on the weary disputations with which her time was vexed : "About the sacraments I know that there is among Christians a great

controversy, which would easily have been settled long ago if men had taken as their counsellor, not their own vanity, but Christ's glory and the good of His Church, which is advanced by concord."

But the spirit of freedom, of sincerity, of simplicity, of broad-mindedness, of culture, which animated Olympia had no place in the turbulent times in which her lot was cast. Her fate in life was a symbol of the fate that befell the spirit which she expressed. Driven out of Italy, where free inquiry was checked by stern repression exercised in the name

of orthodoxy, it could find no abiding-place beyond the Alps. The bitterness of polemics, the anarchy of self-seeking license, the turbulence of struggles in which politics and religion were strangely interwoven—all these causes combined to trample down the "sweet reasonableness" of Christian culture. The savageness of the religious conflict of the sixteenth century destroyed the spirit of free inquiry in the Renaissance, and narrowed the Reformation into dogmatical polemics.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

ON ANTS.

BY ELLICE HOPKINS.

ASTRONOMY has made us all familiar with the conception of world on world above our heads. We no longer speculate with Epicurus and Anaxagoras whether the sun may not be as large as a quoit, or even as large as Peloponnesus. We are satisfied that the greater and the lesser lights are worlds, some of them greatly exceeding our own in magnitude. But few of us realize the worlds on worlds at our feet, worlds which leave us as completely outside as if we belonged to another planet; worlds not set to our clocks, that probably have a wholly different time to ours; worlds full of sounds, which are dead silence to us, but across which our loudest thunder breaks not in the faintest whisper; inarticulate worlds, yet possessed of some kind of unknown language; worlds full of inexplicable phenomena, moving to other ends than ours, and governed by mental laws to which our own give us only the faintest clue.

In a little poem of Dante Rossetti's, he describes a mood of violent grief in which, sitting with his head bowed between his knees, he unconsciously eyes the wood-spurge growing at his feet, till from those terrible moments he carries off the one trivial fact, cut into his brain for all time, that "the wood-spurge has a cup of three." In some such mood of troubled thought, flung perhaps full-length on the turf, have we not as unconsciously and intently watched a little ant, trudging across our prostrate form intent upon its glorious polity; a crea-

ture to which we, with our great spiritual world of thought and emotion and will, have no existence, except as a sudden and inconvenient upheaval of parti-colored earth to be scaled, of unknown geological formation, but wholly worthless as having no bearing upon the one great end of life, the care of larvæ.

But if the lower life completely shuts out the higher, the higher life, while including the lower, has the greatest difficulty in penetrating beyond its threshold. Our keys are too large to fit the wards of the lock that would open to us its recesses. Our very touch is too often death. We have mostly but the sense of sight to carry us within these other worlds of sentient life. We stand as spectators on its threshold, trying to guess the meaning of all this dumb show, trying to penetrate to its secret springs, trying to surprise some answering look of intelligence. Michelet, the poet-observer of Nature tells us of his quaint efforts to find out whether insects have a physiognomy, to look into their averted faces and detect some gleam of the torch which is concealed in their inner existence, some reflection from within of the intelligence of ant and bee which, judging by its work, so closely resembles our own; some answering look, such as in the dog kindles into wistful tenderness, or patiently abides in the large melancholy eyes of oxen. But at length, when he had turned the little creature on its back, and looked it straight in the face, with its external teeth or mandibles mov-

ing horizontally, its motionless composite eyes consisting of fifty facets, its palpi at the entrance of the mouth, and its vibrating and mobile antennæ, all fixed in a horny case, he found himself confronted with a strange immovable mask rather than a living physiognomy. That mailed insect face is expressionless to us. There are no windows looking our way from the insect world. Whatever knowledge we gain of it must be gained by patient observation from without, and inferences verified by careful and repeated experiments.

To this patient observation of the lower forms of life and experimental research with regard to their laws and limitations, the great modern doctrine of evolution has given an additional incentive, teaching us that

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

Whatever perplexity still besets us with regard to their inner nature, Cuvier's idea that animals are given us as simpler sections of the infinitely complex problem, man—diagrams leading up to the more complicated structure—must be fundamentally true; and in the philosophy of the future we shall probably live to be amazed at the way metaphysicians have rushed at Nature's last and most difficult proposition, man, and spent themselves in vain efforts to solve it, while neglecting all the humbler steps afforded by animal life, by which physiology would have gradually led them up to it. Even those who hold, with Mr. Wallace, that the difference between men and animals is one of kind, and not only of degree—man, possessed of an intelligent will that fore-appoints its own ends, of a conscience that imposes upon him a "categorical imperative," of spiritual faculties that can apprehend and worship the invisible—yet even they must hold that his lower animal nature, which forms as it were the platform of the spiritual, is built up from lower organisms. If we hold, with Professor Allman, that thought, and still more will and conscience, though only manifesting themselves through the medium of cerebral protoplasm, are not its properties, any more than the invisible rays which lie beyond the violet are the property of the medium which, by altering their re-

frangibility, makes them manifest, the study of the exact nature and properties of the transmitting medium is equally necessary. Indeed, the whole position can only be finally established by defining experimentally the necessary limitations of the medium, and proving the insufficiency of the lower data to account for the higher.

It is these higher considerations and wider issues that give such a peculiar interest to the patient observation which has been recently brought to bear upon the habits of the social insects, especially of ants, which, living in community, present so many of the conditions of human life, and the development of the "tribal self" from those conditions, to which Professor Clifford attributed the genesis of the moral sense.

In order to pass in review these interesting observations and bring out their significance, I must go over ground which is doubtless familiar to many of my readers.

The associative industry of ants has excited wonder and admiration from the earliest ages. That some were winged among swarms of wingless individuals was a fact that could not escape the most cursory observation; but so little have we cared to know about these other populous worlds of sentient life so closely imitating our own, and therefore appealing the more to our curiosity, that it was not till the seventeenth century that the Dutch naturalist, Swammerdam, first ascertained by dissection that the winged individuals were the males and females, and that the others were sterile females, and, in fact, belonged to that despised class of "old maids" by which so much useful work is done in the human as well as in the insect world. It would seem as if suppressed instincts of sex in nature were intended to supply the finest potential energy or stored-up force. In these sterile females the organs of reproduction remain in a rudimentary state. Some individuals, however, prove fertile; but, strange to say, seem only capable of producing males. The queen, or fertile ant, is probably brought up, as in the case of bees, upon different food, though we have no direct knowledge of this fact with regard to ants. Sir John Lubbock is disposed to believe it because, as he states, "while hundreds, I

might say thousands, of workers have been bred in my nests, and a large number of males, not a single queen has been produced in any one of them."*

It is these sterile females that, as in bees, form the workers, and to which the task of building, excavating, purveying, tending the young, and I reluctantly add, in some species, the less feminine function of fighting belongs. Some, like the common *Formica rufa*, build vast structures of all sorts of alien materials, sinking fairy piles into the ground, and with indescribable art dovetailing in little bits of wood to form durable partitions. Others, like the mason-ant, build of earth alone, moistened with rain-water, and kneaded into tiny bricks; while others, again, the mining ants, making use of a flat stone for their canopy, excavate extensive subterranean galleries and chambers. Some make themselves a city to dwell in within the heart of a tree, sculpturing out numberless stories whose floors and ceilings are as thin as paper, supported sometimes by vertical partitions, sometimes by concentric rows of slender pillars, the whole imbued with a blackish tint, by what agency remains obscure. For all these marvellous works they have no other chisel than their teeth, no other compass or carpenter's rule than their antennæ, and no other trowel than the fore feet, with which they affix and consolidate the moistened earth. The Brazilian *Ecdomyrmex cephalotes*, as well as some other species, use the leaves of trees in the construction of their nests. On a perfectly calm day the passer-by is surprised to see the leaves of a tree in full foliage falling in a shower. Closer observation betrays an ant sawing diligently at the foot-stalk, while other ants at the foot of the tree are engaged in cutting the fallen leaves into circular pieces. The singular sight of thousands of these ants returning from their destructive harvest, and presenting the aspect of a multitude of animated leaves of a circular shape, has given them the name of parasol ants, in Surinam. With these leaves interposed between the layers of kneaded earth they manage to "felt" the larger domes which cover their extensive edifices,

many of them from three to six feet in height, and as much as thirty to forty yards in circumference, and thus render them impervious to even the torrents of tropical rain. One knows not which to admire the most, their ingenuity in perceiving that no layer of earth, however tempered, would resist a tropical down-pour, or the admirable method with which they work, one band of ants being told off to bring the materials to a central depot, and another to place the leafy tiles in due order on the roof.

But the architectural labors of ants, as is well known, form but the least part of the life-work of these industrious little creatures. Their chief labor is bestowed on the care of the young. The eggs when first laid are extremely minute, but, not being enclosed in a rigid envelope, have the power of growth when in contact with the air. The workers collect them and place them in special chambers, moving them from one to the other to secure the right temperature. The larvæ which issue from them are helpless creatures, only just able to raise their heads a little, and open their mouths to receive the food with which their devoted nurses supply them from their own mouth. Every morning they carry them up to the surface-chambers, and on fine days expose them to the gentle heat of the sun. But when the rays grow too powerful they are carried down to the underground cellars, the action of each day being varied according to the atmospheric conditions. When come to maturity, the larvæ of most species spin a cocoon, and inside this satin shroud pass into pupæ. The insect in this state has acquired the figure and size it will finally present, strength and consistence alone being wanting. It continues to move for some moments after quitting the larva state, but soon becomes immovable; it afterward changes gradually in color, passing from fine white to a pale yellow, then becoming red or brown or black, according to its species. When the perfect insect is ready to come forth, it is powerless to liberate itself, like other insects, from its silken grave-clothes. This the workers proceed to do, employing their teeth as we should a pair of scissors, the operation being apparently conducted with much joyous excitement and bustle in the ant-hill, the ants relieving

* "Linnean Society's Journal," vol. 14, p. 609 (1879).

ing themselves in turn with the utmost alacrity. Even when the outer cocoon is rent away, the insect is still enclosed in a cobwebby structure, from which it has again to be rescued, when it is able to walk about a little and receive nourishment.

A process of education seems then to be carried on, the workers accompanying the young ants everywhere, guiding them through the labyrinths of their habitation, nourishing them, training the workers to their work, and performing the difficult task of extending the delicate wings of the males and females without injuring the gauzy texture.

At length, on some warm midsummer day, the temperature not below 67° Fahrenheit, the ant-hill is seen to be in a state of great commotion. Its surface glitters with the winged males that come forth by hundreds from their subterranean dwelling, soon followed by the females, who are in much smaller numbers and of a larger size, but clothed with the same rainbow-hued investiture of wings; crowds of workers mingle with the bridal throng, continually running from one to the other of their winged charges, proffering them their tender offices for the last time. Suddenly, as with one general impulse, the inspiration of flight comes upon them, and these creatures, the inheritors of dark cellars and sunless underground corridors, soar away with one consent into the boundless sunshine, joyously playing about the tops of trees or moving in light clouds above the sunny pastures, while they consummate their union beneath the liberal sky as their bridal chamber, the workers meantime retiring into the nest and closing the doors, feeling, one would say, a little flat.

It is curious that notwithstanding the labor of so many excellent observers, and though ant-nests swarm in every field and wood, we should find so much difficulty in tracing the after-history of these winged myriads after they disappear into the air, and that so much obscurity should rest on the mode of origin of new communities. Unlike the queen bee, which adopts a circling flight round her hive when she goes forth to meet the male in the air, the male and female ants fly straight off in a right line from the nest, and seemingly never return to it, a

few impregnated females being detained by the workers, and despoiled of their wings, to keep up the population. The male apparently plays that distressingly subordinate part which Nature seems to assign to him in the insect world, and which makes one wonder by what action of the environment on his feeble endowments he has developed his preposterous pretensions in higher circles. Unendowed with weapons of offence, without chisel-shaped teeth, or sting, or ovipositor, Huber considers the life of the male ant cannot be of long continuance after he has fulfilled his office of reproduction. His privileges in the ant-world are purely negative. He is not exposed to the danger of being eaten by his cannibal spouse, as among spiders, nor to be set upon and assassinated by infuriated spinsters, as among bees, who might have learned gentler manners from the flowers. Nature simply dismisses him with contemptuous starvation.

The female, after impregnation, falls to the ground, and proceeds deliberately to despoil herself of her bridal finery and pull off her own wings, in token, it would seem, of beginning housekeeping life in earnest. No sooner does she fall to the ground than she extends her wings, crossing them in every direction, throwing them from side to side, and going through the most singular contortions, till all four wings fall off, often simultaneously. But does she, under ordinary circumstances, either join an old nest, or associate herself with a certain number of workers, and with their assistance begin a new nest; or does she found a new nest by herself, as Huber and Blanchard both assert, becoming at once mother and nurse till the laborers are come to maturity? Forel and Ebrard, after repeated observations, maintain that in no single case has an isolated female been known to bring her young to maturity. Lepeletier St. Fargeau is of opinion that ants' nests originate in the manner first suggested. This may possibly be the case with some species; but Sir John Lubbock repeatedly tried introducing a new fertile queen into another nest of *Lasius flavus*, and always with the result that the workers became very excited and killed her, even though in one case the nest was without a queen. Of the other kinds, he isolated

two pairs of *Myrmica ruginodis*, and though the males died, the queens lived, and brought their offspring to perfection; and nearly a year after their capture, Sir John Lubbock watched the first young workers carrying the larvæ about, thereby proving the accuracy of Huber's statement, with at least some species. The workers remained about six weeks in the egg, a month in the larva state, and twenty-five or twenty-seven days as pupæ.

Our indigenous ants, besides feeding on small flies, insects, and caterpillars, the carcasses of which they may be seen dragging back to the nest with the energy of a Homeric hero preparing a feast, show the greatest avidity for sweet liquors. They are capable of absorbing large quantities, which they disgorge into the mouths of their companions. In winter time, when the ants are nearly torpid and do not require much nourishment, two or three ants told off as foragers are sufficient to provide for the whole nest. We all know how ants keep their herds in the shape of the aphides, which supply them with the sweet liquid they exude. Most of us have observed a stream of ants ascending a tree, and another stream as regularly descending, like a troop of dairy-maids going forth to their pastures. Some species, principally the masons and miners, remove their aphides to plants in the immediate vicinity of their ant-hill, or even introduce them into the nest. In the interior of some nests is also found the small blind beetle, *Claviger*, glistening and of a uniform red, its mouth of so singular a conformation that it is incapable of feeding itself. The ants carefully feed these poor little dependent creatures, and in turn lick the sweet liquid which they secrete and exude. These little coleoptera are only found in the nests of some species. When introduced into the nests of others they excite great bewilderment, and having been carefully turned over and examined, are in a short time killed, as useless commodity. Another active species of coleoptera, of the family of *Staphylini*, is also found in ant-nests. Furnished with wings, it does not remain in the nest, but is forced to return thither by the same strange incapacity to feed itself. Like the *Claviger*, it repays its kind nurses

by the sweet liquid it exudes, and which is retained by a tuft of hair on either side of the abdomen beneath the wings, that the creature lifts in order that the ant may get at its honeyed recompense. Such mutual services between creatures in no way allied is a most curious fact in the animal world.

Still stranger is the fact that there should be whole species of ants that are themselves incapable of supplying their own food or feeding themselves when it is provided. These are the famous slave-making Amazon ants, with slender-arched and finely-pointed mandibles, fitted for scimitars, but useless as instruments of labor; weapons with which they attack the nest of another species and carry off the larvæ and pupæ to swell the retinue of their slaves, who feed and clean them, nurse their young, and build their dwellings. Parted from their slaves, they perish miserably. "It is no use," says Sir John Lubbock, "giving them food—say, honey; they will not touch it. Or rather, they walk carelessly over it, smear their legs and die, if a slave is not put in to clean and dry them. I found, however, that I could keep even a single *Polyergus rufescens* alive for more than three months by giving her a slave for about an hour a day to attend on and feed her. I have one at this moment which has been so treated since November, and which is still alive and well;" and he adds, in a foot-note, "April 13th—She is still well."*

Many of us are familiar with Huber's charming description of the warlike expeditions of the Amazons (*Polyergus rufescens*), starting between three and five on a fine midsummer afternoon, in a close column, eight or ten inches in width, the signal to march being conveyed by striking the breasts and foreheads of their companions with their antennæ. There is no commander-in-chief, but there is always a small number constantly returning from the van to the rear, and it is probably in this way that the movement of the whole army is guided. When they reach a nest of the negro ant (*Formica fusca*) or the miners (*Formica cunicularia*), they attack it with

* "Linnean Society's Journal," vol. xlii. p. 246. (1878).

the utmost fury, carrying off the larvæ and pupæ of workers alone, which are recognizable by their small size, and sometimes returning three times to the assault. On one occasion Huber witnessed a whole army, apparently deceived as to its route. It halted several times, and at length, after diverging in fruitless search on all sides, it fell again into column, and marched back with empty mandibles. Upon their return the negro ants behaved much like Englishmen—buffeting the unsuccessful warriors, and dragging them to the outside of the nest, and only after a time suffering them to re-enter their dwelling.

On the appearance of some of the ferocious legionary ants of South America (*Eciton hamata* and *Eciton drepanophora*) marching in formidable cohorts, armed with large trenchant mandibles and stings, the traveler can only save himself by instant flight. Should he be foolhardy enough to stand his ground he is rapidly reduced to the exclamation wrung from the Scotch open-air preacher who, yielding to the fatigue of standing through a long discourse, incautiously sat down on an ant-hill, and, having been observed to fidget a good deal, at last interrupted his "fifthly" by patiently remarking, "My hearers, I trust the grace of God is in my heart, but I think the deil himsel' has got into my breeks!" From the earliest times poets have sung the providence of the ant in storing up grain against the day of dearth, from Hesiod, who speaks of the time when "the provident one harvests the grain," and the well-known words of Solomon, down to Horace, who alludes to the foresight of the ant "*haud ignara ac non incauta futuri*." But the naturalists, after careful observations, pronounced the poets in the wrong; that ants did not garner grain, that it would be impossible for them to eat such hard substances as seeds; and moreover, since they become torpid in winter, they have no need of stored-up provisions.

It was reserved for Charles Lespès to vindicate poetical insight, and to suggest the true solution, that the naturalists had been observing the ants of the North, and that the harvesting ants chiefly inhabit the borders of the Mediterranean. From the careful observation of the ants of Provence he ascertained that cer-

tain species do store seeds, and their object in so doing. It is well known that seeds, in germinating, produce a certain amount of sugar, while the outer coating of the seed becomes soft. It is on germination that ants devour the sweet pulp of the seed. These observations were confirmed by a young Englishman, Treherne Moggridge, exiled to Mentone for the disease which was to cause his early death, and spending the last years of his life in observing the habits of the harvesting ants (*Atta barbara* and *Atta structor*) of the "guarigues," as the wild, uncultivated upland soil, with its sparse vegetation, is called. He unearthed their granaries, beautifully paved with little glistening flags of mica and silex to secure the seed from rotting and reached by long corridors. By what means they prevent the numerous seeds of fumitory, veronica, flax, etc., from germinating before they are wanted for use in these underground caverns, only a few inches removed from the heat of the sun, is a mystery, more especially as, when planted, they appear quite uninjured. Moggridge does not hesitate to attribute to ants some curious charm exerted over seeds! It is a satisfaction to find that even ants are not infallible. On strewing some large seed-like beads in their path, they were eagerly seized on, the little creatures struggling bravely with their porcelain loads. But an hour or two seemed sufficient to teach them their innutritious nature, and streams of ants passed the remaining beads without taking the least notice of them.

Moggridge was also an interested observer of the fierce predatory wars waged between rival ant-nests inhabited by the same species, with a view to carry off the coveted grain. Ants fight with the utmost fury. So deadly is their grip that frequently the whole abdomen of the enemy is torn away; and yet, though little more than an infuriated head and legs, she still keeps up the fight. Sir John Lubbock states that he has frequently found an enemy's head hanging on to the legs of a living ant, who, through the tenacity of the grip, is obliged to carry about with her on the most festive occasions that ghastly and inconvenient memento of her victory. M. Mocqueys even assures us that the Indians of Brazil make use of this tenac-

ity in the case of wounds, causing the ant to bite the lips of the cut and thus bring them together, after which they cut off the ant's head, which thus holds the lips of the wound together. He asserts that he has often seen natives with wounds in course of healing with the assistance of seven or eight ants' heads!

The curious migratory ant (*Tapinoma erraticum*) has, however, a strange and most distinct method of defending itself. Should an ordinary ant menace it with its mandibles it immediately turns round, and agitating its abdomen, "dans tous les sens," as Mr. Blanchard expresses it, ejects an extremely volatile and strongly-smelling liquid, followed by a "sauve qui peut" on the part of the adversary, who, if not swift enough to escape the unexpected *douche*, is seen to roll in the dust as if a prey to convulsions.

After so many wonderful instances of adaptation of means to an end, of "moving one thing to or from another, and putting them into fit places for being acted upon by their own internal forces or by those residing in other natural objects," in which J. S. Mill states the whole of man's action on nature consists, we are prepared for yet more marvellous revelations of the intelligence of ants from the series of experiments and careful observations Sir John Lubbock has been carrying out. Yet their result has been rather to prove its curious limitation outside certain trunk lines of age-long habit, its strictly stored-up accumulative and hereditary character, residing rather in the race than in the individual. "On one occasion," he says, "I suspended some honey in a glass about half an inch above a nest of *Lasius flavus*, and accessible by a paper bridge more than ten feet long. Under the glass I then placed a small heap of earth. The ants soon swarmed over the earth on to the glass, and began feeding on the honey. I then removed a little of the earth, so that there was an interval of about one third of an inch between the glass and the earth; but, though the distance was so small, they would not jump down but preferred going round by the long bridge. They tried in vain to stretch up from the earth to the glass, which, however, was just

out of their reach, though they could touch it with their antennæ; but it did not occur to them to heap up the earth a little, though if they had moved half a dozen particles of earth they would have secured for themselves direct access to the food. At length they gave up all attempts to reach up to the glass and went round by the paper bridge. I left the arrangement for several weeks, but they continued to go round by the long paper bridge."*

Again, he placed a straw so as to form a tiny bridge communicating with some larvæ. After twenty-five ants were engaged in removing the larvæ he moved the bridge slightly so as to leave a chasm just so wide that the ants could not reach across. They tried hard to do so, but it did not occur to them to push the straw across the gap of one third of an inch. On the other hand, on filling up the hole leading to some provisions to the depth of half an inch, some individuals of *Lasius niger* began immediately tunnelling down exactly over the hole, carrying off the grains of earth until they had excavated down to the doorway, this intelligent action lying in the line of their habitual activities. This experiment was tried with another species, *Lasius flavus*, with the same result.

"That ants have," to quote from Messrs. Kirby and Spence, "the means of communicating to each other information of various occurrences and use a kind of language which is mutually understood, . . . and is not confined merely to giving intelligence of the approach or absence of danger, but is also co-ordinate with all their other occasions for communicating their ideas to each other," most naturalists are agreed. Indeed, no creatures could live in community without some simple method of communication by signs. That the antennæ are the means of communication admits of no doubt, and it is also generally held that they are in addition organs of sense; but whether their functions are olfactory or auditory is a point on which naturalists are divided. There are in the antennæ of ants certain curious organs which Sir John Lubbock considers may be of an auditory char-

* "Linnean Society's Journal," vol. xiv. p. 267 (1878.)

acter. "These," says Sir John Lubbock, "consist of three parts, a curved spherical cup, opening to the outside, a long narrow tube, and a hollow body shaped like an elongated clock-weight. They are about ten in number, and may serve to increase the resonance of sounds, acting, in fact, to use the words of Professor Tyndall, who was good enough to look at them with me, 'like microscopic stethoscopes.'" Several of the other segments of the antennæ also contain these curious organs. The fact of ants being apparently stone-deaf to our loudest sounds of course proves nothing, only that their octave is different from ours. Approaching an ant which was standing quietly, Sir John Lubbock over and over again made the loudest and shrillest noises, using a penny pipe, a dog whistle, a violin, "as well," he says, "as the most piercing and startling sounds I could produce with my own voice, without any effect"—except, perhaps, that of startling his own household.

But whether ants are susceptible to sound or not, there is no doubt of the sensitiveness of their olfactory nerves, though the exact seat of those nerves is a matter of great dispute. Latreille makes the following statement :

"Le sens de l'odorat, se manifestant d'une manière aussi sensible, je voulais profiter de cette remarque pour en découvrir le siège. On a soupçonné deus longtemps qu'il residait dans les antennes, je les arrachai à plusieurs fourmis fauves ouvrières auprès du nid desquelles je me trouvais. Je vis aussitôt les petits animaux que j'avais ainsi mutilés tomber dans un état d'ivresse, ou une espèce de folie. Ils erraient çà et là, et ne reconnaissaient plus leur chemin."

We are glad that Sir John Lubbock dryly remarks, "I have not felt disposed to repeat M. Latreille's experiment;" but more merciful experiments of his show at least the sensitiveness of ants to smells. A camel-hair brush dipped in peppermint water, essence of cloves, etc., and suspended about a quarter of an inch above them, produced the most marked effect, inducing some to turn back and retrace their steps. His observations also prove that ants track one another, even when in company, rather by scent than by sight, and that single ants find their way backward and forward to a store of food entirely by tracking

their own scent; in experiments where the honey was moved two or three inches to the right or the left while the ant was feeding, she appeared utterly at fault, and wandered about aimlessly, though her true route was marked out by conspicuous landmarks with which in former journeys she must have become familiar, and though she had previously gone backward and forward to the nest with extreme directness, guided evidently by scent.

The evidence of observation would therefore tend to show that the antennæ of ants are organs of touch, that their structure seems to betoken some acoustic functions, and that they may be the seat of the olfactory nerves, though, as they present no humid surface, this has been contested by many naturalists. Unquestionably, in some insects they are auditory organs, as in the case of the *Locusta viridissima*, which, though very sensitive to sound, lost all power of hearing when the antennæ were removed, though apparently not otherwise affected.

May not this sense of smell account for the power that individuals of the same nest have of recognizing each other after a separation of a year's duration? May it not be that they recognize not the individual, but a certain generic smell which gives to the individual in possession of it the odor of sanctity? When we remember the, to us, altogether unthinkable sensitiveness of the olfactory nerves of a dog, which enables him to track his master and distinguish the scent left by his passing footsteps from all others, this is surely not an impossible channel of recognition, and more likely than such an astonishing effort of memory as we must otherwise suppose, many nests possessing as many as 100,000 individuals. Sir John Lubbock considers the fact of intoxicated ants reeking of whisky being recognized as fatal to this explanation. But surely even with our, by comparison, inconceivably coarser olfactory nerves, we could discern a friend who had supped on whisky and onions; and may not their immeasurably acuter sense be able to distinguish smells to a degree inconceivable to us? Sir John Lubbock has proved by repeated experiments that they do not recognize one another by any

password or sign, placing the larvæ or pupæ of a species, of which the ants of every nest are deadly enemies, out at nurse in a strange nest, the young being always well received, and when they had come to maturity returning them to the original nest, where they are always received as friends, though brought up in a strange nest, of which they could in this case alone have known the sign or password.

Ants, like bees, can distinguish colors; colored glasses, curiously enough, seeming to affect them inversely to their action on a photographic plate. They have a most sensitive dislike to violet, and, much as they dislike light, would lay their pupæ under a strip of yellow glass rather than under one of violet, though the yellow scarcely intercepted the light and the violet was comparatively opaque. As they prefer red to yellow or green, and these again to violet, it was suggested that it might be the chemical rays that were distasteful to them; but on these being cut off, or rather turned into visible rays by fluorescent liquids, the result was the same.

Lastly, we come to the very interesting question, How far can social conditions evolve a morality? How far does the mutual dependence of ants develop the altruistic sentiments? How far does natural selection under socialistic conditions, or the survival of the serviceable to the community, necessitate the gradual evolution of disinterested affection, self-sacrifice, and benevolence, the "vivre pour autrui" of Comte, and of One greater than Comte? "Positive morality," says Mr. Grote, in his "Fragments on Ethical Subjects," "under some form or other has existed in every society of which the world has ever had experience." Are there any tokens of, at any rate, the rudiments of positive morality in the societies of ants which display such complex "adjustment of acts to ends?"

From Sir John Lubbock's experiments the answer would seem to be in the negative. That the social habits of ants tend to evolve habits of scrupulous cleanliness, prompting them to much kindly cleaning and shampooing of one another, there is no doubt. But as they live in crowded communities, in comparison with which the Seven Dials is sparsely

populated, these habits are obviously the necessary outcome of the law of natural selection. So, also, in the state of internecine warfare, in which they mostly exist even with the same species in a different nest, is their habit of fetching wounded ants into the nest and avoiding decimation as far as possible. But beyond the baldest utilitarianism, at which Jeremy Bentham himself would have stood aghast, they seem incapable of going. Sir John Lubbock repeatedly buried ants, but their friends trudged backward and forward over their living grave without an effort to rescue them. Even when the sufferer was actually in sight, it by no means followed that her friends should assist her.

"Of this," says Sir John, "I could give almost any number of instances. Thus, on one occasion, several specimens of *Formica fusca* belonging to one of my nests were feeding on some honey spread on a slip of glass. One of them had got thoroughly entangled in it. I took her and put her down just in front of another specimen belonging to the same nest, and close by placed a drop of honey. The ant devoted herself to the honey, and entirely neglected her friend, whom she left to perish."

Again:

"A number of *Lasius flavus* from one of my captive nests were out feeding at 6 P.M. on some honey. I chloroformed four of them, and also four from a nest in the park at some distance from the place where the first had been originally procured, and put them close to the honey. Up to 8:30 the ants had taken no notice of their insensible fellow-creatures. At 9:20 I found the four friends were still lying as before, while the four strangers had been removed. Two of them I found had been thrown over the edge of the board on which the honey was placed. The other two I could not see."

But as in the case of chloroformed ants their friends might reasonably conclude they were dead and done for, Sir John Lubbock repeatedly intoxicated an equal proportion of friends and foes. Whether the antennæ language lends itself to "talking fustian with one's own shadow" we know not, but, at any rate, the sober ants seemed much perplexed and dismayed at finding their intoxicated fellow creatures in such a melancholy and disgraceful condition, and at first took them up and carried them about in an aimless manner. But this temporary indecision soon gave place to Draconic severity in dealing with the evils of drunkenness. The enemies were drowned,

or otherwise destroyed, to a man. But even of the thirty-eight friends seven were thrust into the water. The rest were carried into the nest.*

More conclusive still are the following experiments :

"To test the affection of ants belonging to the same nest for one another, I tried the following experiments : I took six ants from a nest of *Formica fusca*, imprisoned them in a small bottle, one end of which was left open, but covered by a layer of muslin. I then put the bottle close to the door of the nest. The muslin was of open texture, the meshes, however, being sufficiently large to prevent the ants from escaping. They could not only, however, see one another, but communicate freely with their antennae. We now watched to see whether the prisoners would be tended or fed by their friends. We could not, however, observe that the least notice was taken of them. The experiment, nevertheless, was less conclusive than could be wished, because they might have fed at night, or at some time when we were not looking. It struck me, therefore, that it would be interesting to treat some strangers also in the same manner. On September 2d, therefore, I put two ants from one of my nests of *F. fusca* into a bottle, the end of which was tied up with muslin as described, and laid it down close to the nest. In a second bottle I put two ants from another nest of the same species. The ants which were at liberty took no notice of the bottle containing their imprisoned friends. The strangers in the other bottle, on the contrary, excited them considerably. The whole day one, two, or more ants stood sentry, as it were, over the bottle. In the evening no less than twelve were collected round it, a larger number than usually came out of the nest at any one time. The whole of the next two days, in the same way, there were more or less ants round the bottle containing the strangers ; while, as far as we could see, no notice whatever was taken of the friends. On the 9th the ants had eaten through the muslin, and effected an entrance. We did not chance to be on the spot at the moment, but as I found two ants lying dead, one in the bottle and one just outside, I think there can be no doubt that the strangers were put to death. The friends throughout were quite neglected. September 21st.—I then repeated the experiment, putting three ants from another nest into a bottle as before. The same scene was repeated. The friends were neglected. On the other hand, some of the ants were always watching over the bottle containing the strangers, and biting at the muslin which protected them. The next morning at 6 A.M. I found five ants thus occupied. One had caught hold of the leg of one of the strangers, which had unwarily been allowed to protrude through the meshes of the muslin. They worked and watched, though not, as far as I could see, with

any system, till 7:30 in the evening, when they effected an entrance, and immediately attacked the strangers. September 24th.—I repeated the same experiment with the same nest. Again the ants came and sat over the bottle containing the strangers, while no notice was taken of the friends. The next morning again, when I got up, I found five ants round the bottle containing the strangers, none near the friends. As in the former case, one of the ants had seized a stranger by the leg, and was trying to drag her through the muslin. All day the ants clustered round the bottle, and bit perseveringly, though not systematically, at the muslin. The same thing happened all the following day. These observations seemed to me sufficiently to test the behavior of the ants belonging to this nest under these circumstances. I thought it desirable, however, to try also other communities. I selected, therefore, two more nests. One was a community of *Polyergus rufescens*, with numerous slaves. Close to where the ants of this nest came to feed I placed as before two small bottles, closed in the same way—one containing two slave ants from the nest, the other two strangers. These ants, however, behaved quite unlike the preceding, for they took no notice of either bottle, and showed no sign either of affection or hatred. One is almost tempted to surmise that the warlike spirit of these ants was broken by slavery. The other nest which I tried, also a community of *Formica fusca*, behaved exactly like the first. They took no notice of the bottle containing the friends, but clustered round and eventually forced their way into that containing the strangers. It seems, therefore, that in these curious insects hatred is a stronger passion than affection!"

But surely the fact that hatred is a stronger passion than affection, or rather, to put it less inadequately, that no trace of personal affection *per se* exists in these creatures, is not "curious," but the inevitable result of the law of natural selection working under social conditions. Keenness in detecting and exterminating enemies would be an essential to the preservation of the nest, and the communities most endowed with these instincts would be the most likely to live and thrive. But personal affection, except in the one form in which we trace it, economy of life in aggressive warfare, by introducing, in Mr. Grote's words, the "caprices, the desires, and the passions of each separate individual, would tend to render the maintenance of any established community impossible," natural selection or the survival of the serviceable would tend to suppress rather than evolve it. Mere gregarious-

* "Linnean Society's Journal," vol. xiii. p. 226.

* "Linnean Society's Journal," vol. xiii. p. 175 (1876).

ness is powerless to evolve the most elementary factors necessary for the construction of the moral life. And granted that moral forces have appeared on the scene, "our knowledge supplies us," as Dr. Martineau says, "with the when rather than the whence." Something more is needed than mere theory to prove their linear development. "Instead of advancing from behind they may have entered from the side."*

I conclude my brief summary of modern observations on the nature and soci-

ology of these curious and interesting creatures with Émile Blanchard's words :

"Tout en reconnaissant les fourmis pour des bêtes douées de discernement et d'une sorte de raison, il faut, néanmoins, se tenir en garde contre des appréciations trop favorables. Les fourmis sont d'habiles architectes qui ne sortent pas d'une spécialité, des nourrices parfaites, des guerrières vaillantes et rusées, elles entendent l'économie domestique, un peu la politique ; cela ne va pas plus loin."*

—*Contemporary Review.*

—♦♦♦—
A FABLE.

IN THE MANNER OF MR. GAY.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

How much would end in mode abrupt,
If listeners might but interrupt !
—Once, in a corner of the lawn,
Ere folks were stirring with the dawn,
A TORTOISE of didactic habits
Addressed some half a dozen Rabbits.
—It was a tortoise who, 'tis said,
Contrived to break a wise man's head ;
Since then the sect, report avers,
Have set up for Philosophers.
—No harm in this one could be found ;
He weighed so much ; was so much round ;
Not slower than his kin, or quicker,
(Although his shell was somewhat thicker ;)
And wearing just that look of thought
Which means profundity—or nought.
—"My theme (he said) is PROMPTITUDE."
He stretched his throat, and thus pursued :
"In this discourse I hope to bring
Before you *Promptitude* the Thing ;
Next, if my limits space afford,
I shall take *Promptitude* the Word ;
Lastly, to make the meaning better,
I shall consider every letter.
—And first, my Friends, however viewed,
How beautiful is *Promptitude* !
How are we quickened, roused, renewed,
By dwelling upon *Promptitude* !
In short, how much may we discover
By simply saying the word over !
—How much, too, in this vale below,
To this one quality we owe !
'Twas *Promptitude* the battles won
Of CÆSAR, and NAPOLEON ;
By *Promptitude* to-day we boast

* "Modern Materialism," by James Martineau, LL.D., D.D., p. 50. Sixth edition, 1878.

* "Les Fourmis," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15th October, 1875.

The blessings of the Penny Post ;
 By *Promptitude* (I dare affirm)
 The early bird secures the worm . . ."
 —The Rabbits are a docile race,
 And patient under commonplace ;
 But here, one rather puzzle-pated
 In Gallic style "interpellated" :
 "If *Promptitude* so much can do,
 Why don't you try the practice, too ?
 —This was, as HAMLET says, "a hit ;"
 Clergy was posed by *Mother-Wit*.
 The Tortoise the horizon scanned ;
 He had no repartee at hand ;
 So, finding inspiration fail,
 He drew his head in, then his tail.
 His audience scampered off in glee :
Risu solvuntur tabulæ.

—*Belgravia Magazine.*

A STRANGER IN AMERICA.

BY GEO. JACOB HOLYOAKE.

No person could be more completely a stranger than I was in America. After being interested in American history and public affairs from my youth, I saw the country for the first time in August last. Being born in Midland England, I had more English insularity of thought than most of my countrymen ; and having a certain wilfulness of opinion, which few shared at home, and probably fewer abroad, I had little to recommend me in the United States. Years ago I knew some publicists there of mark and character, but that was before the great war, in which many of them perished. My friend Horace Greeley was dead, Lloyd Garrison was gone, with both of whom I had spent well-remembered days. Theodore Parker, the "Jupiter of the pulpit," as Wendell Phillips calls him, paid me a viist in England before he went to Florence to die. To me, therefore, it was contentment enough to walk unknown through some of America's marvellous cities, and into the not less wondrous space which lies beyond them.

For one who has seen but half a great continent, and that but for a short period, to write a book about the country would be certainly absurd. At the same time, to have been in a new world for three months and be unable to give any account whatever of it would be still more absurd. To pretend to know

much is presumption—to profess to know nothing is idiocy. A voyager who had seen a strange creature in the Atlantic Ocean as he passed it, might be able to give only a poor account of it ; but if he had seen it every day for three months, and even been upon its back, he would be a very stupid person if he could give no idea whatever of it. I saw America and Canada from Ottawa to Kansas City for that length of time, travelling on its lakes and land, and may give some notion, at least to those who never were there, of what I observed—not of its trades or manufactures, or statistics, or politics, or churches, but of the ways, manners, and spirit of the people.

After all I had read or heard, it seemed to me that there were great features of social life there unregarded or misregarded. New York itself is a miracle which a large book would not be sufficient to explain. When I stepped ashore there, I thought I was in a larger Rotterdam ; when I found my way to the Broadway, it seemed to me as though I was in Paris, and that Paris had taken to business. There were quaintness, grace and gayety, brightness and grimness, all about. The Broadway I thought a Longway, for my first invitation in it was to No. 1455. My first days in the city were spent at No. 1 Broadway, in

the Washington Hotel, allured thither by its English military and diplomatic associations, going back to the days when an Indian war-whoop was possible in the Broadway. At that end, you are dazed by a forest of tall telegraphic poles, and a clatter by night and day that no pathway of Pandemonium could rival. Car-bells, omnibus-bells, dray-horse-bells, railway-bells, and locomotives in the air, were resounding night and day. An engineer turns off his steam at your bedroom window. When I got up to see what was the matter, I found engine No 99 almost within reach of my arm, and the other ninety-eight had been there that morning before I awoke. When, one day at a railway junction, I heard nine train-bells being rung by machinery, it sounded as though Disestablishment had occurred, and all the parish churches of England were being imported.

Of all the cities of America, Washington is the most superb in its brilliant flashes of space. The drowsy Potomac flows in sight of splendid buildings. Washington is the only city I have ever seen which no wanton architect or builder can spoil. Erect what they will, they cannot obliterate its glory of space. If a man makes a bad speech, the audience can retreat; if he buys a dull book, he need not read it—while if a dreary house be erected, three generations living near it may spend their melancholy lives in sight of it. If an architect in each city could be hanged now and then, with discrimination, what a mercy it would be to mankind! Washington at least is safe. One Sunday morning I went to the church which is attended by the President and Mrs. Hayes, to hear the kind of sermon preached in their presence. But the walk through the city was itself a sermon. I never knew all the glory of sunlight in this world until then. The clear, calm sky seemed hundreds of miles high. Over dome and mansion, river and park, streets and squares, the sunlight shed what appeared to my European eyes an unearthly beauty. I lingered in it until I was late at church. The platform occupied by preachers in America more resembles an altar than our pulpit, and the freedom of action and grace in speaking I thought greater than among us. The

sermon before the President was addressed to young men, and was remarkably wise, practical, definite, and inspiring; but the transition of tone was, at times, more abrupt and less artistic than in other eminent American preachers whom I had the pleasure to hear.

Niagara Falls I saw by sunlight, electric light, and by moonlight, without thinking much of them—until walking on the American side I came upon the Niagara River, which I had never heard of. Of course, water must come from somewhere to feed the Falls—I knew that; but I had never learned from guide-books that its coming was anything remarkable. When, however, I saw a mighty mountain of turbulent water as wide as the eye could reach, a thousand torrents rushing, as it were, from the clouds, splashing and roaring down to the great Falls, I thought the idea of the Deluge must have begun there. No aspect of Nature ever gave me such a sense of power and terror. I feared to remain where I stood. The frightful waters seemed alive. When I went back to the Canadian side I thought as much of Niagara as any one—had I seen the Duke of Argyll's recently published "Impressions" of them (he also discovered the Niagara Rapids) before I went there. I should have approached Niagara Falls with feelings very different from those with which I first saw them.

In the Guildhall, London, I have seen city orators point their merchant audience to the statues of great men there, and appeal to the historic glories of the country. Such an audience would respond as though they had some interest in the appeal—feeling, however, that these things more concerned the "great families" who held the country, whom they make rich by their industry, who looked down upon them as butter-men or tallow-chandlers. No orator addressing the common people enjoys these historic appeals to them. The working class who are enlisted in the army, flogged and sent out to be shot, that their fathers may find their way to the poor-house, under their hereditary rulers, are not so sensible of the glory of the country. The working men, as a rule, have no substantial interest in the national glory: I mean those of them whose lot it is to supplicate for work, and who

nave to establish trades' unions to obtain adequate payment for it. Yet I well know that England has things to be proud of which America cannot rival.* At the same time we have, as Lord Beaconsfield discerned, "Two Nations" living side by side in this land. What is wanted is that they shall be one in equity of means, knowledge, and pride. Nothing surprised me more than to see the parks of New York, abutting Broadway, without a fence around the green sward. A million unresting feet passed by them, and none trampled on the delicate grass—while in England, Board Schools put up a prison wall around them, so that poor children cannot see a flower girl go by in the streets; and the back windows of the houses of mechanics in Lambeth remain blocked up, whereby no inmate can look on a green tree in the Palace grounds. In Florence, in Northampton, where the Holyoke Mountain† looks on the ever-winding Connecticut River, as elsewhere, there are thousands of mansions to be seen without a rail around their lawns. Acres of plantations lie unenclosed between the beautiful houses, where a crowd of wanderers might rest unchallenged, and watch mountain, river, and sky. In England, if an indigent wanderer sat down on house-ground or wayside, the probability is a policeman would come and look at him, the farmer would come and demand what he wanted, and the relieving officer would suggest to him that he had better pass on to his own parish. In England the whole duty of man, as set down in the workman's catechism, is to find out upon how little he can live. In America the workman sets himself to find out how much he ought to have to live upon, equitably compared with what falls to other classes. He

does not see exactly how to get it when he has found out the amount. Co-operative equity alone can show him that. No doubt, workmen are better off in any civilized country than workmen were one hundred or two hundred years ago. So are the rich. The workmen whom I addressed in America I counselled not to trouble about comparisons as to their condition, but to remember that there is but one rule for rich and poor, workman and employer—namely, that each should be free to get all he *honestly* can. A wholesome distinction of America is that industry alone is universally honored there, and has good chances. There are no common people there, in the English sense. When speaking in the Cooper Institute, New York, I was reminded that the audience would resent being so addressed.* Every man in America feels as though he owns the country, because the charm of recognized equality and the golden chances of ownership have entered his mind. He is proud of the statues and the public buildings. The great rivers, the trackless prairies, the regal mountains, all seem his. Even the steep curb-stones of New York and Boston, which brought me daily distress, I was asked to admire—for some reason yet unknown to me. In England nobody says to the visitor or foreigner when he first meets him, What do you think of England? The people do not feel that they own the country, or have responsible control over it. The country is managed by somebody else. Not even members of Parliament know when base treaties are made in the nation's name, and dishonoring wars are entered into, which the lives and earnings of their constituents may be confiscated to sustain. All that our representatives can tell us is that that is an affair of the crown. In America there is no crown, and the people are kings and they know it. I had not landed on the American shores an hour before I became aware that I was in a new nation, animated by a new life which I had never seen. I was three days in the train going from Ottawa to Chicagc. It was my custom to spend a

* Americans are not lacking in generous admissions herein, as any one may see in William Winter's "Trip to England." The reader must go far to find more graceful pages of appreciation of the historic, civic, and scenic beauties of this country.

† In a historic churchyard at the bottom of the mountain is the grave of Mary Pyncheon, the wife of Elizur Holyoke, the early English settler, whose name the mountain bears. Among the commonly feeble epitaphs of churchyards, hers is remarkable for its grace and vigor. It says:

"She who lies here was, while she stood,
A very glory of womanhood."

* The Rev. R. Heber Newton said to me, "Remember, Mr. Holyoake, we have no 'common people' in America. We may have a few uncommon ones."

part of every day in the cosy smoking saloon of the car, with its red velvet seats, and bright spacious-mouthed braziers for receiving lights or ashes. My object was to study in detail the strange passengers who joined us. Being on the railway there practically but one class and one fare, the gentleman and workman, the lady and the mechanic's wife, sit together without hesitation or diffidence. A sturdy, unspeaking man, who seemed to be a mechanic, was generally in the smoking saloon. He never spoke, except to say "Would I take a seat?" when he thought I was incommoded by a particularly fat passenger by my side. "It will suit me quite as well to smoke outside the car," he would civilly say, if I objected to putting him to inconvenience. On the morning of the third day, he and I only were sitting together. Wishing to find out whether he could or would talk, I asked him, "How far are we from Chicago?" He looked at me with sudden amazement. Black stubby hair covered his face (which had been unshaven for days, an unusual thing with Americans). At my question every stubble seemed to start up as he laid his hand on my knee, and said, "Have you *never* been to Chicago?" "How could I?" I replied; "I am an Englishman travelling from London in order to see it." All at once, looking at me with pity and commiseration, his little deep black eyes glistening like glow-worms in the night of his dark face, he exclaimed, laying his hand now on my shoulder, that his words might be more expressive, "Sir, Chicago is the boss city of the universe," evidently thinking that I might make some futile attempt to compare it with some city of this world. Afterward I learned that this electric admirer of Chicago was the brakeman of the train. Yet this man, who had probably driven into the fiery city a thousand times, had as much delight in it, and as much pride in it, as though he were the owner of it. I soon found that it would not be a wise thing for a stranger to be of a different opinion. As I rode into Chicago three hours later, I thought I had never seen such a lumbering, dingy, ramshackle, crowded, tumultuous, boisterous outside of a city before. When asked my opinion again, amid the roar of cars and hurricane of

every kind of wagons and vehicles, I framed one from which I never departed, namely, that considering the short time in which Chicago had been built and rebuilt, it was the most miraculous city I had ever seen. This opinion was silent on many details, and the acumen of an American questioner is not easily foiled, but as I admitted something "miraculous" about the place, my opinion was tolerated, as fulfilling essential conditions. And when I came to see Chicago's wondrous streets of business, its hotels in which populations of twenty ordinary English parishes would be lost, its splendid avenues, its fine, noble, far-spreading parks, and Lake Michigan stretching out like a sea on the city borders—it did seem to me a "miraculous city," quite apart from the happy days I spent there, as the guest of Mr. Charlton, of the Chicago and Alton Railway, who traveled with me through Canada and half America, that I might see, without cost or care, the civic and natural marvels of the two countries.

The first hour I was in New York, one, in friendly care for my reputation as a stranger, said to me, "Mind, if you get run over, do not complain—if you can articulate—as it will go against you on the inquest. In America we run over anybody in the way, and if you are knocked down it will be considered your fault." In America self-help (honest and sometimes dishonest) is a characteristic. In Germany apprentices were required to travel to acquire different modes of working. If young Englishmen could be sent a couple of years to take part in American business, they would come back much improved. An eminent English professor, whom I lately asked whether it would not do this country good if we could get our peers to emigrate, answered, "No doubt, if you could smarten some of them up a bit first." Everywhere in America you hear the injunction "Hold on!" In every vessel and car there are means provided for doing it: for unless a man falls upon his feet—if he does fall—he finds people too busy to stop and pick him up. The nation is in commotion. Life in America is a battle and a march. Freedom has set the race on fire—freedom, with the prospect of property. Americans are a nation of men who have their

own way, and do very well with it. It is the only country where men are men in this sense, and the unusualness of the liberty bewilders many, who do wrong things in order to be sure they are free to do something. This error is mostly made by new-comers, to whom freedom is a novelty; and it is only by trying eccentricity that they can test the unwonted sense of their power of self-disposal. But as liberty grows into a habit, one by one the experimenters become conscious of the duty of not betraying the precious possession by making it repulsive. Perhaps self-assertion seems a little in excess of international requirements. Many "citizens" give a stranger the impression that they do think themselves equal to their superiors, and superior to their equals; yet all of them are manlier than they would be through the ambition of each to be equals of anybody else.

The effect of American inspiration on Englishmen was strikingly evident. I met workmen in many cities whom I had known in former years in England. They were no longer the same men. Here their employers seldom or never spoke to them,* and the workmen were rather glad, as they feared the communication would relate to a reduction of wages. They thought it hardly prudent to look a foreman or overseer in the face. Masters are more genial, as a rule, in these days; but in the days when last I visited these workmen at their homes in Lancashire, it never entered into their heads to introduce me to their employers. But when I met them in America they instantly proposed to introduce me to the mayor of the city. This surprised me very much; for when they were in England they could not have introduced me to the relieving officer of their parish, with any advantage to me, had I needed to know him. These men were still workmen, and they introduced me to the mayor as a "friend of theirs;" and in an easy, confident

manner, as one gentleman would speak to another, they said, "they should be obliged if he would show me the civic features of the city." The mayor would do so, order his carriage, and with the most pleasant courtesy take me to every place of interest. To this hour I do not know whom I wondered at most—the men or the mayor. In some cases the mayor was himself a manufacturer, and it was a pleasure to see that the men were as proud of the mayor as they were of the city.

One day a letter came, inviting me to Chautauqua Lake, saying that if I would allow it to be said that I would come to a Convention of Liberals there, many other persons would go there to meet me, and then I should see everybody at once. I answered that it was exactly what I wanted—"to see everybody at once." In England we think a good deal of having to go ten miles into the country to hold a public meeting; but knowing Americans were more enterprising, I expected I should have to go seventeen miles there. When the day arrived and I asked for a ticket for Chautauqua Lake, the clerk, looking at the money I put down, said, "Do you know you are seven hundred miles from that place?" Having engaged to speak in the "Parker Memorial Hall" to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Church of Boston the next Sunday, there was no escape from a journey of fourteen hundred miles in the meantime, and I made it. At Chautauqua was a sight I had never seen. A hall, looking out on to the great lake, as full of amateur philosophers and philosophers—all with their heads full of schemes. There were at least a hundred persons, each with an armful or reticule-full of first principles, ready written out, for the government of mankind in general. It was clear to me that the Government at Washington will never be in the difficulty we were when Lord Hampton had only ten minutes in which to draw up for us a new constitution—our cabinet not having one on hand. If President Hayes is ever in want of a policy, he will find a good choice at Chautauqua Lake. My ancient friend Louis Masquerier had the most systematic scheme there of all of them. I knew it well, for the volume explaining it was dedicated to me. He

* Long years ago, when I first knew Rochdale, workmen at Mr. Bright's mills used to tell me with pride, that he was not like other employers. He not only inquired about them, but of them; and to this day they will stop him in the mill yard and ask his advice in personal difficulties, when they are sure of willing and friendly counsel from him.

had mapped out the whole globe into small homestead parallelograms. An ingenious friend (Dr. Hollick) had kindly completed the scheme for him one day when it was breaking down. He pointed out to Masquerier that there was a little hitch at the poles—where the meridian lines converge, which rendered perfect squares difficult to arrange there. This was quite unforeseen by the homestead artificer. The system could not give way, that was clear; and nature was obstinate at the poles. So it was suggested that Masquerier should set apart the spaces at the poles to be planted with myrtle, sweet-briar, roses, and other aromatic plants, which might serve to diffuse a sweet scent over the homesteads otherwise covering the globe. The inventor adopted the compromise, and thus the difficulty was, as Paley says, "gotten over;" and if Arctic explorers in the future should be surprised at finding a fragrant garden at the North Pole, they will know how it came there. In Great Britain, where a few gentlemen consider it their province to make religion, politics, and morality for the people, it is counted ridiculous presumption that common persons should attempt to form opinions upon these subjects for themselves. I know the danger to progress brought about by those whom Colonel Ingersoll happily calls its "Fool Friends." Nevertheless, to me this humble and venturesome activity of thought at Chautauqua was a welcome sight. Eccentricity is better than the deadness of mind. Out of the crude form of an idea the perfect idea comes in time. From a boy I have been myself of Butler's opinion that—

"Reforming schemes are none of mine,
To mend the world's a great design,
Like he who toils in little boat
To tug to him the ship afloat."

Nevertheless, since I am in the ship as much as others, and have to swim or sink with it, I am at least concerned to know on what principles, and to what port, it is being steered; and those are mere ballast who do not try to find as much out. Dr. Erasmus Darwin's definition of a fool was "one who never tried an experiment." In this sense there is hardly a fool in America—while the same sort of persons block up the streets in England—newspapers of note

are published to encourage them to persevere in their imbecility, and they have the largest representation in Parliament of any class in the kingdom. Everybody knows that no worse misfortune can happen to a man here than to have a new idea; while in America a man is not thought much of if he has not one on hand.

Yet a visitor soon sees that everything is not perfect in America, and its thinkers and statesmen know it as well as we do. But they cannot improve everything "right away." We do not do that in England. In America I heard men praised as "level-headed," without any regard to their being moral-headed. I heard men called "smart" who were simply rascals. Then I remembered that we had judges who gave a few months' imprisonment to a bank director who had plundered a thousand families, and five years' penal servitude to a man who had merely struck a lord. In Chicago you can get a cup of good coffee without chicory at Race's, served on a marble table, with cup and saucer not chipped, and a clean *serviette* for five cents. Yet you have to pay anywhere for having your shoes blacked 400 per cent. more than in London. The Government there will give you 160 acres of land, with trees upon it enough to build a small navy; and they charged me three shillings in Chicago for a light walking-stick which could be had in London for sixpence. All sorts of things cheap in England are indescribably dear in America. Protection must be a good thing for somebody: if the people like it it is no business of ours. We have, I remembered, something very much like it at home. We are a nation of shopkeepers, and the shopkeeper's interest is to have customers; yet until lately we taxed every purchaser who came into a town. If he walked in, which meant that he was poor and not likely to buy anything, the turnpike was free to him; but, if he came on horseback, which implied that he had money in his pocket, we taxed his horse; and if he came in a carriage, which implied possession of still larger purchasing power, we taxed every wheel of his carriage, to encourage him to keep away. One day I said, that to this hour, our Chancellor of the Exchequer taxes every person who travels by rail-

way, every workman going to offer his labor, every employer seeking hands, every merchant who travels to buy or sell: in an industrial country, we tax every man who moves about in our trains. Englishmen, who had been out of this country twenty years, could not believe this. When they found that I was the chairman of a committee, who had yet to agitate for free trade in locomotion in England, they were humiliated and ashamed that England had still to put up with the incredible impost. Many things I had heard spoken of as absurd among Uncle Sam's people, seemed to me less so when I saw the conditions which have begotten their unusualness. Here we regard America as the eccentric seed-land of Spiritism; but when I met the *Prairie Schooners** travelling into the lone plains of Kansas, I could understand that a solitary settler there would be very glad to have a spirit or two in his lone log-house. Where no doctors can be had, the itinerant medicine-vendor is a welcome visitor, and, providing his drugs are harmless, imagination effects a cure—imagination is the angel of the mind there. We are apt to think that youths and maidens are too self-sufficient in their manners in those parts. They could not exist at all in those parts, save for those qualities. We regard railways as being recklessly constructed—but a railway of any kind is a mercy if it puts remote settlers in communication with a city somehow. If a bridge gives way, like that of the Tay lately among us, fewer lives are lost there than would be worn out by walking and dragging produce over unbridged distances, and often going without needful things for the household, because they could not be got.

In the United States there are newspapers of as great integrity, judges as pure, and members of Parliament as clean-handed as in England; but the public indignation at finding it otherwise is nothing like so great there as here. John Stuart Mill said that the working classes of all countries lied—it being the vice of the slave caste—but English working men alone were ashamed of lying, and I was proud to find that my

* A long, rickety wagon, drawn generally by one horse, carrying the emigrant, his family and furniture, in search of a new settlement.

countrymen of this class have not lost this latent attribute of manliness; and I would rather they were known for the quality of speaking the truth though the devil was looking them square in the face, than see them possess any repute for riches, or smartness, without it. Far be it from me to suggest that Americans, as a rule, do not possess the capacity of truth, but in trade they do not strike you as exercising the talent with the same success that they show in many other ways. However, there is a certain kind of candor continually manifested, which has at least a negative merit. If a "smart" American does a crooked thing, he does not pretend that it is straight. When I asked what was understood to be the difference between a Republican and a Democrat, I was answered by one of those persons, too wise and too pure to be of any use in this world, who profess to be of no party—none being good enough for them; he said, "Republicans and Democrats profess different things, but they both do the same." "Your answer," I replied, "comes very near the margin of giving me information. What are the different things," I asked, "which they do profess?" The answer was, "The Republicans profess to be honest, but the Democrats do not even profess that." My sympathies, I intimated, lay, therefore, with the Republicans, since they who admit they know what they ought to be probably incline to it. However impetuous Americans may be, they have one great grace of patience; they listen like gentlemen. An American audience, anywhere gathered together, make the most courteous listeners in the world. If a speaker has only the gift of making a fool of himself, nowhere has he so complete an opportunity of doing it. If he has the good fortune to be but moderately interesting, and obviously tries in some humble way, natural to him, to add to their information, they come to him afterward and congratulate him with Parisian courtesy. At Washington, where I spoke at the request of General Mussey and Major Ford, and in Cornell University at Ithaca, where, at the request of the acting President, Professor W. C. Russell, I addressed the students on the Moralities of Co-operative Commerce, there

were gentlemen and ladies present who knew more of everything than I did about anything; yet they conveyed to me their impression that I had in some way added to their information. Some political colleagues of mine had gone to America. In this country they had a bad time of it. In the opinion of most official persons of their day, they ought to have been in prison; and some narrowly escaped it. In America they ultimately obtained State employment, which here they never would have obtained to their latest day. Yet their letters home were so disparaging of America as to encourage all defamers of its people and institutions. This incited me to look for every feature of discontent. What I saw to the contrary I did not look for—but could not overlook when it came upon me. John Stuart Mill I knew was at one time ruined by repudiators in America, but that did not lead him to condemn that system of freedom which must lead to public honor coming into permanent ascendancy. For myself, I am sufficiently a Comtist to think that humanity is greater and sounder than any special men; and believe that great conditions of freedom and self-action can alone render possible general progress. Great evils in American public life, from which we are free in England, have been so dwelt upon here, that the majority of working men will be as much surprised as I was to find that American life has in it elements of progress which we in England lack. Still, I saw there were spots on the great sun. The certainty of an earthquake every four years in England would not more distress us or divert the current of business, than the American system of having 100,000 office-holders liable to displacement every Presidential election. Each place-man has, I "calculate," at least nine friends who watch and work to keep him where he is. Then there are 100,000 more persons, candidates for the offices to be vacated by those already in place. Each of these aspirants has on the average as many personal friends who devote themselves to getting him installed. So there are two millions of the most active politicians in the country always battling for places—not perhaps regardless altogether of principle: but subordinating the assertion of principle to the com-

mand of places. The wonder is that the progress made in America occurs at all. Colonel Robert Ingersoll, during the enchanted days when I was his guest in Washington, explained it all to me, and gave reasons for it with the humor and wit for which he is unrivalled among public speakers among us; nevertheless, I remain of the same opinion still. This system, although a feature of republican administration, is quite distinct from republican principle, and has to be changed, though the duration of the practice renders it as difficult to alter as it would be to change the diet of a nation.

It would take too long now to recount half the droll instances in which our cousins of the new world rise above and fall below ourselves. Their habit of interviewing strangers is the most amusing and useful institution conceivable. I have personal knowledge, and others more than myself, of visitors to England of whom the public never hear. Many would be glad to call upon them and show them civility or give them thanks for services they have rendered to public progress elsewhere, in one form or other. But the general public never know of their presence. These sojourners among us possess curious, often valuable knowledge, and no journalists ask them any questions, or announce or describe them, or inform the town where they are to be found. Every newspaper reader in the land might be the richer in ideas for their visit, but they pass away with their unknown wealth of experience, of which he might have partaken. There is no appointment on the press to be more coveted than that of being an interviewer to a great journal. The Art of Interviewing is not yet developed and systematized as it might be. Were I asked, "What is the beginning of wisdom?" I should answer, "It is the art of asking questions." The world has had but one master of the art, and Socrates has had no successor. With foolish questioning most persons are familiar—wise questioning is a neglected study. The first interviewer who did me the honor to call upon me at the Hoffman House in New York, represented a Democratic paper of acknowledged position: being a stranger to the operation of interviewing, I first interviewed

the interviewer, and put to him more questions than he put to me. When I came to read his report, all my part in the proceedings recounted was left out. He no doubt knew best what would interest the readers of the journal he represented. I told him that an English gentleman of political repute was interested in an American enterprise, and had asked me to go to North Alabama with a view to judge of its fitness for certain emigrants. I put the question to him whether in the South generally it mattered what an emigrant's political views were, if he was personally an addition to the industrial force and property of the place, observing incidentally that I saw somebody had just shot a doctor through the back, who had decided views about something. His answer has never passed from my memory. It was this: "Well, if a man will make his opinions prominent, what can he expect?" I answered, that might be rather hard on me, since, though I might not make my opinions "prominent," they might be thought noticeable, and a censor with a Derringer might not discriminate in my favor.* This, however, did not deter me from going South. The yellow fever lay in my way at Memphis, and I did not feel as though I wanted the yellow fever. I was content with going near enough to it to fall in with people who had it, and who were fleeing from the infected city. No doubt the rapidity of my chatter upon strange topics did confuse some interviewers. Now and then I read a report of an interview, and did not know that it related to me until I read the title of it. One day I met a wandering English gentleman, who had just read an interview with me, when he exclaimed, "My dear Holyoake! how could you say that?" when I answered, "My dear Verdantson! how could you suppose I ever did say it?" When in remote cities I fell in with interviewers who were quite un-

familiar with my way of thought and speech, I tried the experiment of saying exactly the opposite of what I meant. To my delight, next day I found it had got turned upside down in the writer's mind, and came out exactly right. But I had to be careful with whom I did this, for most interviewers were very shrewd and skilful, and put me under great obligations for their rendering of what I said.* If English press writers interviewed visitors from a country unfamiliar to them, they would make as many misconceptions as are ever met with in America. I have never known but two men, not Englishmen—Mazzini and Mr. G. W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*—who understood public affairs in England as we understand them ourselves. Even Louis Blanc is hardly their equal, though a rival, in that rare art.

When leaving England I was asked by the Co-operative Guild of London to ascertain in my travels in America what were the conditions and opportunities of organizing co-operative emigration. As this was one of the applications of the co-operative principle meditated by the Co-operators of 1830, and which has slept out of sight of this generation, I received the request with glad surprise, and undertook the commission.

Pricked by poverty and despair, great numbers of emigrant families go out alone. With slender means and slender knowledge, they are the prey, at every stage, of speculators, agents, and harpies. Many become penniless by the way, and never reach their intended place. They hang about the large cities, and increase the competition among workmen, already too many there. Unwelcome, and unable to obtain work, they become a new burden on reluctant and overburdened local charity, and

* We are not without experience somewhat of this kind in England. At Bolton, when Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., was lecturing there on the "Cost of the Crown," a very harmless subject, one of the royalists of the town hurled a brick through the window of the hall, intended for the speaker, which killed one of the audience. Sir Charles was merely "making his opinions prominent."

* The *Kansas City Times* published an "Interview with Gen. George Holyoake." This was discerning courtesy. Down there "difficulties" had often occurred, and a "general" being supposed to have pistollic acquisitions, I was at once put upon a level with any emergency. It was in Kansas City, where a judge trying a murder case said to those present: "Gentlemen, the court wishes you would let somebody die a natural death down here, if only to show strangers what an excellent climate we have."

their lot is as deplorable as that from which they have fled. Those who hold out until they reach the land, ignorant of all local facts of soil, climate, or malaria, commence "to fight the wilderness"—a mighty, tongueless, obdurate, mysterious adversary, who gives you opulence if you conquer him—but a grave if he conquers you. What silence and solitude, what friendlessness and desolation, the first years bring! What distance from aid in sickness, what hardship if their stores are scant—what toil through pathless woods and swollen creeks to carry stock to market and bring back household goods! Loss of civilized intercourse, familiarity with danger, the determined persistence, the iron will, the animal struggle, of the settler's life, half animalizes him also. No wonder we find the victor rich and rugged. The wonder is that refinement is as common in America as it is. Stout-hearted emigrants succeed by themselves, and achieve marvellous prosperity. Nor would I discourage any from making the attempt. To mitigate the difficulties by devices of co-operative foresight is a work of mercy and morality. It is not the object of the London Guild to incite emigration, nor determine its destination; but to enable any who want to emigrate to form an intelligent decision, and to aid them to carry it out with the greatest chances of personal and moral advantage. In New York I found there had lately been formed a "Co-operative Colony Aid Association" (represented by the *Worker*, published by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, and edited by the Rev. R. Heber Newton), of which Mr. E. E. Barnum, Dr. Felix Adler, Mr. E. V. Smalley, the Rev. Dr. Rylance, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, Joseph Seligman, the Hon. John Wheeler, and others were promoters. From inquiries in the city (which I, a stranger, thought it right to make), I found that these were persons whose names gave the society prestige. Mrs. Thompson was regarded in the States, as the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is in England, for her many discerning acts of munificence. To them I was indebted for the opportunity of addressing a remarkable audience in the Cooper Institute, New York—an audience which included journalists, authors, and

thinkers on social questions, State Socialists, and Communists—an audience which only could be assembled in New York. The Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer presided. The object of the Colony Aid Association is to select and purchase land, devise the general arrangements of park, co-operative store, and school-house; erect simple dwellings, and provide food for the colonists until crops accrue; arrange for the conveyance of emigrants, from whatever land they come, to their intended settlement—providing them with escort and personal direction until they have mastered the conditions of their new life. The promoters take only a moderate interest upon the capital employed, affording these facilities of colonial life at cost price, acting themselves on the entirely wholesome rule of keeping their proceedings clear alike of profit and charity. There is no reason why emigration should not be as pleasant as an excursion, and competence rendered secure to all emigrants of industry, honesty, and common sense. It soon appeared to me that land-selling was a staple trade in America and Canada—that no person knew the whole of either country. From visits and letters I received from land-holders and agents, I doubted not that there were many honest among them. But unless you had much spare time for inquiry, and were fortunate in being near those who knew them, it would be difficult to make out which the honest were. Evidently, what was wanted was complete and trustworthy information, which everybody must know to be such. There was but one source whence this information could issue, and it seemed a duty to solicit it there. If information of general utility was to be obtained, it was obviously becoming in me, as an Englishman, first to ask it of the Canadian Government, and for this reason I went over to Canada.

Canaan was nothing to Canada. Milk and honey are very well, but Canada has cream and peaches, grapes and wine. I went gathering grapes in Hamilton by moonlight—their flavor was excellent, and bunches abundant beyond imagination. The Mayor of Hamilton did me the honor of showing me the fruits of Canada, on exhibition in a great fair

then being held. Fruit-painters in water-colors should go to Canada. Hues so new, various, and brilliant have never been seen in an English exhibition of painters in water-colors. Nor was their beauty deceptive, for I was permitted to taste the fruit, when I found that its delicate hue was but an "outward sign of its inward" richness of flavor. It was unexpected to find the interior of the Town Hall of Hamilton imposing with grace of design, rich with the wood-carver's art, relieved by opulence of space and convenience of arrangement far exceeding anything observed in the Parliament Houses of Ottawa or of Washington. The parliamentary buildings of Canada, like those of the capital of Washington, are worthy of the great countries in which they stand; but were I a subject of the Dominion or a citizen of the United States, I would go without one dinner a year in order to subscribe to a fund for paying wood-carvers to impart to the debating chambers a majestic sense of national durability associated with splendor of art. The State House of Washington and the Library of the Parliament of Ottawa have rooms possessing qualities which are not exceeded in London by any devoted to similar purposes. The dining-room of the Hotel Brunswick, in Madison Square, New York, has a reflected beauty derived from its bright and verdant surroundings, with which its interior is coherent. But the Windsor Hotel of Montreal impressed me more than any other I saw. The entrance-hall, with its vast and graceful dome, gave a sense of space and dignity which the hotels of Chicago and Saratoga, enormous as they are, lacked. The stormy lake of Ontario, its thousand islands, and its furious rapids, extending four hundred miles, with the American and Canadian shores on either hand, gave me an idea of the scenic glory of Canada utterly at variance with the insipid rigor and frost-bound gloom which I had associated with the country. A visitor from America does not travel thirty miles into Canada without feeling that the shadow of the crown is there. Though there was manifestly less social liberty among the people, the civic and political independence of the Canadian cities seemed to me to equal that of the

United States. The abounding courtesy of the press, and the cultivated charm of expression by the *Spectator* of Hamilton and the *Globe* of Toronto, were equal to anything I observed anywhere. And not less were the instances of private and official courtesy of the country.

At Ottawa I had the honor of an interview with the Premier, Sir John Macdonald, at his private residence. The Premier of Canada had the repute, I knew, of bearing a striking likeness to the late Premier of England; but I was not prepared to find the resemblance so remarkable. Excepting that Sir John is less in stature than Lord Beaconsfield, persons who saw them apart might mistake one for the other. On presenting a letter from Mr. Witton (of Hamilton, a former member of the Canadian Parliament), myself and Mr. Charlton were admitted to an audience with Sir John, whom I found a gentleman of frank and courtly manners, who permitted me to believe that he would take into consideration the proposal I made to him, that the Government of Canada should issue a blue-book upon the emigrant conditions of the entire Dominion, similar to those formerly given to us in England by Lord Clarendon "On the Condition of the Laboring Classes Abroad," furnishing details of the prospects of employment, settlement, education, tenure of land, climatic conditions, and the purchasing power of money. Sir John kindly undertook to receive from me, as soon as I should be able to draw it up, a scheme of particulars, similar to that which I prepared some years ago, at the request of Lord Clarendon. A speech of Lord Beaconsfield's was at that time much discussed by the American and Canadian press, as Sir John Macdonald had recently been on a visit to Lord Beaconsfield. Sir John explained to me in conversation that in the London reports of Lord Beaconsfield's speech, there appeared the mistake of converting "wages of sixteen dollars per month" into "wages of sixteen shillings per day," and of describing emigration "west of the State" as emigration from the "Western States." This enabled me to point out to Sir John that if these misapprehensions could arise in the mind of one so acute as

Lord Beaconsfield, as to information given by an authority so eminent and exact as Sir John himself, it showed how great was the need which the English public must feel of accurate and official information upon facts with which they were necessarily unfamiliar. Afterward I had the pleasure of dining with the Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. John Henry Pope. Both myself and my friend Mr. Charlton, who was also a guest, were struck with the Cobbett-like vigor of statement which characterized Mr. Pope. He explained the Canadian theory of protection as dispassionately as Cobden would that of free trade. Mr. Pope had himself, I found, caused to appear very valuable publications of great service to emigrants. He admitted, however, that there might be advantage in combining all the information in one book which would be universally accessible, and known to be responsible. I was struck by one remark of this minister worth repeating: "In Canada," he said, "we have but one enemy—cold—and he is a steady but manageable adversary, for whose advent we can prepare and whose time of departure we know, while in America, malaria, ague, fluctuation of temperature are intermittent. Science and sanitary prevision will, in time, exterminate some dangers, while watchfulness will always be needed in regard to others."

Subsequently I thought it my duty to make a similar proposal to the Government of Washington. Colonel Robert Ingersoll introduced me to Mr. Evarts, the Secretary of State, who with the courtesy I had heard ascribed to him, gave immediate attention to the subject. Looking at me with his wise penetrating eyes, he said, "You know, Mr. Holyoake, the difficulty the Federal Government would have in obtaining the collective information you wish." Then he stated the difficulties with precision, showing that he instantly comprehended the scope of the proposed red-book, without at all suggesting that the difficulties were obstacles. So far as I could observe, an American statesman of any quality does not believe in "obstacles" to any measure of public utility. I was aware that the Federal Government had no power to obtain from the different

States reports of the kind required, but Mr. Evarts admitted that if he were to ask the Governor of each State to furnish him with the information necessary for emigrant use, with a view to include it in an official account of the emigrant features of all the States, he would no doubt receive it. I undertook, on my return to England, to forward to him, after consulting with the Co-operative Guild, a scheme of the kind of red-book required. Mr. Evarts permitted me to observe that many persons, as he must well know, come to America and profess themselves dissatisfied. They find many things better than they could have hoped to find them, but since they were not what they expected, they were never reconciled. The remedy was to provide real information of the main things they would find. Then they would come intelligently if they came at all, and stay contented. General Mussey did me the favor of taking me to the White House, and introducing me to the President and Mrs. Hayes, where I had the opportunity also of meeting General Sherman, who readily conversed upon the subject of my visit, and made many observations very instructive to me. Mrs. Hayes is a very interesting lady, of engaging ways and remarkable animation of expression, quite free from excitement. She had been in Kansas with the President a few days before, and kindly remarked, as something I should be glad to hear, that she found on the day they left that every colored person who had arrived there from the South was in some place of employment. The President had a bright, frank manner; and he listened with such a grace of patience to the nature and reason of the request I had made to Mr. Evarts, and which I asked him to sanction, if he approved of it, that I began to think that my pleasure at seeing him would end with my telling my story. He had, however, only taken time to hear entirely to what it amounted, when he explained his view of it with a sagacity and completeness and a width of illustration which surprised me. He described to me the different qualities of the various nationalities of emigrants in the States, expressing—what I had never heard any one do before—a very high opinion of the Welsh, whose good sense and success as colonists had come under

his observation. Favorable opinions were expressed by leading journals in America upon the suggestion above described. To some it seemed of such obvious utility that wonder was felt that it had never been made before. If its public usefulness continues apparent after due consideration, no doubt a book of the nature in question will be issued.

There is no law in America which permits co-operation to be commenced in the humble, unaided way in which it has arisen in England. When I pointed this out to the gentlemen of the Colony Aid Association, the remark was made, "Then we will get a law for the purpose." In England, working men requiring an improvement in the law have thought themselves fortunate in living till the day when a member of Parliament could be induced to put a question on the subject; and the passing of a bill has been an expectation inherited by their children, and not always realized in their time. Emerson has related that when it was found that the pensions awarded to soldiers disabled in the war, or to the families of those who were killed, fell into the hands of unscrupulous "claim agents," a private policeman in New York conceived the plan of a new law which would enable every person entitled to the money to surely receive it. Obtaining leave of absence, he went to Washington, and obtained, on his own representation, the passing of two acts which effected this reform. I found the policeman to be an old friend of mine, Mr. George S. McWatters, whom I found now to be an officer of customs in New York. An instance of this kind is unknown in this country. Emerson remarks that, "having freedom in America, this accessibility to legislators and promptitude of redressing wrong are the means by which it is sustained and extended."

Before leaving Washington, I thought it my duty to call at the British Embassy, and communicate to His Excellency Sir Edward Thornton particulars of the request I had made to the Government of Canada and of the United States; since if his excellency should be able to approve of the object thereof, it would be an important recommendation of it. I pointed out to Sir Edward that "though public documents were issued

by the departments of both Governments, the classes most needing them knew neither how to collect or collate them, and reports of interested agents could not be wholly trusted; while a Government will not lie, nor exaggerate, nor, but rarely, conceal the truth. Since the British Government do not discourage emigration, and cannot prevent it, it is better that our poor fellow-countrymen should be put in possession of information which will enable them to go out with their eyes open, instead of going out, as hitherto, with their eyes mostly shut." I ought to add here that the Canadian Minister of Agriculture has sent me several valuable works issued in the Dominion, and that the American Government have presented me with many works of a like nature, and upward of five hundred large maps of considerable value, all of which I have placed at the disposal of the Guild of Co-operation in London, for dispersion amid centres of working men, with whom the founder of the guild, Mr. Hodgson Pratt, is in communication.

Because I learned many things in America, I did not learn to undervalue my own country, but came back thinking more highly of it on many accounts than I did before. Not a word escaped me which disparaged it. In Canada, as well as in America, I heard expressed the oddest ideas imaginable of the decadence of England. I always answered that John Bull was as sure-footed, if not quite so nimble, as Brother Jonathan; that England would always hold up its wilful head; and should the worse come to be very bad, Uncle Sam would superannuate England, and apportion to it an annuity to enable it to live comfortably; doing this out of regard to the services John Bull did to his ancestors long ago, and for the good-will the English people have shown Uncle Sam in their lucid intervals. As yet, I added, England has inexhaustible energies of its own. But lately it had Cobden, with his passion for international prosperity; and John Stuart Mill, with his passion for truth; it has still Bright, with his passion for justice; Gladstone, with his passion for conscience; and Lord Beaconsfield, with his passion for—himself; and even that is generating in the people a new passion for democratic independence. The two

worlds with one language will know how to move with equal greatness side by side. Besides the inexhaustible individuality and energy of Americans proper, the country is enriched by all the unrest and genius of Europe. I was not astonished that America was "big"—I knew that before. What I was astonished at was the inhabitants. Nature made the country; it is freedom which has made the people. I went there without prejudice, belonging to that class which cannot afford to have prejudices. I went there not to see something which I expected to see, but to see what there was to be seen, what manner of people bestrode those mighty territories, and how they did it, and what they did it for; in what spirit, in what hope, and with what prospects. I never saw the human mind at large before acting on its own account—unhampered by prelate or king. Every error and every virtue strive there for mastery, but humanity has the best of the conflict, and progress is uppermost.

Co-operation, which substitutes evolution for revolution in securing competence to labor, may have a great career in the New World. In America the Germans have intelligence; the French brightness, the Welsh persistence, the Scotch that success which comes to all men who know how to lie in wait to serve. The Irish attract all sympathy to them by their humor of imagination and boundless capacity of discontent. The English maintain their steady purpose, and look with meditative, bovine eyes upon the novelties of life around them, wearing out the map of a new path with looking at it, before making up their mind to take it; but the fertile and adventurous American, when he condescends to give co-operation attention, will devise new applications of the principle unforeseen here. In America I received deputations from real State Socialists, but did not expect to find that some of them were Englishmen. But I knew them as belonging to that class of politicians at home who were always expecting something to be done for them, and who had not acquired the wholesome American instinct of doing something for themselves. Were State workshops established in that country, they would not have a single occupant in three

months. New prospects open so rapidly in America, and so many people go in pursuit of them, that I met with men who had been in so many places that they seemed to have forgotten where they were born. If the bit of paternal government could be got into the mouth of an American, it would drop out in a day—he opens his mouth so often to give his opinion on things in general. The point which seemed to be of most interest to American thinkers was that feature of co-operation which enables working men to acquire capital without having any, to save without diminishing any comfort, to grow rich by the accumulation of savings which they had never put by, through intercepting profits by economy in distribution. Meditating self-employment by associative gains, English co-operators do not complain of employers who they think treat them unfairly, nor enter into defiant negotiations, nor make abject supplications for increase of wages; they take steps to supersede unpleasant employers. With steam transit ready for every man's service, with the boundless and fruitful fields of Australia, America, and Canada open to them, the policy of self-protection is to withdraw from those employers and places with whom or where no profitable business can be done. To dispute with capital which carries a sword is a needless and disastrous warfare, even if victory should attend the murderous struggle. Even the negro of the South has learned to fight without striking a blow; he leaves the masters who menace him. If he turned upon them, he would be cut down without hesitation or mercy. By leaving them, their estates become worthless, and he causes his value to be perceived without the loss of a single life.

I learned in America two things never before apparent to me, and to which I never heard a reference at home: First, that the dispersion of unrequited workmen in Europe should be a primary principle of popular amelioration, which would compel greater changes in the quality of freedom and industrial equity than all the speculations of philosophers or the measures of contending politicians. Secondly, that the child of every poor man should be educated for an emigrant, and trained and imbued with a

knowledge of unknown countries, and inspired with the spirit of adventure therein; and that all education is half worthless—is mere mockery of the poor child's fortune—which does not train him in physical strength, in the art of "fighting the wilderness," and such mechanical knowledge as shall conduce to success therein. I am for workmen being given whatever education gentlemen have, and including in it such instruction as shall make a youth so much of a carpenter and a farmer that he shall know how to clear ground, put up a log-house, and understand land, crops and the management of live stock. Without this knowledge, a mechanic, or clerk, or even an M.A. of Oxford, is more helpless than a common farm-laborer, who cannot spell the name of the poor-house which sent him out. We have in Europe surplus population. Elsewhere lie rich and surplus acres. The new need of progress is to transfer overcrowding

workmen to the unoccupied prairies. Parents shrink from the idea of their sons having to leave their own country; but they have to do this when they become soldiers—the hateful agents of empire lately—carrying desolation and death among people as honest as themselves, but more unfortunate. Half the courage which leads young men to perish at Isandula or on the rocks of Afghanistan would turn into a paradise the wildest wilderness in the world of which they would become the proprietors. While honest men are doomed to linger anywhere in poverty and precariousness, this world is not fit for a gentleman to live in. Dives may have his purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. I, for one, pray that the race of Dives may increase; but what I wish also is, that never more shall a Lazarus be found at his gates.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

STORY-TELLING.

BY JAMES PAYN.

THE most popular of English authors has given us an account of what within his experience (and it was a large one) was the impression among the public at large of the manner in which his work was done. They pictured him, he says,

as a radiant personage whose whole time is devoted to idleness and pastime; who keeps a prolific mind in a sort of corn-sieve, and lightly shakes a bushel of it out sometimes in an odd half-hour after breakfast. It would amaze their incredulity beyond all measure to be told that such elements as patience, study, punctuality, determination, self-denial, training of mind and body, hours of application and seclusion to produce what they read in seconds, enter in such a career . . . correction and recorection in the blotted manuscript; consideration; new observations; the patient massing of many reflections, experiences, and imaginings for one minute purpose; and the patient separation from the heap of all the fragments that will unite to serve it—these would be unicorns and griffins to them—fables altogether.

And as it was a quarter of a century ago, when those words were written, so it is now: the phrase of "light literature" as applied to fiction having once been invented, has stuck with a vengeance to those who profess it.

Yet to "make the thing that is not as the thing that is" is not (though it may seem to be the same thing) so easy as lying.

Among a host of letters received in connection with an article published in the *Nineteenth Century* in December last ("The Literary Calling and its Future"), and which testify in a remarkable manner to the pressing need (therein alluded to) of some remunerative vocation among the so-called educated classes, there are many which are obviously written under the impression that Dogberry's view of writing coming "by nature" is especially true of the writing of fiction. Because I ventured to hint that the study of Greek was not essential to the calling of a story-teller, or of a contributor to the periodicals, or even of a journalist, these gentlemen seem to jump to the conclusion that the less they know of anything the better. Nay, some of them, discarding all theories (in the fashion that Mr. Carlyle's heroes are wont to discard all formulas), proceed to the practical with quite an indecent rapidity; they treat my modest hints for

their instruction as so much verbiage, and myself as a mere convenient channel for the publication of their lucubrations. "You talk of a genuine literary talent being always appreciated by editors," they write (if not in so many words by implication); "well, here is an admirable specimen of it (inclosed), and if your remarks are worth a farthing you will get it published for us, somewhere or another, *instantly*, and hand us over the check for it."

Nor are even these the most unreasonable of my correspondents; for a few, with many acknowledgments for my kindness in having provided a lucrative profession for them, announce their intention of throwing up their present less congenial callings, and coming up to London (one very literally from the Land's End) to live upon it, or, that failing (as there is considerable reason to expect it will), upon *me*.

With some of these correspondents, however, it is impossible (independent of their needs) not to feel an earnest sympathy; they have evidently not only aspirations, but considerable mental gifts, though these have unhappily been cultivated to such little purpose for the object they have in view that they might almost as well have been left untilled. In spite of what I ventured to urge respecting the advantage of knowing "science, history, politics, English literature, and the art of composition," they "don't see why" they shouldn't get on without them. Especially with those who aspire to write fiction (which, by its intrinsic attractiveness no less than by the promise it affords of golden grain, tempts the majority), it is quite pitiful to note how they cling to that notion of "the corn-sieve," and cannot be persuaded that story-telling requires an apprenticeship like any other calling. They flatter themselves that they can weave plots as the spider spins his thread from (what let us delicately term) his inner consciousness, and fondly hope that intuition will supply the place of experience. Some of them, with a simplicity that recalls the days of Dick Whittington, think that coming up to London is the essential step to this line of business, as though the provinces contained no fellow-creatures worthy to be depicted by their pen, or as though, in the metropo-

lis, society would at once exhibit itself to them without concealment, as fashionable beauties bare themselves to the photographers.

This is, of course, the laughable side of the affair, but, to me at least, it has also a serious one; for, to my considerable embarrassment and distress, I find that my well-meaning attempt to point out the advantages of literature as a profession has received a much too free translation, and implanted in many minds hopes that are not only sanguine but Utopian.

For what was written in the essay alluded to I have nothing to reproach myself with, for I told no more than the truth. Nor does the unsettlement of certain young gentlemen's features (since by their own showing they were to the last degree unstable to begin with) affect me so much as their parents and guardians appear to expect; but I am sorry to have shaken, however undesignedly, the "pillars of domestic peace" in any case, and desirous to make all the reparation in my power. I regret most heartily that I am unable to place all literary aspirants in places of emolument and permanency out of hand; but really (with the exception perhaps of the Universal Provider in Westbourne Grove) this is hardly to be expected of any man. The gentleman who raised the devil, and was compelled to furnish occupation for him, affords in fact the only appropriate parallel to my unhappy case. "If you can do nothing to provide my son with another place," writes one indignant paterfamilias, "at least you owe it to him" (as if I, and not Nature herself, had made the lad dissatisfied with his high stool in a solicitor's office!) "to give him some practical hints by which he may become a successful writer of fiction."

One would really think that this individual imagined story-telling to be a sort of sleight-of-hand trick, and that all that is necessary to the attainment of the art is to learn "how it's done." I should not like to say that I have known any members of my own profession who are "no conjurors," but it is certainly not by conjuring that they have succeeded in it.

"You talk of the art of composition," writes, on the other hand, another angry

correspondent, "as though it were one of the exact sciences; you might just as well advise your 'clever Jack' to study the art of playing the violin." So that one portion of the public appears to consider the calling of literature mechanical, while another holds it to be a sort of Divine instinct!

Since the interest in this subject proves to be so widespread, I trust it will not be thought presumptuous in me to offer my own humble experience in this matter for what it is worth. To the public at large a card of admission to my poor manufactory of fiction—a "very one-horse affair," as an American gentleman, with whom I had a little difficulty concerning copyright, once described it—may not afford the same satisfaction as a ticket for the private view of the Royal Academy; but the stings of conscience urge me to make to paterfamilias what amends in the way of "practical hints" lie in my power, for the wrong I have done to his offspring; and I therefore venture to address to those whom it may concern, and to those only, a few words on the Art of Story-telling.

The chief essential for this line of business, yet one that is much disregarded by many young writers, is the having a story to tell. It is a common supposition that the story will come if you only sit down with a pen in your hand and wait long enough—a parallel case to that which assigns one cow's tail as the measure of distance between this planet and the moon. It is no use "throwing off" a few brilliant ideas at the commencement, if they are only to be "passages that lead to nothing;" you must have distinctly in your mind at first what you intend to say at last. "Let it be granted," says a great writer (though not one distinguished in fiction), that a straight line be drawn from any one point to any other point;" only you must have the "other point" to begin with, or you can't draw the line. So far from being "straight," it goes wabbling aimlessly about like a wire fastened at one end and not at the other, which may dazzle but cannot sustain; or rather, what it does sustain is so exceedingly minute, that it reminds one of the minnow which the inexperienced angler flatters himself he has caught, but which the fisherman has in fact put on the hook for bait.

This class of writer is not altogether unconscious of the absence of dramatic interest in his composition. He writes to his editor (I have read a thousand such letters): "It has been my aim, in the inclosed contribution, to steer clear of the faults of the sensational school of fiction, and I have designedly abstained from stimulating the unwholesome taste for excitement." In which high moral purpose he has undoubtedly succeeded; but, unhappily, in nothing else. It is quite true that some writers of fiction neglect "story" almost entirely, but then they are perhaps the greatest writers of all. Their genius is so transcendent that they can afford to dispense with "plot;" their humor, their pathos, and their delineation of human nature are amply sufficient, without any such meretricious attraction; whereas our too ambitious young friend is in the position of the needy knife-grinder, who has not only no story to tell, but in lieu of it only holds up his coat and breeches "torn in the scuffle"—the evidence of his desperate and ineffectual struggles with literary composition. I have known such an aspirant to instance Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" as a parallel to the backboneless, flesh and bloodless creation of his own immature fancy, and to recommend the acceptance of the latter upon the ground of their common rejection of startling plot and dramatic situation. The two compositions have certainly *that* in common; and the flawless diamond has some things, such as mere sharpness and smoothness, in common with the broken beer-bottle.

Many young authors of the class I have in my mind, while more modest as respects their own merits, are even still less so as regards their expectations from others. "If you will kindly furnish me with a subject," so runs a letter now before me, "I am sure I could do very well; my difficulty is that I never can think of anything to write about. Would you be so good as to oblige me with a plot for a novel?" It would have been infinitely more reasonable of course, and much cheaper, for me to grant it, if the applicant had made a request for my watch and chain;* but the marvel is

* To compare small things with great, I remember Sir Walter Scott being thus applied to for some philanthropic object. "Money," said the applicant, who had some part proprietor-

that folks should feel any attraction toward a calling for which nature has denied them even the raw materials. It is true that there are some great talkers who have manifestly nothing to say, but they don't ask their hearers to supply them with a topic of conversation in order to be set a going.

"My great difficulty," the would-be writer of fiction often says, "is how to begin;" whereas in fact the difficulty arises rather from his not knowing how to end. Before undertaking the management of a train, however short, it is absolutely necessary to know its destination. Nothing is more common than to hear it said that an author "does not know where to stop;" but how much more deplorable is the position of the passengers when there is no terminus whatsoever! They feel their carriage "slowing," and put their heads expectantly out of window, but there is no platform—no station. When they took their tickets, they understood that they were "booked through" to the *dénouement*, and certainly had no idea of having been brought so far merely to admire the scenery, for which only a few care the least about.

As a rule, any one who can tell a good story can write one, so there really need be no mistake about his qualification; such a man will be careful not to be wearisome, and to keep his point, or his catastrophe, well in hand. Only, in writing of course there is greater art. There expansion is of course absolutely necessary; but this is not to be done, like spreading gold leaf, by flattening out good material. That is "padding," a device as dangerous as it is unworthy; it is much better to make your story a pollard—to cut it down to a mere anecdote—than to get it lost in a forest of verbiage. No line of it, however seemingly discursive, should be aimless, but should have some relation to the matter in hand; and if you find the story interesting to yourself, notwithstanding that you know the end of it, it will certainly interest the reader.

The manner in which a good story grows under the hand is so remarkable,

ship in a literary miscellany, "I don't ask for, since I know you have many claims upon your purse; but would you write us a little paper gratuitously for the *Keepsake*?"

that no tropic vegetation can show the like of it. For, consider, when you have got your germ—the mere idea, not half a dozen lines perhaps—which is to form your plot, how small a thing it is compared with, say, the thousand pages which it has to occupy in the three-volume novel! Yet to the story-teller the germ is everything. When I was a very young man—a quarter of a century ago, alas!—and had very little experience in these matters, I was reading on a coach-box (for I read everywhere in those days) an account of some gigantic trees; one of them was described as sound outside, but within, for many feet, a mass of rottenness and decay. If a boy should climb up bird-nesting into the fork of it, thought I, he might go down feet first and hands over head, and never be heard of again. How inexplicable too, as well as melancholy, such a disappearance would be! Then, "as when a great thought strikes along the brain and flushes all the cheek," it struck me what an appropriate end it would be—with fear (lest he should turn up again) instead of hope for the fulcrum to move the reader—for a bad character of a novel. Before I had left the coachbox I had thought out "Lost Sir Massingberd."

The character was drawn from life, but unfortunately from hearsay; he had flourished—to the great terror of his neighbors—two generations before me, so that I had to be indebted to others for his portraiture, which was a great disadvantage. It was necessary that the lost man should be an immense scoundrel to prevent pity being excited by the catastrophe, and at that time I did not know any very wicked people. The book was a successful one, but it needs no critic to point out how much better the story might have been told. The interest in the gentleman, buried upright in his oak coffin, is inartistically weakened by other sources of excitement; like an extravagant cook, the young author is apt to be too lavish with his materials, and in after days, when the larder is more difficult to fill, he bitterly regrets it. The representation of a past time I also found it very difficult to compass, and I am convinced that for any writer to attempt such a thing, when he can avoid it, is an error in judgment.

The author who undertakes to resuscitate and clothe with flesh and blood the dry bones of his ancestors, has indeed this advantage, that, however unlikelike his characters may be, there is no one in a position to prove it; it is not "a difference of opinion between himself and twelve of his fellow-countrymen," or a matter on which he can be condemned by overwhelming evidence; but, on the other hand, he creates for himself unnecessary difficulties. I will add, for the benefit of those literary aspirants to whom these remarks are especially addressed—a circumstance which, I hope, will be taken as an excuse for the writing of my own affairs at all, which would otherwise be an unpardonable presumption—that these difficulties are not the worst of it; for when the novel founded on the past has been written, it will not be read by a tenth of those who would read it if it were a novel of the present.

Even at the date I speak of, however, I was not so young as to attempt to create the characters of a story out of my own imagination, and I believe that the whole of its *dramatis personæ* (except the chief personage) were taken from the circle of my own acquaintance. This is a matter, by the by, on which considerable judgment and good taste have to be exercised; for if the likeness of the person depicted is recognizable by his friends (he never recognizes it by any chance himself), or still more by his enemies, it is no longer a sketch from life, but a lampoon. It will naturally be asked by some: "But if you draw the man to the life, how can he fail to be known?" For this there is the simplest remedy. You describe his character, but under another skin; if he is tall you make him short, if dark, fair; or you make such alterations in his circumstances as shall prevent identification, while retaining them to a sufficient extent to influence his behavior. In the framework which most (though not all) skilled workmen draw of their stories before they begin to furnish them with so much even as a door-mat, the real name of each individual to be described should be placed (as a mere aid to memory) by the side of that under which he appears in the drama; and I would strongly recommend the builder to write his real names in cipher; for I have known at least one

instance in which the entire list of the *dramatis personæ* of a novel was carried off by a person more curious than conscientious, and afterward revealed to those concerned—a circumstance which, though it increased the circulation of the story, did not add to the personal popularity of the author.

If a story-teller is prolific, the danger of his characters coinciding with those of people in real life who are unknown to him is much greater than would be imagined; the mere similarity of name may of course be disregarded; but when in addition to that there is also a resemblance of circumstance, it is difficult to persuade the man of flesh and blood that his portrait is an undesigned one. The author of "Vanity Fair" fell, in at least one instance, into a most unfortunate mistake of this kind; while a not less popular author even gave his hero the same name and place in the ministry which were (subsequently) possessed by a living politician.

It is better, however, for his own reputation that the story-teller should risk a few actions for libel on account of these unfortunate coincidences than that he should adopt the melancholy device of using blanks or asterisks. With the minor novelist of a quarter of a century ago it was quite common to introduce their characters as Mr. A. and Mr. B, and very difficult their readers found it to interest themselves in the fortunes and misfortunes of an initial:

It was in the summer of the year 18—, and the sun was setting behind the low western hills beneath which stands the town of C; its dying gleams glistened on the weather cock of the little church, beneath whose tower two figures were standing, so deep in shadow that little more could be made out concerning them save that they were young persons of the opposite sex. The elder and taller, however, was the fascinating Lord B; the younger (presenting a strong contrast to her companion in social position, but yet belonging to the true nobility of nature) was no other than the beautiful Patty G, the cobbler's daughter.

This style of narrative should be avoided.

Another difficulty of the story-teller, and one unhappily in which no advice can be of much service to him, is how to describe the lapse of time and of locomotion. To the dramatist nothing is easier than to print in the middle of his

playbill, "Forty years are here supposed to have elapsed;" or "Scene I.: A drawing-room in Mayfair; Scene II.: Greenland." But the story-teller has to describe how these little changes are effected, without being able to take his readers into his confidence.* He can't say, "Gentle reader, please to imagine that the winter is over, and the summer has come round since the conclusion of our last chapter." Curiously enough, however, the lapse of years is far easier to suggest than that of hours; and locomotion from Islington to India than the act, for instance, of leaving the room. If passion enters into the scene, and your heroine can be represented as banging the door behind her, and bringing down the plaster from the ceiling, the thing is easy enough, and may be even made a dramatic incident; but to describe, without baldness, Jones rising from the tea-table and taking his departure in cold blood, is a much more difficult business than you may imagine. When John the footman has to enter and interrupt a conversation on the stage, the audience see him come and go, and think nothing of it; but to inform the reader of your novel of a similar incident—and especially of John's going—without spoiling the whole scene by the introduction of the commonplace, requires (let me tell you) the touch of a master.

When you have got the outline of your plot, and the characters that seem appropriate to play in it, you turn to that so-called "common-place book," in which, if you know your trade, you will have set down anything noteworthy and illustrative of human nature that has come under your notice, and single out such instances as are most fitting; and finally you will select your scene (or the opening one) in which your drama is to be played. And here I may say, that while it is indispensable that the persons represented should be familiar to you, it is not necessary that the places should be; you should have visited them, of

course, in person, but it is my experience that for a description of the salient features of any locality the less you stay there the better. The man who has lived in Switzerland all his life can never describe it (to the outsider) so graphically as the (intelligent) tourist; just as the man who has science at his fingers' ends does not succeed so well as the man with whom science has not yet become second nature, in making an abstruse subject popular.

Nor is it to be supposed that a story with very accurate local coloring cannot be written, the scenes of which are placed in a country which the writer has never beheld. This requires, of course, both study and judgment, but it can be done so as to deceive, if not the native, at least the Englishman who has himself resided there. I never yet knew an Australian who could be persuaded that the author of "Never Too Late to Mend" had not visited the under world, or a sailor that he who wrote "Hard Cash" had never been to sea. The fact is, information, concerning which dull folks make so much fuss, can be attained by anybody who chooses to spend his time that way; and by persons of intelligence (who are not so solicitous to know how blacking is made) can be turned, in a manner not dreamed of by cram-coaches, to really good account.

The general impression perhaps conveyed by the above remarks will be that to those who go to work in the manner described—for many writers of course have quite other processes—story-telling must be a mechanical trade. Yet nothing can be farther from the fact. These preliminary arrangements have the effect of so steeping the mind in the subject in hand, that when the author begins his work he is already in a world apart from his everyday one; the characters of his story people it; and the events that occur to them are as material, so far as the writer is concerned, as though they happened under his roof. Indeed it is a question for the metaphysician whether the professional story-teller has not a shorter lease of life than his fellow-creatures, since, in addition to his hours of sleep (of which he ought by rights to have much more than the usual proportion), he passes a large part of his sen-

* That last indeed is a thing which, with all deference to some great names in fiction, should in my judgment never be done. It is hard enough for him as it is to simulate real life, without the poor showman's reaching out from behind the curtain to shake hands with his audience.

thing being outside the pale of ordinary existence. The reference to sleep "by rights" may possibly suggest to the profane that the story-teller has a claim to it on the ground of having induced slumber in his fellow-creatures; but my meaning is that the mental wear and tear caused by work of this kind is infinitely greater than that produced by mere application even to abstruse studies (as any doctor will witness), and requires a proportionate degree of recuperation.

I do not pretend to quote the experience (any more than the mode of composition) of other writers—though with that of most of my brethren and superiors in the craft I am well acquainted—but I am convinced that to work the brain at night in the way of imagination is little short of an act of suicide. Dr. Treichler's recent warnings upon this subject are startling enough, even as addressed to students, but in their application to poets and novelists they have far greater significance. It may be said that journalists (whose writings, it is whispered, have a close connection with fiction) always write in the "small hours," but their mode of life is more or less shaped to meet their exceptional requirements; whereas we story-tellers live like other people (only more purely), and if we consume the midnight oil, use perforce another system of illumination also—we burn the candle at both ends. A great novelist who adopted this baneful practice and indirectly lost his life by it (through insomnia) notes what is very curious, that notwithstanding his mind was so occupied, when awake, with the creatures of his imagination, he never dreamed of them; which I think is also the general experience. But he does not tell us for how many hours *before* he went to sleep, and tossed upon his sleepless pillow till far into the morning, he was unable to get rid of those whom his enchanter's wand had summoned.* What is even more curious than the story-teller's never dreaming of the

shadowy beings who engross so much of his thoughts, is that (so far as my own experience goes at least) when a story is once written and done with, no matter how forcibly it may have interested and excited the writer during its progress, it fades almost instantly from the mind, and leaves, by some benevolent arrangement of nature, a *tabula rasa*—a blank space for the next one. Every one must recollect that anecdote of Walter Scott, who, on hearing one of his own poems ("My hawk is tired of perch and hood") sung in a London drawing-room, observed with innocent approbation, "Byron's, of course;" and so it is with us lesser folks. A very humorous sketch might be given (and it would not be overdrawn) of some prolific novelist getting hold, under some strange roof, of the "library edition" of his own stories, and perusing them with great satisfaction and many appreciative ejaculations, such as "Now this *is* good;" "I wonder how it will end;" or "George Eliot's *of course*."

Although a good allowance of sleep is absolutely necessary for imaginative brain-work, long holidays are not so. I have noticed that those who let their brains "lie fallow," as it is termed, for any considerable time, are by no means the better for it; but, on the other hand, some daily recreation, by which a genuine interest is excited and maintained, is almost indispensable. It is no use to "take up a book," and far less to attempt "to refresh the machine," as poor Sir Walter did, by trying another kind of composition; what is needed is an altogether new object for the intellectual energies, by which, though they are stimulated, they shall not be strained. Advice such as I have ventured to offer may seem "to the general" of small importance, but to those I am especially addressing it is worthy of their attention, if only as the result of a personal experience unusually prolonged; and I have nothing unfortunately but advice to offer. To the question addressed to me with such *naïveté* by so many correspondents, "How do you make your plots?" (as if they were consulting the Cook's Oracle), I can return no answer. I don't know, myself; they are sometimes suggested by what I hear or read, but more commonly they suggest them-

* Speaking of dreams, the composition of Kubla Khan and of one or two other literary fragments during sleep has led to the belief that dreams are often useful to the writer of fiction; but in my own case at least I can recall but a single instance of it, nor have I ever heard of their doing one pennyworth of good to any of my contemporaries.

selves unsought. I once heard two popular story-tellers, A who writes seldom, but with much ingenuity of construction, and B who is very prolific in pictures of everyday life, discoursing on this subject.

"Your fecundity," said A, "astounds me; I can't think where you get your plots from."

"Plots?" replied B; "oh! I don't trouble myself about *them*. To tell you the truth, I generally take a bit of one of yours, which is amply sufficient for my purpose."

This was very wrong of B; and it is needless to say I do not quote his system for imitation. A man should tell his own story without plagiarism. As to truth being stranger than fiction, that is all nonsense; it is a proverb set about by Nature to conceal her own want of originality. I am not like that pessimist philosopher who assumed her malignity from the fact of the obliquity of the ecliptic; but the truth is Nature is a pirate. She has not hesitated to plagiarize from even so humble an individual as myself. Years after I had placed my wicked baronet in his living tomb, she starved to death a hunter in Mexico under precisely similar circumstances; and so late as last month she has done the same in a forest in Styria. Nay, on my having found occasion in a certain story ("a small thing, but my own") to get rid of the whole wicked population of an island by suddenly submerging it in the sea,

what did Nature do? She waited for an insultingly short time, in order that the story should be forgotten, and then reproduced the same circumstances on her own account (and without the least acknowledgment) in the Indian seas. My attention was drawn to both these branches of copyright by several correspondents, but I had no redress, the offender being beyond the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery.

When the story-teller has finished his task and surmounted every obstacle to his own satisfaction, he has still a difficulty to face in the choice of a title. He may invent indeed an eminently appropriate one, but it is by no means certain he will be allowed to keep it. Of course he has done his best to steer clear of that born by any other novel; but among the thousands that have been brought out within the last forty years, and which have been forgotten even if they were ever known, how can he know whether the same name has not been hit upon? He goes to Stationers' Hall to make inquiries; but—mark the usefulness of that institution—he finds that books are only entered there under their authors' names. His search is therefore necessarily futile, and he has to publish his story under the apprehension (only too well founded, as I have good cause to know) that the High Court of Chancery will prohibit its sale upon the ground of infringement of title.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE DECLINE OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY SYSTEM.

BY A. T. S. GOODRICK.

AMONG the questions most canvassed by those who are connected with university education in its various forms in this country, that of the relative merits of the English and German systems holds a prominent position. On few questions are bolder assertions made than on this, and that by those who have either no acquaintance at all, or at most a merely superficial one, with the working of the Continental system in its own home. The experience gained by a prolonged residence as a student at one of the most celebrated of the smaller German universities—as yet little frequented by

Englishmen or Americans, and exhibiting the old system in its purest form—combined with that intercourse with the teachers which the standing afforded by a regular position in an English university renders possible, emboldens the writer to think that some of the impressions collected during such period of residence may prove not uninteresting to the general reader.

It will doubtless astonish many of those who look with dismay on the present state of transition at Oxford and Cambridge to be told that the German universities are passing through a similar

period of change. Yet this is certainly true. Just at present, by virtue of recent legislation, they are being brought much more under the complete control of the central government than has hitherto been the case. The general impression in England seems to be that their position has always been that of immediate subordination to the state. This is simply not true, except in so far as they have been so regulated from without as to constitute a mere basis for one stage of the system of graduated education which is carried to perfection throughout Germany. Within many of the smaller universities, until last year, there existed a kind of academic jurisdiction not altogether dissimilar to that of the University of Oxford. A sort of proctorial power was exercised by the bedells, and as a rule students were amenable only to the university courts for offences committed within the town. University prisons existed, and in some cases a tribunal similar to that known as the Vice-Chancellor's Court at Oxford regulated the question of debts incurred by students. Moreover a few universities still hold their own lands.

By an ordinance which came into force in October last, these privileges were in most cases withdrawn, and the academical statutes revised by government authority. The change may or may not be considered a disadvantage by political theorists, but of one thing there is no doubt—its effect on the students. In Germany, where the facilities of migration from one university to another are very great, a slight cause for dissatisfaction in the regulation of a particular one will produce a startling diminution in its numbers. This has certainly come about in some universities affected by the change of last year, and in one instance the result was the immediate diminution by one fifth of the total number of students. This was no doubt partly owing to other causes—some hereafter to be mentioned—but certainly many migrations took place to places still possessed of privileges. Singularly enough, Berlin still falls under the latter head. The university jurisdiction has there been retained, probably more as facilitating police regulation than for any other reason. Foreigners, for example, on matriculating there, are required to

surrender their passports, in return for which they obtain the matriculation card: this must always be carried on the person like the passport, for which it must be again exchanged on ex-matriculation.

The centralizing tendencies of the empire, coupled with the consolidations which preceded and have ensued on its establishment, have naturally commended themselves to the present generation, which is reaping the advantages of the old spirit persisting under the new law. The rivalry of petty states, though disastrous enough in its consequences in some directions, yet made amends to some extent for the early extinction of that independent spirit of corporation to which we owe so much in England. The sense of a loss in this respect is shown by the attempts at present in progress to re-establish in the German towns the trade-guilds of the Middle Ages. The government is everywhere employing artificial means to breathe life into the dry bones which still remain to testify to the former glories of the corporations. The attempt must fail, because it is made from without, and is not a development from within. It is an anachronism, but it is the result of a correct appreciation of the advantages which have been lost, and of the means by which those advantages were gained. What will be the result when centralization has swept away the last traces of the old system is a question which other nations besides Germany may take to heart.

Even as the petty states of Greece, through that same pettiness, produced politicians and heroes numberless, and even as the ancient genius died away under a more regular, but a more leveling rule; so, in the last agonies of the central government when the dislocation of the Holy Roman Empire was complete, did the little German principalities bring forth their galaxy of literary glory; and even so is the spirit which produced this glory, dying away under the enervating influence of imperial bureaucracy. Among the more thoughtful of those who once rejoiced in the perfect order of the new state, there are now wanting some who are beginning to perceive that they cannot serve two masters; they cannot bring back the times when every *Landesuniversität* was the

pride and the special care of the few little states which supplied its students, and when professors still clung to their own university, happy to confer upon it the glory of their name, even at the expense of their own interests. Such a system is plainly incompatible with that which has Berlin for its corner-stone, and which apparently makes the collection there of literary ability from all parts of the empire its main end and aim. Already, says a recent German writer, the sciences have discovered that they must betake themselves to new homes, other than their state-appointed seats, if they would enjoy that liberty which is their very life. Nor have they been slow in making the change.

Another result of centralization, closely connected with that last mentioned, is the destruction of the old idealism which in the past made German student-life so lively and energetic a thing.

"O alte Burschenherrlichkeit, wohin dist du verschwunden?"

are the first words of a song which resounds throughout Germany, in the last week of each *semester*, at the solemn *Commers* and leave-takings of the *Burschenschaften*. It is impossible to hear the song in such an assembly, sung, as it still is, with great energy and vigor, and then to look round on the surroundings, without feeling that much of the old enthusiasm has vanished forever. It was no doubt to a great extent rebellious and foolish in its tendencies, but it preserved, or at least managed for a time to take the place of the feeling of attachment to a particular university, which is now so utterly lacking in the ever changing ranks of the students.

The nature and basis of the system of *Corps* and *Burschenschaften*, as they exist at the present day, is so little known in this country, where they are generally classed together as societies for the propagation of duelling, that some slight account of them may not be out of place here. Whoever will take the trouble to turn over the pages of the "Calendar for German Universities," which is published at the beginning of every *semester*, will find, before the names of the professors, who represent what is comparatively an ephemeral and transitory branch of the university, the names

of several *corps*—usually denoting the part of the country from which their members are supposed to be drawn—then those of one or two *Burschenschaften*—national names like Germania, Teutonia, or Arminia—and lastly a list of academic societies of more or less importance. Students who belong to none of these are known as "camels" or "savages."

Of all these the *Corps* are far the oldest in origin, dating from the sixteenth century. Originally known as "orders" and afterward as *Landmannschaften*, they bear witness by their names to the former local and representative character of each university. They are and always have been aristocratic in character, and devoted to duelling, which is carried on among them with more ferocity and less precaution than among the *Burschenschaften*, which are usually classed with them. The confusion of these societies in the minds of our countrymen has been materially aided by the careless observations of casual visitors to the German universities. Yet a very small amount of investigation, of intercourse with the present, or still better, with the past members, would suffice to convince the most superficial observer that a really deep historic interest attaches to some of these associations—an interest relating to a period of Continental history remarkable for its political lessons, but far too recent to be yet appreciated.

The German *Burschenschaft*, one and undivided, had its origin in the excited feelings of the men who, hot from the field of battle, streamed back to the universities after the termination of the wars of liberation, with the enthusiasm roused by those wars still fresh in their breasts. They had, they thought, accomplished a great task; they hoped to inaugurate a still greater—the freeing of all Europe from the despotisms which they considered to have been re-established at the Congress of Vienna. More than suspected by their rulers of holding the most anarchical opinions, regarded indeed much in the same light as the social democrats of the present day, the members of the *Burschenschaft* cherished the idea of making the universities nurseries of political and intellectual liberty. The means they adopted were questionable. The great demonstration at the *Wart-*

burgsfest of 1817 produced no very favorable results, and three years later the murder of Kotzebue by Sand—the mere act of an isolated fanatic—seemed conclusively to prove the pernicious character of the principles of the society. From that time forward a struggle against government began, which lasted for some forty years. The result soon showed itself in the separation of the one *Burschenschaft* into two main divisions, the more moderate "Arminia" and the fiercely revolutionary "Germania." The members of the latter quickly put themselves in communication with the kindred spirits of France, and with their assistance the *Burschenschaften* played a conspicuous part in all the commotions in Germany from 1820 to 1848. The suppressive measures taken by the governments were most stringent. The societies were suppressed at all Prussian universities, but as a natural consequence, increased in numbers at those belonging to smaller states. After the wretched attempts at revolution in 1830, thirty-nine students were condemned to death by Prussian tribunals. Yet persecution merely seemed to increase the vigor of the association, and in the revolution of 1848 a principal part was taken by the *Burschenschaften*. In Vienna in particular, headed by their tipsy teachers, they held sway for weeks, and here and there gray-headed professors may still be found who made their reputation as orators in the Frankfort Parliament. Even so late as 1858, as the writer was assured by an old Arminian, it was usual for members of that society on crossing the frontier of the tiny duchy in which their university was situated, to draw a black silk covering over their uniform cap of black, red, and gold, the only means of avoiding immediate arrest. Nay, even last autumn a branch of the same *Burschenschaft*, which had allowed its members to frequent political meetings, was officially suppressed by the Austro-Hungarian Government.

With the cessation of these stringent measures the political meaning of the *Burschenschaften* in Germany has died out. It survives in their songs, mostly composed many years ago; and undoubtedly, in case of new commotions, such as those which arose at the begin-

ning of this century, it might still be revived; but the possibility of this is growing less every year. One main advantage of its continuance was the attention it secured for those necessary bodily exercises which are at present so neglected in Germany. To many it will no doubt seem absurd to be told that the duelling system arose out of the desire to furnish gymnastic exercise in a profitable form, and indeed we know that the practice in its more deadly shape is at least many scores of years old. Yet it is certain that the *Burschenschaften* adopted it—in the words of one of their original statutes—as a means of training the body for the service of the Fatherland. No doubt it also commended itself as a means of defence against the bitterly hostile *corps*, who were so to speak under the particular protection of government, on account of their aristocratic composition and proclivities. In accordance with this origin of *schläger*-fighting—originally, it may be remarked, rapier-play—is the fact that until within the last twenty years no member of the *Burschenschaften* was really expected or compelled to fight, except under provocation, and that the mere match-duelling common among the *corps* is little favored by the rival societies, which in all such cases at least provide efficient protection against deadly wounds. Another statute of the Arminia contains stringent rules against immoral conduct on the part of its members. The hard drinking so often spoken of did and does no doubt go on, but it is rarely, if ever, compulsory.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration, there is no doubt that in many respects the loss of influence of the *Burschenschaften* is to be regretted. That the constant sacrifices of time required by them from their members are prejudicial to hard work is probably truer of their present constitution than of their former state, when the living energy within them needed no continual outward demonstrations to preserve its vigor. Certainly among the men of scientific and literary fame whom Germany can boast, many have been members of *Burschenschaften*, or even of *corps*, which are universally regarded as still more destructive to industry. To take what presents itself at once as a rough-and-

ready means of estimation; about one fifth of the students at smaller universities belong to *corps* and *Burschenschaften* together—at Göttingen a much larger fraction—and about the same proportion of those who attend the more frequented lectures, with exception of the theological ones, consists of members of those societies. Still it is pretty evident that the whole system is rapidly dying out; *corps* and *Burschenschaften* alike are dwindling, and in Berlin especially there exists merely a wreck of the old glories—the once celebrated *corps* of the “Markers,” for example, is completely extinct. In place of the old societies, it is true, have arisen a variety of unions. Singing societies, theological, philological, and historical unions, all more or less lay claim to a share in the preservation of a kind of *esprit de corps*, but these are but feeble growths, and certainly in one respect, that of athletic training, can make no pretension to competition with their predecessors. The wrestling unions, the original aim of which is supposed to be gymnastic exercises, produce no very striking results. On the other hand, the peculiar character of *schläger*-fighting, entirely different from the small-sword play with which we in this country are best acquainted, demands as a *sine quâ non* a considerable amount of physical strength. Hence the stalwart figure and manly appearance of the *corps*-students as compared with their fellows, which all visitors to German universities have noticed.

Much of the decay of this antiquated system is due to the substitution of a new form of excitement by German militarism. As a rule, one entire year of the student's period of residence at the university is claimed by the so-called “volunteer” arrangement. During this year, which may be gone through at any time between the ages of twenty and twenty-four, and which is reckoned in the university course, the student lives at his own expense, in his own lodgings—in which he is nevertheless subject to the same rules as to hours and the like as if actually in barracks—pays for his own uniform, and as a rule is completely unable to attend lectures or to accomplish any serious amount of work—the hours of service occupying the very parts of the day which can be best de-

voted to those ends. Thus the university course is at least reduced from four years to three, while in some cases a man may be called up at the beginning of the year, kept on service for some days, dismissed for a year as incapable, subjected again at the end of that period to the same trial with the same result, and finally, as in a case which came within the writer's knowledge, accepted as manageable material on the third occasion. The ruinous results of this to regular study are apparent. Yet so advantageous is it found to reckon the time of service in the university course, that the astonishing diminution of numbers last year at Heidelberg is said to have been due mainly to the fact that no regiment was stationed there, and that therefore the students could not easily serve during their years of study. In no other German university has this particular been neglected by the government. It may be mentioned by the way that another possible cause of the decay of Heidelberg is the introduction of an extravagant credit system not dissimilar to that of our English university towns. In point of fact, a general exodus has taken place of those who either felt themselves or were considered by their parents unable to live in a style suitable to the Anglo-American society of the place. The tales told by some of these unfortunates would excite the surprise and horror of those enthusiasts among us who believe in the ideal German student of thirty years ago as an existing institution.

Yet in some places he certainly does exist. The wonder is that, considering the disadvantages mentioned, and those still to be noticed, such good men are ever sent forth in these days by the German universities. Cut short in their time of study by the system of army-service, with all *esprit de corps* crushed out by the paternal government of the empire, with the least possible encouragement from, or intercourse with, their teachers, they yet display in their studies an amount of steady perseverance which we can scarcely ever hope to rival in this country. The food on which many live is certainly not of a character to supply much stamina for hard workers; the students' ordinaries at many small universities—even at Berlin—pro-

vide dinners at 7½d., and, though cheap in itself, the food is necessarily of inferior quality. Yet, with all these disadvantages, the fact of the power of close application remains.

The intercourse of students and professors is, as we have already hinted, of the slightest description. The mystery seems to be how any advantage is gained by the hearers from the ordinary professional lectures. Indeed it may be safely stated that without very large private reading, on which they form a kind of running commentary, the lectures would utterly fail. The students are expected to be in the class-room punctually at the hour of lecture—which in summer is occasionally as early as 6 A.M.—but work is not supposed to begin till a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes later. At the expiration of that time the lecturer hurries into the room, walks straight to the reading-desk, spreads out his papers, and begins—“*Meine Herren.*” Impressive the lectures certainly are, as far as gesticulation and elevation of the voice can make them so; but, especially in the case of young professors, the whole proceeding conveys an impression of perfunctoriness which is probably not ill-based. An exception must be made in favor of the *privatissima*, or lectures without ceremony, which are extremely few in number; and also of the so-called “seminaries,” which are much less attended than they deserve to be, and in which an attempt is made to do the kind of work performed by college tutors in English universities. Personal intercourse there is, and can be, virtually none. Professors who would entertain are usually too poor—indeed their social qualities are often, from causes to be now mentioned, the reason of their poverty; while those who are rich enough are generally too much wrapped up in their pursuits to go outside their own circle and take their not very polished pupils by the hand. The writer had the rare good fortune to attend—as sole hearer, be it observed—the lectures of a professor who showed real enthusiasm for his particular subject. He was one of the oldest of the teaching staff, and thoroughly attached to the university, in which he had spent some half-century or more. He went so far as to increase his lecture-hours from four

to seven a week, and even worked during a part of the Christmas vacation; but such an instance never, to the writer's knowledge, occurred elsewhere in the university, and other professors seemed horrified to hear of such irregularities. It may be mentioned for the benefit of those who believe that the well-paid Berlin professorate is fairly representative of the status of teachers everywhere, that this man, whose reputation in one somewhat minute branch of study is European, was living, with his family on something under £120 a year. His whole career had been a failure, because his one great book had been made up of a mass of erudition brought forward to support a false theory; and, disheartened by this, he had committed the most heinous crime which can be charged on a German professor—he had written no more. “*Hat nichts geschrieben,*” is the remark which more surely than any other proclaims a man's inferiority, be his intellectual powers, and his capacity for teaching never so great.

And herein may be said to lie one great cause of the perfunctoriness of tuition just spoken of. Since the consolidation of the empire the tendency to draw the best men from the smaller universities to Berlin has been ever growing stronger. To obtain the glory and the high pay of a professorship at the latter place, or, failing this, at Bonn or Leipzig, is the aim of every young professor and *privat-docent* throughout Germany, and the means to this end all know to be literary activity. Hence posts in provincial universities have come to be regarded as a mere institution for furnishing subsidies during the period which must elapse before the translation to a higher sphere—burdened, it is true, with certain lecturing duties, which are to be got over as soon as possible, or at least absolutely postponed to the imperative duty of writing. It used to be asserted in this country that the success of a Continental professor was estimated by the number of his pupils. This, at the present day, is simply not the case. It is estimated by the quantity and quality of his literary productions. Hence a young teacher who has just taken his degree will start at once writing as many as two or three short works in the course of a *semester*—often of a kind which in England would

be classed as magazine articles, frequently mere criticisms of the writings of others. The amount of theory, more or less supported by facts, which is thus produced, is almost incredible; and when we consider the immense encouragement afforded to unripe speculation by the requirement of a dissertation containing an original theory, for every doctor's diploma conferred in Germany, it is yet difficult to understand how such wild ideas as that lately put forward by Treitschke in Berlin can arise. In no country of Europe, probably, save Germany, could a public teacher be found to maintain, in the face of masses of historical evidence to the contrary, that non-performance of the duties of citizenship could be justly charged against the Jewish populations scattered over Europe. In no other country would such a piece of pandering to a popular prejudice of the day have been thought worthy of the elaborate reply vouchsafed to it. The mere fact that eighty German professors are of Jewish birth might have deterred the assailant from such an attack. "When we first had a Parliament," said a well-known German physician to the writer, "about half the members we elected were professors. They talked excellently, and we all thought they were the proper men to represent us; but an attention to facts was required which the *Herren Professoren* thought beneath them, and there are not so many professors in Parliament now."

Write, then, the professors must, or they cannot live. Hence arises their abstinence from ordinary social enjoyments, save at Berlin, and in isolated cases at the smaller universities. Popularity in society may indeed almost be said to be a ruinous quality; for a man who is detained by it in a subordinate post at a provincial university is really often unable to live on his stipend. An instance within the scope of the writer's knowledge is that of a professor of fine art and archaeology, curator of a university museum, a man who has lectured ably for some score of years, and is at the present moment in receipt of about £45 a year from all academic sources. He is not even a member of the university senate, younger men having been from time to time raised over his head

into the ranks of the ordinary professors, who are alone entitled to a seat in the governing body—and all because *er hat nichts geschrieben*. He can hope for no advancement and no recognition of his services until he complies with that grinding decree. Let us take another case—that of a professor well known in this country, and a prolific author, who assured the writer that he intended to marry on the salary he was then receiving—about £130 a year; this, however, he should increase by writing. "And what," it was asked, "will the whole amount to?" "Possibly £160," was the reply. Yet for this miserable sum, insufficient even in the cheapest university town of Germany, he was then working in a way which must permanently injure his health. But even his position was more honorable than that of many of his colleagues, who are forced by absolute need into those marriages for money which are so common in Germany. The learned man occupies in the eyes of the ladies of Germany a position equal, if not superior, to that of the all-fascinating officer, and examples of marriages such as those just alluded to, instructive perhaps, but scarcely edifying, are only too frequent. How the *privat-docenten*, or private teachers authorized by the university, manage to live is a mystery. Many of them of course have private resources, and the answer to the question, why such and such a person is not a professor, frequently is, "He is not rich enough."

At Berlin or at Leipzig, on the other hand, the professor finds himself comfortably salaried, and at liberty to pay more attention to his lectures. Hence students and teachers alike are drawn more and more to the central universities—the former because they can there hear better lectures, the latter because they there obtain better pay and more opportunities of delivering those lectures, increasing their own incomes yet more by this means. Into the sphere of this attraction the younger professors are being rapidly drawn, and a superficial style of work is consequently produced which is merely intended for momentary success. This cannot fail to strike any one who will take the trouble to compare the standard German works of the present day on any well-worn classical or his-

torical subject with those written some forty years ago. Some half-dozen instances might be quoted in which the new works represent mere *rechauffés* of the older ones, interlarded with matter of the most irrelevant kind.

Yet there are some men—who cling to their own universities. Many of them, born in the territory to which the university did or does belong, have enjoyed there a kind of scholarship in virtue of this accident of birth, and are firmly attached to the place in which they have grown up. It will astonish many to know that something as nearly akin to our own old system of close scholarships as the difference of conditions will allow, still exists at several German universities. These scholarships, usually consisting in payment for the mid-day meal and other small privileges, are conferred—absolutely without examination—on natives of the restricted territory which the university theoretically represents. But perhaps a still stronger motive for professors to remain at their posts than this peculiar connection with their university, is the knowledge that, their reputation once achieved, they will be more conspicuous as heads of a school which may possibly shed lustre over their own little academy, than when lost in the blaze of glory surrounding the Berlin professorate.

The decay of the system then in its old form is the necessary consequence of the extinction of the conditions under which it grew up. As the empire becomes more and more consolidated the local spirit which once animated the smaller universities—and which is not altogether dissimilar to the rivalry existing, especially at Cambridge, between our own colleges—must die rapidly out, hastened to its end no doubt by that easiness of communication between separate and distant provinces the want of which had so much to do in former days with keeping men at home. The necessity for local universities is fast disappearing, and when that necessity is completely extinct, the universities must either vanish or continue to exist in a widely different form from the present. It may seem strange to English ears to hear the destruction of universities spoken of thus coolly, but such specula-

tions receive ample justification from the historical fact of the total extinction of some five-and-twenty such foundations—some of them among the oldest in Germany, and including the world-famed academy of Wittenberg—during the commotions at the beginning of this century. In 1789 there existed not less than five-and-forty universities; in 1815 the number was reduced to something under twenty. It may be urged that Strasburg offers a proof of the vitality of the system. But the refoundation in that place took place under peculiar circumstances; the full effect of the attraction to Berlin had scarcely been felt nine years ago, and the establishment was accompanied with an amount of enthusiasm which rendered the success of the place, temporarily at least, a certainty. It was regarded as a kind of trophy of the assertion of rights against French occupation, and as stamping the German dominion on the recovered territory for evermore. Recent foundations or refoundations in Austro-Hungary, where local spirit is still very strong and communication not so easy, are a much surer proof of the vitality of the system, at least in that country. But in Germany it is a recognized fact that the universities no longer possess the monopoly of intellect they were once supposed to possess, and the tendency to create external centres will no doubt increase, as it has done in England.

A few words may be said in conclusion as to the general effect of the German system on society at large. One of the chief boasts of that system is the so-called *Lernfreiheit* which it allows—the absolute liberty, that is, granted to the students of choosing his university and the teachers whose lectures he will attend at it. Yet with all this the average German student is lacking to a most remarkable degree in that self-reliance and independence which are somehow acquired by the junior members of our own universities, kept under tutelage as they are supposed to be. Never throughout his course of study does the German lad obtain an opportunity of fairly measuring himself with his contemporaries. These remarks are not intended to exalt any exaggerated system of competitive examinations, but simply to indicate what the result of the utter want of them

is. Take, for example, the career of a German student of law at the Gymnasium, raised from class to class as his work reaches a certain standard of efficiency, but with only a chance once a year of proving that efficiency. He is transferred to the university by a pass examination; may enjoy a scholarship of the kind already described, equally without competition; and at the end of four years, absolutely without intermediate examination, completes his course and becomes, by a series of pass examinations, a Referendar, and candidate for that government employment which is seldom long in coming. From beginning to end of his career he has hardly once had to think for himself. It is the result of some such nursing as this which has reduced the business capabilities of Germans generally to so low an ebb. This they themselves freely acknowledge; indeed, it would be hard to deny it, in face of the proof given by the re-

cent usury laws of the extent to which the lower middle classes are capable of being victimized. Those laws, directed against the Jews, will probably meet with the usual success accorded to such measures; but the evil which they were devised to meet had become so glaring that the interference of government in some form or other was necessary, were it only to satisfy public opinion by a show of activity.

Of the effects produced in the ordinary intercourse of society by the peculiar one-sided culture of educated Germany, others have spoken, and this is not the place to speak. The object of these remarks has been to show the destructive change at present going on in a system which has long been held up to us as arrived at a perfection of development which rendered it a safe model for the educational organizations of all countries.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

♦♦♦

A NEW POET.*

BY G. A. SIMCOX.

IT is at least ten years since a real unmistakable poet has revealed himself in England. Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta" was published in 1865, Mr. Morris's "Jason" in 1868, Mr. Rossetti's poems were published for the world in 1870, and even then the most precious of them were not exactly new. A year ago one might have said, without any disrespect to many accomplished writers whose work is often praiseworthy and sometimes enjoyable, that one lost little or nothing in neglecting any living English poet except the three already named and Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning, whose fame has been safe and sealed these twenty years.

A pessimist might think of it of evil omen that we should have had to wait so long for a new poet; of worse omen that he should be a pessimist himself, who dedicates his work "to Giacomo Leopardi, the younger brother of Dante;" of worse omen still that he should be a relapsed pessimist who has

struggled into daylight and gone back into the darkness, who draws his latest and truest inspiration from the "cold rage" that

"Seizes one at whiles,
To show the bitter, old, and wrinkled truth,
Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles,
False dreams, false hopes, false masks, and
modes of youth:
Because it gives some sense of power and
passion
In helpless impotence to try to fashion
Our woe in living words, howe'er uncouth."

Mr. Thomson has had the rare and commendable courage to date all the poems of fifteen years which he thought it well to publish, with two insignificant exceptions; he has had also the commendable temperance to leave much unprinted and probably unwritten. The whole of his original poems might be printed at length in fifty or sixty pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, and yet there are quite enough to conduct the old tragi-comedy of a large nature with small opportunities to an inevitable catastrophe of ideal despair. Like Byron and Lamartine, Mr. Thomson finds his principal subject in the vicissitudes of the

* "The City of Dreadful Night and Other Poems." By James Thomson (B.V.). Reeves & Turner, 196 Strand, 1880.

spiritual life of a transfigured self. No man quite knows for himself which is the truest, his spiritual life or his temporal life; no man quite knows for himself which is the truest, the ideal or the actual; and it is absolutely impossible for any man to know either of another. Byron was very much better and saner upon the whole than Childe Harold, and Jocelyn and Raphael were no better than Lamartine when he imagined them.

Even Lamartine hardly imagined that he was Raphael, and Mr. Thomson, a manlier and simpler writer, knows that he never reigned in the "Castle of Indolence;" but after all nothing tells us so much of the young Lamartine as "Raphael," and we pity the denizen of the "City of Dreadful Night" more when we recognize the gracious traits of what he must have been "*nella sua vita nuova*" in the "Lord of the Castle of Indolence," written in 1859.

The poem is a musical hymn to spontaneity, a panegyric on the sweet arrogance of untried powers which turns comrades into willing captives, and takes easy possession of an imaginary omnipotence which seems eternal till the first call for unwelcome exertion comes. Such arrogance is saner and pleasanter than the other form of the pride of youth before the world has rubbed off its angles and its lustre together. It is more reasonable to think everything will come if we wait, than to rail at everybody for being less impatient than ourselves to hasten the day after to-morrow. Our author sees the folly of such impatience very clearly.

"How men will strain to row against the tide
Which yet must sweep them down in its career!

Or if some win their way and crown their pride,

What do they win? The desert wild and drear,

The savage rocks, the icy waste austere,
Wherefrom the river's turbid rills downflow.
But he upon the waters broad and clear,
In harmony with all the winds that blow,
'Mid cities, fields, and farms went floating to and fro.

* * * * *

"Thus could he laugh those great and generous laughs

Which made us love ourselves, the world, and him;

And while they rang we felt as one who quaffs

Some potent winecup dowered to the brim,

And straightway all things seem to reel and swim—

Suns, moons, earth, stars sweep through the vast profound,

Wrapt in a golden mist, light, warm, and dim,

Rolled in a volume of triumphant sound:

So in that laughter's joy the whole world carolled round."

There is much more in the same vein: like Hindoo Rishis and Persian Sufis, the Lord of the Castle of Indolence is not merely the crown of the life of the world, but its source. "He reigned by servitude all effortless." He asked nothing for himself of the world which he blessed and sustained by inhabiting it. Unluckily, though we may consider the lilies of the field with profit, we have to toil and spin till our wings grow. And apart from this necessity unused powers soon become a burden, even when inaction is not due to outward hindrance.

Within two years the author has sounded the depths of despair. The hymn to "Our Ladies of Death" is suggested by our Ladies of Sorrow in De Quincey's "*Suspira de Profundis*." Entire originality of invention is not exactly Mr. Thomson's forte. But this does not matter much; the splendid symbolism with which he invests what he borrows is all his own. If the poem has a fault it is that the scheme of it is hardly strong enough to support its imagery. The poet wishes for death and dare not call upon our Lady of Beatitudes, he will not call upon our Lady of Annihilation, and so he resolves to call upon our Lady of Oblivion. Our Lady of Beatitudes confers immortal life on those who die in their innocence, and her sorrow is that those who live innocently on earth cling to life. One scarcely sees why she is invoked as "first Self-conqueror." The description is better:

"Thou standest garmented in purest white;

But from thy shoulders wings of power half-spread

Invest thy form with such miraculous light
As dawn may clothe the earth with; and instead

Of any jewel-kindled golden crown,

The glory of thy long hair flowing down

Is dazzling noonday sunshine round thy head."

That is a picture of the right kind for poetry, a picture which could not possibly be painted. One cares less for the

sword and palm branch and olive, and the winged feet with knotted cords round them in the next stanza: such properties are not unworthy of an Albert Dürer, but they are not impossible to a Quarles. Nor is our Lady of Annihilation particularly impressive: in her "actual form" she is a daughter of Milton's Satan; what those whom she sways see is better painted in the Proverbs of Solomon. Here is the list of her victims:

"The selfish, factious, proud, and pitiless,
All who have falsified life's royal trust,
The strong whose strength hath basked in idleness,
The great heart given up to worldly lust,
The great mind destitute of moral faith,
Thou scourgest down to Night and utter Death,
Or penal spheres of retribution just."

Such a crude didactic stanza is rare in Mr. Thomson. One would admire it in the "Purgatory of Suicides," and pardon bald candor like this:

"The evil passions which may make me thine
Are not yet irrepressible in me."

But if our Lady of Annihilation cannot bear comparison with "Dolores," our Lady of Oblivion need not shrink from the presence of "Hesperia," or the lady of "Il Penseroso," who has been more clearly in the writer's thought:

"Last Thou, retired nun and throneless queen,
Our Lady of Oblivion, last Thou;
Of human stature, of abstracted mien,
Upon whose pallid face and drooping brow
Are shadowed melancholy dreams of Doom,
And deep absorption into silent gloom,
And weary bearing of the heavy Now.

"Thou art all shrouded in a gauzy veil,
Sombrous and cloudlike, all, except that face
Of subtle loveliness, though weirdly pale;
Thy soft, slow-gliding footsteps leave no trace,
And stir no sound. Thy drooping hands in-fold
Their frail white fingers, and, unconscious, hold
A poppy-wreath, thine anodyne of grace.

"Thy hair is like a twilight round thy head:
Thine eyes are shadowed wells from Lethe's stream,
With drowsy subterranean waters fed,
Obscurely deep, without a stir or gleam;
The gazer drinks in from them with his gaze
An opiate charm to curtain all his days,
A passive languor of oblivious dream.

"Thou hauntest twilight regions, and the trance
Of moonless nights when stars are few and wan;
Within black woods; or over the expanse
Of desert seas abysmal; or upon
Old solitary shores where populous graves
Are rocked in rest by ever-moaning waves;
Or through vast ruined cities and lone.

* * * * *
"Take me and lull me into perfect sleep,
Down, down, far-hidden in thy duskiest cave,
While all the clamorous years above me sweep
Unheard, or, like the voice of seas that rave
On far-off coasts, but murmuring o'er my trance
A dim vast monotone that shall enhance
The restful rapture of the inviolate grave."

In "Our Ladies of Death," written in 1861, we find an anticipation of almost everything which is afterward expressed with added power and more concentrated bitterness in "The City of Dreadful Night." In the "Three that shall be One" despair is passing away into tender melancholy: Love is betrothed to Death and is seduced by life: when his true bride claims him he returns to his allegiance at once, only as they leave earth together he prays his bride to comfort his paramour:

"Faint on the ground she lay;
Love kissed the swoon away;
Death then bent over her—
Death, the sweet comforter!
Whispered with tearful smile,
Wait but a little while,
Then I will come for thee;
We are one family."

Under the same date we have a quite objective study of the recklessness of a Polish insurgent, good enough perhaps to fill up a gap in one of Mr. Browning's later volumes. One can trace the influence of what is sweetest and simplest in Browning, of what is richest in "Maud," as well as the influence of Heine, in two very fresh idylls of Cockaigne, called "Sunday at Hampstead" and "Sunday up the River." They date from 1863 to 1865, and open the series of the author's brightest, sanest, and most varied work. What strikes one first, perhaps, is the writer's absolute and courageous content with circumstances which have a sordid side to them. It does not require much courage to think that Hampstead (as it was a dozen years ago) and the Thames are some of the

most beautiful things in Europe ; but it takes a great deal of courage to boast of one's class in words like these :

" On Sunday we're lord and lady,
With ten times the love and glee
Of those pale and languid rich ones
Who are always and never free.

* * * * *

" We can laugh out loud when merry,
We can romp at kiss-in-the-ring,
We can take our beer at a public,
We can loll on the grass and sing—"

and live with friends open to this kind of comment :

" Mary and Dick so grandly
Parade suburban streets ;
His waistcoat and her bonnet
Proving the best of treats.

* * * * *

" Mary is going to chapel ;
And what takes here there do you guess ?
Her sweet little duck of a bonnet
And her new second-hand silk dress."

Especially does this require courage from a writer who naturally breaks into a note like this :

" Day after day of this azure May
The blood of the Spring has swelled in my veins ;
Night after night of broad moonlight
A mystical dream has dazzled my brains.

" A seething night, a fierce delight,
The blood of the Spring is the wine of the world ;
My brains run fire and fierce delight
Every leaf of my heart's red rose uncurled.

" A sad, sweet calm, a tearful balm,
The light of the moon is the trance of the world ;
My brain is fraught with yearning thought,
And the rose is pale and its leaves are furled.

" O speed the day, thou dear, dear May !
And hasten the night, I charge thee, O June !
When the trance divine will burn with the wine,
And the red rose unfurl all its fire to the moon."

There are no such sharp contrasts in " Sunday up the River," though many readers who will admire a picture like this,

" The sky was pale with fervor
The distant trees were gray,
The hill-lines drawn like waves of dawn
Dissolving in the day,"

will shudder dutifully (as Mr. Thomson doubtless knows) at

" My shirt is of the soft red wool,
My cap is azure-braided
By two white hands so beautiful,
My tie mauve purple-shaded.

" Your hat with long blue streamers decked,
Your pure throat crimson-banded,
White-robed, my own white dove unflecked,
Dove-footed, lilac-handed."

Of course there is an intentional—and unwelcome—irony in the obtrusion of Tim Boyland and his pocket-pistol of Jameson's whiskey. One does not mind the hero glorifying boating as hard exercise, and then explaining that the best part of it is lying still upon one's oars, especially when we learn from " Sunday at Hampstead" that the hero answers to the nickname of Lazy in private life. Nor is it surprising that Lazy is a philosopher, and lectures his friends upon the cycle of changes which Hampstead underwent in the course of fifty thousand years, which seems an enormous period to his audience. The epilogue to the lecture is :

" ' Come on ; we'll go and do the very beers,
We did this night was fifty thousand years.'
Thou prophet, thou deep sage, we'll go,
we'll go !
The ring is round, life naught, the world
an O.
This night is fifty thousand years ago."

His private philosophy is more severe ; a poem of 1866 sums up the story of the author's deliverance for a season from our Ladies of Death, and shows how brave, how difficult, how doubtful a victory his brief content was :

" He felt himself a king bereft of crown,
Defrauded from his birthright of renown,
Bred up in littleness with churl and clown.

" How could he vindicate himself ? His eyes,
That found not anywhere their proper prize,
Looked through and through the specious
earth and skies ;"

and naturally saw everything that is best out of sight and nothing worth seeing until—

" A certain fair form came before his sight,
Responding to him as the day to night :
To yearning, love ; to cold and gloom, warm
light."

and then —

" His eyes drew back their beams to kindle fire
In his own heart, whose masterful desire
Scorned all beyond its aim, lower or higher.*

* The Italics are mine.

"This fire flung lustre upon grace and bloom,
Gave warmth and brightness to a little room,
Burned Thought to ashes in its fight with
gloom."

For the time he receives the Gospel
preached to Dipsychus by Cosmocrator.

"'Solid as ocean-foam,' quoth ocean-foam."

"If Midge will pine and curse its hours away,
Because Midge is not Everything For Aye,
Poor Midge thus loses its one summer day;
Loses its all, and winneth what, I pray?"

There is the same touch of cynicism
in some distichs on art, written in 1865.

"Singing is sweet, but be sure of this,
Lips only sing when they cannot kiss.

* * * * *

Who gives the fine report of the feast?
He who got none, and enjoyed it least."

The quatrains under the same heading
which come before on the thesis that
passion leaves no room for prettiness or
skill, have more of Heine's charm and
subtlety than most translations of Heine,
including Mr. Thomson's.

"Hebe" (1866) and "'The Naked
Goddess" (1867-1868) are more objec-
tive but not very cheerful. Hebe offers
us all her cup in our youth, and it turns
to poison, whether we dilute it with
wine, or milk, or honey. The natural
man dilutes it with water, and is safe.
The philosopher and the poet kiss the
cupbearer; the philosopher refuses the
cup, and the poet drinks it unmixed, and
gives it back fuller than he took it. The
naked Goddess of Nature departs in
wrath from a city whose people would
clothe her in the forms of piety or sci-
ence, and leaves her curse upon them
and their land, and her blessing upon the
little children who are able to under-
stand and follow her. Perhaps it is part
of the allegory that it is only to an old
country from which she is ready to de-
part that Nature reveals herself naked.

"In the Room," a poem of the same
date as "The Naked Goddess," takes
us back to the old despair by a very
quaint and unexpected route. The little
room that love glorified is empty; its
mistress is gone and its master is dead.
She used to work and keep the room
tidy, and he used to read and write at
night and sleep all day, while the room
got bare and cold, till at last he lighted
a fire to burn his papers before he took

poison. We learn all this from the con-
versation of the different pieces of fur-
niture who discuss "our man," with his
body on the bed—

"It lay and preached, as dumb things do,
More powerfully than tongue can prate;
Though life be torture through and through,
Man is but weak to plain of fate.
The drear path crawls on drearier still
To wounded feet and hopeless breast.
Well, he can lie down when he will,
And straight all ends in endless rest"

As the author says himself:

"Poor wretch! who once hath paced that
dolent city,
Shall pace it often, doomed beyond all pity,
With horror ever deepening from the first.

"Though he possess sweet babes and loving
wife,
A home of peace, by loyal friendships
cheered,
And love them more than death and happy
life,
They shall avail not: he must dree his
weird."

"The City of Dreadful Night" is not
a poem, nor a series of poems; it seems
as if the writer had intended at one time
to compose a continuous poem in stanzas
of seven lines, like those of "Our Ladies
of Death" (except that the fifth and
sixth lines are always written upon
double rhymes, managed with rare and
admirable ease), and at another had con-
templated a series of poems on his own
experience and observations there, in
which the narrative should be written
in stanzas of six lines, a quatrain fol-
lowed by a distich, while the words of
other speakers are thrown into simpler
and more emphatic metres. The frag-
ments of each scheme are exquisitely
finished; there is no redundancy or
weakness in any single poem; but the
attempt to fuse two incomplete schemes
is not a complete success. The author
repeats himself, and he interrupts him-
self; more than once the narrative poem
suffers from the insertion of a fragment
of the descriptive poem.

In the proem (which belongs to the
descriptive scheme) the author assures
us with unnecessary emphasis that none
who are not in a morbid state themselves
can appreciate the musical expression of
its feelings; and then we have a meta-
physical and geographical description of
the city, which is curiously like London,
as it might seem to any one who wan-

dered there after midnight, if there were a colossal statue of Dürer's Melancholia set up on Primrose Hill; at night we could fancy the country to the north of Highgate and Hampstead might seem a trackless wilderness full of

"Savannahs, savage woods, enormous mountains,
Bleak uplands, black ravines, with torrent fountains."

The city is a city builded in a sleepless dream; the moon and stars may shine there, but when day comes the city

"Dissolveth like a dream of night away,
Though present in distempered gloom of thought,
And deadly weariness of heart all day.
But when a dream night after night is brought
Throughout a week, and such weeks, few or many,
Recur each year for several years, can any
Discern that dream from real life in aught?"

"To reach it is as dying fever-stricken;
To leave it, slow faint birth intense pangs quicken,
And memory swoons in both the tragic acts."

The citizens of that city are mostly in the prime of life—few young and few old, few women, "here and there a child,"—upon whom the author's pity is rather wasted. One thinks of the little girl in *Punch* who wished to be a nun because the world was hollow and her doll was stuffed with sawdust. Such a delusion is dangerous in later life. When men keep their energies and lose their ideals they are necessarily condemned to a belief that their ideals were illusions; and then they hate

"This Time, which crawleth like a monstrous snake,
Wounded and slow and very venomous,
Which creeps blindwormlike round the earth,
Distilling poison at each painful motion,
And seems condemned to circle ever thus,"

and rail in good set terms at the inconsistency of the majority who wish each stage of life over before it is begun, and yet claim an endless hereafter; being impatient of the road out of eagerness or the goal where they imagine everlasting rest.

"They have much wisdom, yet they are not wise;
They have much goodness, but they do not well

(The fools, we know, have their own Paradise,

The wicked also have their proper Hell);
They have much strength, but still their doom is stronger;

Much patience, but their time endureth longer;

Much valor, but life mocks it with some spell."

Who say,

"We yearn for speedy death in full fruition,
Dateless oblivion and divine repose."

In the first of the narrative poems the poet follows one who goes on an endless pilgrimage to ruined shrines—the graveyard where faith died, the villa where love died of indulgence, the alley where hope died of starvation—and asks:

"When Faith and Love and Hope are dead indeed,
Can Life still live? By what doth it proceed?"

"As one whom his intense thought overpowers,
He answered coldly, 'Take a watch, erase
The signs and figure of the circling hours,
Detach the hands, remove the dial face.
The works proceed until run down; although
Bereft of purpose, void of use, still go.'"

In another poem he traces the story of a love that turned to hate. The murderer tells how he wandered through all manner of horrors, fearless as hopeless, till his dead love came with her burning heart for a lamp in her hand, and then he was

"Two selves distinct that cannot join again;
One stood apart, and knew, but could not stir,
And watched the other stark in swoon, and her."

As the tide rises

"She clasped that corpse-like me, and they were borne
Away, and this vile me was left forlorn.
I know the whole sea cannot quench that heart,
Or cleanse that brow, or wash those two apart

They love; their doom is drear;
Yet they nor hope nor fear.
But I, what do I here?"

Other remarkable poems treat of an encounter with a dotard who is trying to find the clue that leads back to innocence and infancy—a hope which has met us already in our Lady of Oblivion;—a very weird scene at Hell Gate, whence the pilgrim is turned back because he has no hopes to leave at the

gate, and not one of the damned will offer him any fragment of his own—

"Though knowing that in instants three or four

He must resign the whole for evermore ;"

and a sermon on the non-existence of God and Hell, preached in the cathedral to a congregation each of whom proves his title to enter by naming the day-dream from which he wakes to real night. One hearer remonstrates that, as this life, which *may* be so much, is all, it is the harder to be unfit for it from birth. The series closes with a very impressive allegory of Spirit and Nature. Spirit reveals itself first as a winged and armed angel, then as an armed warrior, then as an unarmed suppliant, at last as a crushed heap of ruins at the feet of Nature, the Sphinx who confronts us unchanged from first to last. Despair takes a manlier tone in the allegory of Culture, founded upon the imaginary statue of Dürer's Melancholia :

"Unvanquished in defeat and desolation,
Undaunted in the hopeless conflagration,
Of the day setting on her baffled prime.

"Baffled and beaten back she works on still,
Weary and sick of soul she works the more,
Sustained by her indomitable will.
The hands shall fashion and the brain shall pore,

And all her sorrow shall be turned to labor,
Till Death, the friend-foe, piercing with his
sabre

That mighty heart of hearts, ends bitter war.

"But as if blacker night could dawn on night,
With twofold gloom on moonless night unstarred,

A sense more tragic than defeat and blight,
More desperate than strife with hope debarred,

More final than the adamant never
Encompassing her passionate endeavor,
Dawns glooming in her tenebrous regard :

"The sense that every struggle brings defeat,
Because fate holds no prize to crown success,

That all the oracles are dumb, or cheat,
Because they have no secret to express,
That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain,

Because 'here is no light beyond the curtain,
That all is vanity and nothingness.

* * * * *

"The moving moon and stars from east to west

Circle before her in the sea afar,
Shadows and gleams glide round her solemn rest,

Her subjects often gaze up to her there.
The strong to drink new strength and iron endurance,

The weak new terrors—all renewed assurance
And confirmation of the old despair."

Fortnightly Review.

THE ROMANCE OF CHINESE SOCIAL LIFE.*

THE romantic aspect of Chinese social life is a subject which, quite apart from its general interest, may fairly claim particular attention at the present time, in view of the slow but certain revolution which the largest empire in the world is now undergoing; political, indeed, in its beginnings, but not the less certain to affect, in time, its social condition. Anything, therefore, which helps to a better understanding of the inner life of the Chinese, is an aid to taking a more just view of both their virtues and their defects as fellow-members of the human family. It is, of course, to be expected

that the domestic condition of a people so curiously governed, and so oddly held together, so unlike the rest of the world, will present many features which Europeans would describe as romantic. An old writer tells us that China is a country "where the roses have no scent and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath day of rest, and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads have no carriages, and the ships have no keels; where the needle points to the south, the place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is supposed to lie in the stomach; where it is rude to take off your hat, and to wear white clothes is to go into mourning;" and he asks whether in such a country one can be astonished to find "a literature without an alphabet," and "a language without a grammar." Now this description, though not exactly

* 1. Translations from the *Pekin Gazette*.

2. "Journal of the N.E. Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society."

3. The *North China Herald*.

4. The *China Mail*.

5. "Waifs and Strays from the Far East." (Trübner & Co.)

accurate, is not altogether wide of the mark, and, indeed, a much longer list of Chinese contrarieties might be made out: such as, that they mount a horse on the right side instead of the left; that old men play marbles and fly kites while children look gravely on; that they shake hands with themselves instead of with each other; that what we call the surname is written first and the other name afterward; that they whiten their shoes instead of blacking them; that a coffin is a very acceptable present to a rich parent in good health; that in the north they sail and pull their wheelbarrows in place of merely pushing them; and that all Chinese candle sticks fit into the candle instead of the candle fitting into the candlestick; and so on. Finally, as we shall presently see, it is no uncommon matter for a man to court two or more young ladies at once, and—what is more—marry them both. So we here have to start with a sufficient diversity of customs from what we are accustomed to consider the right way of doing things, to induce a belief that they take a somewhat "topsy-turvy" view of life, if I may so call it, and to lead us to suppose what is indeed a fact, that Chinese romance, whether found in the native novel or in Chinese native life, has a flavor all its own.

In dealing with the romance of their daily life, I may perhaps as well commence with the royal family, who form the top of a tree which must be admitted to be most uncommonly old and uncommonly large also, if the usual estimate of China, containing four hundred millions of people, be correct. The present ruling house of China, if we estimate it in the way we estimate European royal families, is, as Charles Dickens observed, a "tremendous family" to provide for, as it embraces the trifling number of some forty thousand souls. Of course this is easily accounted for, if it be recollected that most Chinese emperors have wives by the score, and consequently the number of aunts, uncles, cousins, and cousins ever so many times removed, owned by each emperor, make up a rather startling figure. But of course nobody could be expected to love forty thousand cousins; so by Chinese law (or custom) all claim on the emperor's attention closes somewhere about

the existing generation of first cousins. Still, as the odd thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and sixty are undoubtedly of royal blood, a large proportion of them receive about a dollar a month from the public treasury, and if within a certain degree of relationship, are entitled to wear a yellow girdle. This, however, does not in the least interfere with their honestly earning their bread, and the mess coolie in the British legation at Peking, in 1863, was a yellow-girdled "cousin," entitled, moreover, to wear I don't know what button on the top of his very dilapidated old hat. All members of this imperial clan, however, if they get very little in the way of pension, have one great advantage, they cannot be tried before an ordinary court. A special tribunal exists to try them, and it was stated, in a tolerably recent *Peking Gazette*, that its members got a terrible wiggling for letting off some of the emperor's relations for some offence they had committed. So much for royal cousins in China. But the ladies of the palace afford the most curious paradox to foreigners, who forget that the Chinese are not the only people who make a great distinction between profession and practice. An ordinary Chinaman, in China proper, will tell you that women are decidedly inferior beings; and as to their having souls, pooh-poohs the idea outright. But if you remark that the whole government of the country has for the last eighteen years (with a short interval) been carried on by two ladies—the emperor's mother and empress dowager, two of the cleverest women now alive in China or any other country—he calmly remarks that perhaps they are different from other folk; and he will not at all admit that the average Chinawomen can possibly possess brains or sense. It is of no use pointing out to him that Chinese history abounds with heroines, and that cases of female pluck, ability, and virtue, are constantly recorded in imperial documents even at the present day. He incontinently changes the subject.

One word about the age of the Chinese Empire. I am not going to bore my readers with any historical discussion; but I may just remark that not far from Chefoo, a port in the north of China, there is at this moment living a gentle-

man who can most indisputably trace back his ancestry to 549 years before Christ. He is the surviving lineal descendant of Confucius, and, as such, enjoys the only hereditary dukedom outside the royal family in the empire. Without inquiring further as to Chinese antiquity, it must I think be admitted that a country which boasts a duke whose family goes back for 2429 years (and Confucius himself came of a good old family, beginning, I suppose, about the time of Noah) cannot exactly be looked upon as upstart. The oldest English nobleman's family known cannot show a direct male descent of 800 years; though Welshmen, I believe, preserve pedigrees from Adam.

Before parting with the Chinese court I may mention a queer incident or two which I lighted upon a year or two back in the *Pekin Gazette*, and I may here observe that this curious publication is the father of all newspapers or periodicals. Its earliest issue dates back just 1164 years ago. The subscription for ordinary copies is 25 cents (1s.) a month, or 3 dollars (about 12s.) a year; cheaper even than that wonderful production of modern enterprise—the penny paper. The first incident I noted related to a woman of the imperial clan or cousinship of which I have spoken above. This unfortunate party attempted to present a petition in person to the emperor! For that awful offence she was handed over to the Board of Punishment, and what *that* means old residents in the East will be able to imagine. At all events, a good slapping on the face with a leather strap was the least probable result. Another queer sin is recorded in an imperial decree of the 15th of April of the same year. The boy emperor, it appears, was about making a tour (in his nurse's arms) to his ancestral tombs, when, to the horror of his attendants, the marks of *cart-wheels* were seen on the road which he deigned to honor by passing over. It was of no use to explain that these tracks were made by the carts sent forward with his majesty's own baggage and provisions. So an edict was published ordering that those responsible be punished "in the most severe manner." Perhaps another offender against the majesty of China fared even worse. He was the Manchu,

commander-in-chief of a frontier town, and was positively guilty of sending a memorial to the emperor which contained a clerical mistake; so they fined him a whole year's salary! On the whole, I fancy it is better to be a clerk in London than at Peking; as one may be sure that if the general was fined a year's salary, his copyist didn't get off with anything less than a flogging of four dozen with the big bamboo, well laid on.

I dare say my lady readers will be interested in knowing the quantity of silks and satins annually used by the palace. I find that in the month of October, 1874, there were sent in 715 suits of chair-bearers' uniforms; 400 suits for attendants on imperial wives; 631 suits for imperial lackeys; 20 pieces of gauze; 10,000 lbs. weight of velvets; and 516 pieces of satin for his Majesty's own wear. Later on, in November of the same year, there was ordered for the emperor's mother's birthday: 357 "dragon-embroidered" robes; 400 pieces of "gold and silver satin;" and 457 rosewood and glass clothes-boxes. Besides this, thirty-five dragon-embroidered robes, and ninety-five underdresses were sent for the emperor himself. I fancy this exceeds most bills of the sort, even in Europe; but then a couple of mothers and a hundred wives or so, are apt to be expensive in the matter of dress. There is, perhaps, no country where the contrast between the expenditure of the court and that of the laboring classes, in the matter of dress, is more marked than in China.

The present representative of Confucius' family as the only hereditary duke in China, is the only hereditary noble whose position the emperor, I believe, cannot meddle with. Princes for instance, however high their rank, can be made or unmade by a stroke of the emperor's pen. On the 10th of September, 1874, an imperial edict was published, setting forth, that for eighteen months previously the language and tone of the emperors' uncle, the former prince regent, toward the emperor had been "in very many respects unbecoming." The edict goes on to say: "We therefore ordain that by special grace there be substituted for other punishment, deprivation of his imperial princedom of the first class with hereditary succession in the same de-

gree *forever*, and that he be reduced to the grade of prince of the second degree. His son also is to be deprived of his rank as an admonition and punishment." Fancy a European prince "losing his stripes," like a sergeant, in this way! The fun of the thing was that, next day, two other documents appeared in the *Gazette*—one from the prince, returning thanks for the emperor's clemency; and another from the emperor, in which it was stated that, at the request of the empresses, he had let the prince off with a warning to be more "diligent and careful" in future. So the sentence *forever* was rather out of place. The fact was that the prince and the empress-mother had quarrelled, and the latter had insisted on the emperor degrading him; as soon as it was done she began to think she had gone too far, so next day he was pardoned.

The mention made of returning thanks for an imperial punishment recalls the odd length to which this custom is carried. When it is desirable to get rid of some very influential official it is done in a most polite manner. He is not condemned to death. He only receives a neat parcel, containing a silken cord, with an imperial dispatch setting forth that, in consequence of his great virtues and many services, the emperor is graciously pleased to allow him to strangle or hang himself, and the recipient is thereupon supposed to write a careful answer thanking his majesty for his consideration, and stating that the hint will be immediately taken. As a rule, the unlucky writer does finish himself off with all despatch. But a case occurred when I was in Peking which sadly outraged all feelings of Chinese court propriety. General Shang-yü, who, during the last China war, commanded the body of men which treacherously seized Sir Harry Parkes and several others under a flag of truce—most of the poor fellows dying afterward in great torment—was one of those indiscreet men whose tongues are too long for their safety. After the war he took a local command, and having once been rebuked by the empress-mother, indulged in some remarks about her character. Of course some kind friend told the empress, and some time afterward, a subordinate of Shang-yü's charging him with some offence, he was

ordered to the capital for trial. He came, boldly trusting to his great wealth to escape unpleasant consequences. He was lodged in prison, but allowed to do much as he liked, and some of his wives used to come and see him daily. He stayed there so long, and was so comfortable, that he began to think he had been forgotten, and in an evil hour he sent in a petition to be put at once on trial. The Emperor Tankwong had died since his arrest, and the empresses were in reality governing through the regent, Prince Kung; and General Shang-yü little knew that his incautious remarks had been repeated. When the petitions of the day were submitted to the junior empress, his was read, and he was ordered to be beheaded. There was nothing for it but to obey the empress's orders, and a decree "permitting" him to strangle himself was immediately drawn up and sent to him with the usual package of silken cord. But Shang-yü didn't take at all a proper view of his duties, and he did not lend himself to the operation. It was not etiquette to call in the jailers to strangle him, and the bearer of the bowstring and the governor of the jail were hardly strong enough to cope with a tolerably muscular man who objected to letting them hang him. However, they got the cord round a beam, and after a long course of reasoning got him to mount a stool and put his neck in the noose. It must have been very much like Punch and Judy. For fear he should change his mind, they did not allow him to kick the stool away himself, as is customary, but pulled it away themselves, and when his wives came that day as usual to dinner, they were shown his corpse still hanging.

Many of the punishments inflicted on ordinary people by the penal code of the empire have a touch of the horribly grotesque in their infliction. (I do not here allude to ordinary torture, a description of which would only harrow the feelings of readers, and would lead me too far from my subject.) The murder of a father or mother, for instance, is horribly avenged. A laboring man in Chihli, named Mêng, came home intoxicated one day in 1874, and got into a quarrel with his father, whom he beat about the legs with a wooden pillow. The bruises became inflamed and suppurated, and

eleven days afterward the father died. For having caused his death, the son was sentenced to be *sliced to death*—an operation so horrible, as described to me by a European eye-witness, that the mere recollection is indescribably sickening. I was once invited by a Chinese official at Peking to witness this fiendish performance, and he even promised me a "reserved" seat in the market-place where it took place! But I confess I had not nerve enough to witness it; and one of the unhappy wretches on whom it was performed on that occasion was a woman! The case is thus described in the *Peking Gazette* of that date: The parties concerned earned their livelihood in a small way, owning besides a trifling area of land. The family consisted of the following persons; viz., Wu Ts'ai, a worthless, dissipated fellow; his father; his wife; and their son. Frequent quarrels took place on the subject of money between Wu Ts'ai and his father and wife, one of which having occurred on the afternoon of the 11th of September last, when he endeavored to get his wife's consent to the sale of a piece of ground. She refused, and he subsequently beat her until she gave him 100 cash, the woman in her anger exclaiming to her father-in-law and her son, after the husband had gone out, that they would all be ruined unless they put this ruffian out of the way. The father, himself reduced to despair, agreed he should be put to death, and the woman then prepared a bag with some lime in it, heedless of the remonstrances of her son. When Wu Ts'ai returned home at night in a state of intoxication, he began again to abuse his wife, and she thereupon summoned her father-in-law and her son, who assisted in tying the victim's arms and legs. The bag of lime was then slipped over his head to smother him, and while the son held his legs down, his father sat upon his head until all struggles were over and life extinct. On the following day, the father alleged to a neighbor that the deceased had died during the night in a fit of intoxication, and induced him to assist in carrying out and interring the corpse. Information having reached the magistrate, however, an inquest was held, and the parties were made prisoners. On confession being elicited, the mother and

son were adjudged subject to the most awful penalty of the law, and they were publicly sliced to death accordingly, with the usual formalities. The father of the murdered man was liable, according to statute, to the penalty of 100 blows for his share in the crime, but being beyond the age of 70, he was entitled to commute this by a pecuniary mulct.

Another case, which, if possible, is still more distressing to the European mind, was the similar execution of a poor lunatic lad who killed his mother with a chopper. His insanity was undoubted, and the poor wretch was deaf and dumb besides! But Chinese law holds that insanity is no excuse for any crime. On the contrary, not only is the offender punished as if he were sane, but his nearest relations are liable to a flogging of one hundred blows each for not having kept him under better control. In this case each of the men got forty blows only, on account of the harmless character the lunatic had hitherto enjoyed. But the unhappy murderer was cut up inch by inch.

Residents in the East are not apt to think much of Chinese policemen, yet the law is very strict if they let a criminal escape. Some time since a man was found guilty of what we should only call culpable homicide, and was sentenced to be strangled. He managed, however, to escape while being conducted from the court to his prison, and the two police in charge of him, each got one hundred lashes and three years' transportation. In another case the penalty inflicted strikes Europeans as really shocking. A woman's father and mother were murdered in Chihli, and she suspected and charged a neighbor with the crime, before the local court. The charge was dismissed, owing, as the woman alleged, to bribery, and she accordingly appealed to Peking. But here she made a mistake; she should have appealed in the first instance to the *provincial* court. The Peking court acquitted the prisoner, and sentenced the woman to fifty stripes *for appealing to the wrong court*. Sometimes one cannot help thinking that a touch of Chinese law would be an improvement among ourselves. A friend of mine at Hong Kong sold to a Chinese official, who represented himself as the

agent of the government, a quantity of timber for some \$63,000. Unfortunately for himself, the official made a serious mistake in translating the bill, as somehow or other the \$63,000 became changed into \$300,000. I heard he had got into trouble, and when I subsequently asked how he was getting on, I was told that "he had been shortened at both ends,"* which was the fact, and perhaps he deserved it.

A mandarin named Liu, residing at Nanking, distinguished himself by his success in extorting a confession from a criminal of peculiar truculence—more by good luck, however, than good management. For a long time the robber, a man named Mêng-rh, had been the terror of the neighborhood. His courage was only equal to his crimes; and daring though he was, no single word of confession had ever been wrung from his lips. At last the head of the police department got him into his hands, and, having secured his person, set about making the necessary preparations for the necessary torture. These consisted simply in melting a small quantity of copper, which was to be poured over the criminal's flesh in case of obduracy. The responsibility of dealing with so noted a pest to society was not lost upon the officer, and he felt his reputation at stake. So he commenced by asking him in a pleasantly conversational style, whether he felt at all cold. "Rather," was the cool reply. "Have some wine?" asked Liu. The robber thought the doubt implied quite superfluous, but said yes, and that he preferred *ho-tsiu*, a white or colorless spirit of excessive strength, which is much drank in the country. The refreshment was served, but the robber pulled a face, and complained that it wasn't warm enough. "Pooh!" he said, contemptuously, "you fellows don't know how to heat wine." Then with a significant glance at the pot of boiling metal on the stove, he deliberately took out two lumps of burning charcoal and placed them on his knees; thus holding the wine-cup over them till the wine was hot and the flesh of his legs all burned. "You see," said he, "I

don't mind pain. I know all about your molten copper. Not the slightest use, I assure you!" and then went on to talk of other matters. Poor Liu was simply nonplussed. "Look here," he said, to the extraordinary being in front of him, "I have pledged my honor to wring a confession out of you; you hold my rank and button in your hands. Torture, I see, will have no effect; I throw myself upon your charity!" This novel appeal had the desired result. "Liu," said the robber, "you are not a bad fellow, though you are not a success as a mandarin." He then confessed to having committed thirteen murders, and he said he did it to support his aged parents. The crime which was charged against him that day, however, he said he did not do; and if he confessed to that, somebody else would be confessing to it afterward, and then Liu would get into trouble. The two thereupon became bosom friends; and Liu is now looked upon as a perfect Solomon, while the robber was amicably decapitated the other day.

But to turn to a pleasanter subject than crime, and before coming to love and marriage, which some people may think almost the only matter to which one can apply the name of Romance, I may mention one or two curious things which I find recorded as everyday matters in the *Pekin Gazette*. A belief exists among the Chinese, that if a father or mother be seriously ill, the most effective way of curing them is for one of their children to cut a piece of flesh out of their own arm or leg and administer a broth made of the flesh in question to their suffering parent. This is at times done, but with sufficient rarity to insure, as a rule, the matter being reported to the throne for some mark of the emperor's approval. The Governor of Hunan recently reported a case in which a graduate named Tso was singularly distinguished for filial piety. When very young, his mother became seriously ill, and believing that heaven could prolong his mother's life by shortening his (quite a Chinese belief), he refused food, and spent a night in supplicating it to that effect. His mother recovered, but some years later, in 1873, she was attacked with a fatal disease, which he tried to counteract by cooking

* This is the literal translation of a sentence often imposed; the "amputation of the head and feet."

her some broth made out of his own flesh—cut from the muscle of his arm. Unfortunately, not only did the mother die, but the brave son never recovered from his self-inflicted wound, and he died in the following year from its effects. The emperor decreed him a handsome monument.

The annual and three-yearly competitive examinations which, as most European readers are aware, every Chinaman who aspires to official rank has to pass, generally furnish certain romantic incidents. In the gazette I have mentioned we find that in Hunan alone there were four candidates over 90 years of age and sixteen above the age of 80, and so on in proportion for the other provinces, Kwangsi boasting two aged competitors of 98 and 97, three of 92, and one of 91. That is working the competitive system with a vengeance, and at first sight it may not be very clear to you what on earth a man aged 97 has to gain by "passing" in anything. But the reason is explained by the fact that such success in China does not ennoble or make respectable a man's children, but his father and grandfather, or their ghosts—in which case even a successful competitor of 90 has performed a very creditable act, and when such cases are brought to the emperor's notice, he usually confers an honorary degree, so that the poor men get their wishes fulfilled after all.

People complain a good deal of the sensational character of modern English novels. But the wildest plots given in these do not equal the every-day occurrences of Chinese domestic life. We know, for instance, that young ladies who are crossed in love do sometimes die of a broken heart. But we don't exactly find in the *London Gazette*—which is precisely the same sort of paper as the *Pekin Gazette*—the sort of notice which follows: "January 31st. His majesty the emperor directs the proper board to bestow the usual mark of imperial favor on the daughter of a man in Peking named Ho En tsao, who, hearing of the death of her betrothed, vowed eternal celibacy, took poison, and died." I do not know if that sort of loyalty to one's love is quite commendable; but the Chinese think differently. By the way, certain writers on China deny that the Chinese ever feel the sentiment of love as

we define it. However that may be, there are Chinese examples of faithfulness which are not often paralleled among ourselves. I avail myself of Mr. Balfour's authority. Some years ago at Putung a girl of good family was betrothed to a youth of the name of Chao, who, unfortunately, died shortly before the day appointed for the espousals. The bereaved bride was inconsolable, and entreated her parents to allow her to visit the coffin of her lost love. This request was refused, on grounds of propriety; but the girl, breaking all bounds, ran away to the house of mourning, and throwing herself on the floor beside the corpse, howled in a most determined manner. All attempts to pacify her were useless; and she insisted, moreover, on taking up her abode with the dead lad's parents from that time forward, and devoting herself to them until their death. This was very heroic, of course, but it seems that the old people would rather have been without her. However, she would take no denial, and absolutely did stay and earn enough to pay for her own keep, and to contribute toward the other expenses, for about five years. Then the old couple died; and this virtuous maiden, having honored them there with burial, prepared for her own doom. About this time political matters were in a very unsettled state, and it was rumored in the neighborhood that the T'ai-p'ing rebels were approaching fast. The excesses of the insurgents were, of course, well known and dreaded, and the girl was fully aware that if they reached the place while she was alive, her unprotected situation would expose her to the loss of liberty and everything else that she possessed. She accordingly dressed herself in all her richest clothes, as though for a festivity; and then—so goes the story—took a needle, threaded it with silk, and sewed her garments securely on to her own flesh. This done she drank poison, and died. The very next day the rebels came; discovering this lovely corpse, and seeing at a glance the proof of the girl's purity and honor, they treated her with the profoundest reverence. So far, indeed, from robbing her of a single jewel, they gave her honorable interment.

Sometimes, however, constancy and true love win the day. The widow

Wang resided in the vicinity of one of the great cities of China, her family consisting of a young son and daughter, the only relics of her dear departed old man. In the next village there lived a gentleman and his wife by the name of Liu, who also had a daughter and son. The families were on terms of much friendly intimacy, and a marriage between the young people seemed only natural, so an engagement was arranged, by a professional middle-man, between the son of Mr. Liu and the daughter of the buxom widow. During the period of betrothal, however, and while preparations for the ceremony were going on, it so fell out that the bridegroom-elect was taken ill. The widow thereupon suggested that the match should be broken off, as it would be folly for a young girl to bind herself to a confirmed invalid, who might die at any moment, and leave his wife disconsolate for life. The Liu family, however, thought differently, and urged the widow to allow her daughter to come and visit the sick youth, in order, if possible, to arouse him from the state of apathy into which he had fallen. Mrs. Wang was scandalized, and refused: but as the Lius appeared to make such a point of it, she was quite at a loss how to act. Now it so happened that in the service of this discreet matron was a servant-girl, who proposed to her mistress that they should have recourse to stratagem; the young people had never seen each other—why not dress up the son to represent the daughter! No sooner said than done. Mrs. Wang wrote to say that her daughter would come and see her betrothed, though she would not be able to stay long; and meantime the artful servant dressed young Wang, a lad of sixteen, in girl's clothes, and initiated him into the mysteries of feminine deportment with much ability. The only real difficulty lay in his large feet. The two then set out together, the false bride and her maid. They arrived at the bridegroom's house, and were received without suspicion; then paid a visit of sympathy to the sick youth's bedroom. But the Liu family would not hear of the two guests leaving under at least three days, and Miss Liu took such a fancy to the supposed Miss Wang that they found it simply impossible to get away at all. The servant argued and

chattered most energetically, for detection was imminent; what was the use of their staying? she said: the young man was far too sick to be married. "Oh, as far as that goes," said Miss Liu, "the marriage had better take place at once; I will represent my brother at the ceremony, and they can be married by proxy!" So this enterprising damsel dressed herself in boy's clothes, and the girl-bridegroom was married in due form to the boy-bride, much to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. The secret was not discovered by the parents until some months afterward, when, of course, there was nothing for it but to confirm the marriage. The invalid having recovered in the meantime, the originally-intended wedding took place between him and the bashful lady to whom he had really been betrothed, and the two curiously-matched couples lived happily together ever afterward.

The peculiar facilities for roguery afforded by the fact that all respectable marriages in China are conducted by means of a go-between or broker, are illustrated by the following story: I may observe that its incidents were the talk of native Shanghai, and that they were published at the time. The unfortunate heroine had four husbands in about as many weeks, having been forsaken by every suitor immediately after marriage. Indeed, her history is a curious one. She is described as being fair to look upon—according to Chinese taste—and in every way calculated to attract admirers; her feet of the tiniest, her eyes of the narrowest—and yet somehow or other there always seemed some obstacle in the way of her getting a husband. At length a marriage-brokeress took compassion upon her, or rather, saw her way to turn the despised lady to good account. She took her home with her; painted her face, and arrayed her in the most attractive of jackets she could muster. Thus dressed, the girl really looked very well; and very shortly a suitor appeared in the person of a gentleman of some means, who had been left a widower and childless. The brokeress—"white ants" they call these ladies in China—asked him ninety dollars; which he, enraptured with the beauty of his new bride, willingly paid upon the spot. The marriage rejoicings

passed off quietly enough ; the husband took the fair one home in much satisfaction. But alas ! favor is deceitful, and beauty vain. A vacant stare was all the reply vouchsafed to him by his wife when he addressed her ; then she broke into a crackling, senseless laugh, and he found that she was mad. Disgusted at being so imposed upon, he packed her again to the person from whom he had purchased her, with a verbal message that he made her a present of the idiot and the dollars too. Nothing could have suited the lady's view more admirably ; and next day the mad lady was again at the disposal of the highest bidder. This time the applicant was a man occupying some small post in a *yamên*, and he paid bargain-money to the extent of twenty dollars ; in the meantime, however, a married but childless barber appeared upon the scene, and he bought her for a hundred, which he paid, money down, and carried off the prize before the other. The jilted one thereupon abused the "white ant" roundly, and refused to listen to her attempts at a compromise ; a wife he had bought, and a wife he would have, and the one in question happened to be particularly to his taste. The old crone's eyes twinkled. "Bide a wee," she said—or words to that effect—"wait a day or two longer, and you shall have her back." The event justified the prediction ; the very next day the disgusted barber bundled back the unfortunate idiot, preferring to lose his dollars than his face. The business so far had prospered ; two hundred and ten dollars had come rolling in, and another man was hooked already. This man—the *yamên* runner—had meanwhile taken a trip up the river, in order to present his devotions at some shrine at Mon-shan near Nanking, with a view to securing success in his matrimonial schemes ; and, during his absence, his number-one wife, fearful lest he should bring back a still more formidable rival, clinched the bargain, and brought the lady home. But she might just as well have purchased a wild cat. No sooner had the new wife arrived, than her malady took a more serious form than ever, and the house was turned into a perfect bear-garden. The afflicted and much-despised lady was summarily packed off home again ;

and married next day to a traveler from the country, who paid a similarly heavy price, and did not find out that he had married a maniac until he had got her as far as his residence at Hoochow. Back she came again, poor thing, like a bad penny ; she probably found another husband the next week ; and meantime the lady who had got possession of her reaped a golden harvest.

I will add one further story from the same source in which the supernatural and the romantic are equally blended. Living in a village in the Province of Kwangtung, are two brothers, types apparently of the poor but honest Chinese rustic.

"Brother," said the younger, one day, "you are forty years of age ; why don't you marry ? At this rate we shall never be able to perpetuate our father's family, nor to raise for ourselves any sons against our declining years." "The reason I do not marry," responded the other, "is that I cannot afford it—otherwise I would ;" whereupon the younger of the two implored his brother to sell him, and buy a wife with the proceeds ! The proposal, however, was indignantly scouted by the elder. "What !" said he, "exchange a brother for a wife ? Never ! A wife I may at any time be able to procure, but I can never get another brother." But a wealthy neighbor, overhearing the conversation, called upon the two, entered into an insinuating colloquy with the elder man, and finished by offering him thirty taels of silver for his *hiung-ti*. The temptation was too strong ; the young man was sold, and went into voluntary captivity to his new master, receiving board and lodging in return for his services, while the elder went out and bought a wife with the money. On the arrival of this lady at home, however, she began to question her lord as to the whereabouts of his brother. "I always heard," she said, "that there were two of you ; what has become of him ?" "My dear," replied his spouse, "the fact is, I have sold him ; and what is more, if I had not done so, I should never have been able to get you." Whereupon his wife was greatly shocked ; and going back to her father's, she told him the whole story, beseeching him to furnish her with means of bringing back her brother-in-law. Two days afterward

she returned joyfully with the necessary amount, which she deposited for safety under her bed; but alas! a short time only elapsed before the box containing it most strangely disappeared. This so affected her mind that she tried to hang herself; and was so far successful that she was put into a coffin, and taken out to be buried. Present at the funeral was a sister of the widower, swathed up to the eyes in white bandages, and howling as only jackals and bereaved celestials can howl. Suddenly there came on a fearful thunder-storm; the rain poured down in torrents, crash succeeded crash, and flash followed flash, until one ribbon of flame passed through the body of the disconsolate sister-in-law, stretching her a corpse upon the ground. As she fell, her jacket opened, and out tumbled the missing coin! The same flash that killed her, shattered the coffin, and aroused the apparently dead wife; and so the judgment of heaven was fulfilled. The false sister was speedily packed away in the coffin, and buried; the husband and wife trudged piously home with their recovered treasure; the younger brother was redeemed from slavery, and the family are now living happily together, as anybody who cares to go and visit them may see for himself. Now, this story is vouched for by no less respectable an authority than a licentiate of Canton; but whether it redounds most to the credit of Chinese morality or the licentiate's inventive powers, it is difficult to decide. I cannot, of course, vouch for this story, though it is implicitly believed by Chinese hearers.

My last selection from the numerous stories at my disposal shall be the transcription of an ordinary newspaper paragraph, which appeared under the heading of Police Reports in a recent issue of the *China Mail*. Mok A. Cheuk, servant to Captain —, was charged with obtaining money under false pretences. The complainant, Lu A. Ng, a hawker, stated that he lived at Canton Bazaar. On the 24th December last he lost a quantity of clothing and some money, his box having been broken open during his absence from home. He offered a

reward, but could gain no information. On the 26th December the defendant came to him and said he could find out by magic who stole the things, if the complainant would only give him \$3, and he would get his things back. The complainant believed him, and gave him the \$3. The defendant got a basin of water and looking-glass. He put the glass into the water, and he burned some paper. He then used some incantations, and told complainant that he saw the thief in the glass: he was a man of about 30 or 40 years of age, and wore a black coat and a pair of white trousers. The defendant asked the complainant to look into the glass, but he failed to see anything. The defendant then said that only children could see, and two children, one boy and one girl, both aged about 18 years, were brought to the test, but they also could not see. The girl afterward, however, said she could see a man with a black coat and a pair of white trousers on. She said this after her eyes had been rubbed with some charmed water. The defendant said if the man did not return back the property in one week, he would return the complainant the \$3. Weeks had elapsed, but the stolen property was not forthcoming, and complainant went frequently to ask the defendant about it, when he put him off from day to day. At last he had to give him into custody. Young Alui, a girl 12 years of age, was called. She said she saw a man who was wearing a black coat and white trousers in the mirror. He was walking; he had a bundle in his hand, and had no umbrella or a fan. From subsequent evidence, however, it turned out that this girl was a relation of the defendant. The magistrate sent him to two months' hard labor.

From the foregoing examples it will, I think, be considered that, to those who have "eyes to see," life in the Far East is far from being devoid of interest as regards the teeming millions so little studied by their foreign visitors. The subject is indeed inexhaustible, but the patience of readers has a limit.—*Temple Bar*.

IN TOWN.

I HAVE a friend across the street,
 We never yet exchanged a word,
 Yet dear to me, his accents sweet,
 I am a woman—he a bird.

And here we twain in exile dwell,
 Far from our native woods and skies,
 And dewy lawns with healthful smell,
 Where daisies lift their laughing eyes.

Never again from moss-built nest,
 Shall the caged woodlark blithely soar ;
 Never again the heath be pressed,
 By foot of mine for evermore !

Yet from that feathered, quivering throat,
 A blessing wins across to me ;
 No thrall can hold that mellow note,
 Or quench its flame in slavery.

When morning dawns in holy calm,
 And each true heart to worship calls,
 Mine is the prayer, but his the psalm,
 That floats about our prison walls.

And as behind the thwarting wires
 The captive creature throbs and sings,
 With him my mounting soul aspires,
 On Music's strong and cleaving wings.

My chains fall off, the prison gates
 Fly open, as with magic key ;
 And far from life's perplexing straits,
 My spirit wanders, swift and free.

Back to the heather, breathing deep
 The fragrance of the mountain breeze,
 I hear the wind's melodious sweep,
 Through tossing boughs of ancient trees.

Beneath a porch where roses climb,
 I stand as I was used to stand,
 Where cattle-bells with drowsy chime
 Make music in the quiet land.

Fast fades the dream in distance dim,
 Tears rouse me with a sudden shock ;
 Lo ! at my door, erect and trim,
 The postman gives his double knock.

And a great city's lumbering noise
 Arises with confusing hum,
 And whistling shrill of butchers' boys ;
 My day begins, my bird is dumb.

—*Temple Bar.*

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A PARABLE.

Now we had not been five minutes within the walls of Castle Osprey when great shouts of laughter were heard in the direction of the library; and presently the laird came quickly into the room where the two women were standing at the open window. He was flourishing a newspaper in his hand; delight, sarcasm, and desperate humor shone in his face. He would not notice that Queen Titania looked very much inclined to cry, as she gazed out on the forlorn remains of what had once been a rose-garden; he would pay no heed to Mary Avon's wan cheek and pensive eyes.

"Just listen to this, ma'am, just listen to this," he called out briskly; and all the atmosphere of the room seemed to wake up into cheerfulness and life. "Have I not told ye often about that extraordinary body, Johnnie Guthrie? Now just listen!"

It appeared that the laird, without even bestowing a glance on the pile of letters lying waiting for him, had at once dived into the mass of newspapers, and had succeeded in fishing out the report of the last meeting of the Strathgovan Police Commissioners. With a solemnity that scarcely veiled his suppressed mirth, he said:

"Just listen, ma'am: 'The fortnightly meeting of the Strathgovan Police Commissioners was held on Monday, Provost McKendrick in the chair. Mr. Robert Johnstone said he had much pleasure in congratulating the chairman and the other gentlemen assembled on the signal and able manner in which the fire brigade had done their duty on the previous Saturday at the great conflagration in Coulter-side buildings; and he referred especially to the immense assistance given by the new fire-engine recently purchased by the commissioners. [Hear! hear!] He could assure the meeting that but for the zealous and patriotic ardor of the brigade—aided, no doubt, by the efficient working of the

steam engine—a most valuable property would have been devoted *holus-bolus* to the flames.'"

The laird frowned at this phrase.

"Does the crayture think he is talking Latin?" he asked, apparently of himself.

However he continued his reading of the report:

"Provost McKendrick, replying to these observations, observed that it was certainly a matter of congratulation that the fire brigade should have proved their efficiency in so distinct a manner, considering the outlay that had been incurred; and that now the inhabitants of the burgh would perceive the necessity of having more plugs. So far all the money had been well spent. Mr. J. Guthrie"—but here the laird could not contain his laughter any longer.

"That's Johnnie, ma'am," he cried, in explanation, "that's the Johnnie Guthrie I was telling ye about—the poor, yaumering, pernickity, querulous crayture! 'Mr. J. Guthrie begged to say he could not join in these general felicitations. They were making a great deal of noise about nothing. The fire was no fire at all; a servant-girl could have put it out with a pail. He had come from Glasgow by the eleven o'clock 'bus, and there was then not a trace of fire to be seen. The real damage done to the property was not done by the fire, but by the dirty water drawn by the fire brigade from the Coulter Burn, which dirty water had entirely destroyed Mrs. MacInnes's best bedroom furniture.'"

The laird flourished the newspaper, and laughed aloud in his joy; the mere reading of the extract had so thoroughly discomfited his enemy.

"Did ye ever hear the like o' that body?" he cried. "A snarlin', quarlin' gruntin', growlin', fashious crayture! He thinks there could not be any fire, just because he was not in time to see it. Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie, Johnnie, I'm just fair ashamed o' ye."

But at this point the laird seemed to become aware that he had given way

too much to his love of pure and pithy English. He immediately said, in a more formal manner :

"I am glad to perceive, ma'am, that the meeting paid no heed to these strictures but went on to consider whether the insurance companies should not share the expense of maintaining the fire brigade. That was most proper—most judicious. I'm thinking that after dinner I could not do better than express my views upon that subject in a letter addressed to the provost. It would be in time to be read at the monthly sed-runt."

"Come along, then, Mary, and let us get through our letters," said his hostess, turning away with a sigh from the dilapidated rose-garden.

As she passed the piano, she opened it.

"How strange it will sound," she said.

She played a few bars of Mary Avon's favorite song; somehow the chords seemed singularly rich and full and beautiful after our long listening to the monotonous rush of the sea. Then she put her hand within the girl's arm and gently led her away, and said to her as they passed through the hall,

"Oh, little did my mither think
When first she cradled me,"

that ever I should have come back to such a picture of desolation. But we must put a brave face on it. If the autumn kills the garden, it glorifies the hills. You will want all your color-tubes when we show you Loch Hourn."

"That was the place the doctor was anxious to veesit," said the laird, who was immediately behind them. "Ay. Oh, yes, we will show Miss Mary Loch Hourn; she will get some material for sketches there, depend on't. Just the finest loch in the whole of the Highlands. When I can get Tom Galbraith first of all persuaded to see Bunessan—"

But we heard no more about Tom Galbraith. Queen Titania had uttered a slight exclamation as she glanced over the addresses of the letters directed to her.

"From Angus!" she said, as she hurriedly opened one of the envelopes, and ran her eye over the contents.

Then her face grew grave, and inadvertently she turned to the laird.

"In three days," she said, "he was to start for Italy."

She looked at the date.

"He must have left London already!" said she, and then she examined the letter further. "And he does not say where he is going."

The laird looked grave, too—for a second. But he was an excellent actor. He began whistling the air that his hostess had been playing. He turned over his letters and papers carelessly. At length, he said, with an air of fine indifference :

"The grand thing of being away at sea is to teach ye the comparatively trifling importance of anything that can happen on land."

He tossed the unopened letters about, only regarding the addresses.

"What care I what the people may have been saying about me in my absence?—the real thing is that we got food to eat and were not swept into Corrievreckan. Come, Miss Mary, I will just ask ye to go for a stroll through the garden wi' me, until dinner-time; our good friends will not ask us to dress on an evening like this, just before we have got everything on shore. Twenty-five meenutes, ma'am? Very well. If anybody has been abusing me in my absence, we'll listen to the poor fellow after dinner, when we can get the laugh made general and so make some good out of him; but just now we'll have the quiet of the sunset to ourselves. Dear, dear me! we used to have the sunset after dinner when we were away up about Canna and Uist."

Mary Avon seemed to hesitate.

"What! not a single letter for ye? That shows very bad taste on the part of the young men about England. But I never thought much o' them. From what I hear, they are mostly given over to riding horses, and shooting pheasants, and what not. But never mind. I want ye to come out for a stroll wi' me, my lass; ye'll see some fine color about the Morven hills presently, or I'm mistaken."

"Very well, sir," said she, obediently; and together they went out into the garden.

Now, it was not until some minutes after the dinner-gong had sounded that we again saw these two, and then there

was nothing in the manner of either of them to suggest to any one that any thing had happened. It was not until many days afterward that we obtained, bit by bit, an account of what had occurred, and even then it was but a stammering and disjointed and shy account. However, such as it was, it had better appear here, if only to keep the narrative straight.

The laird, walking up and down the gravel path with his companion, said that he did not so much regret the disappearance of the roses, for there were plenty of other flowers to take their place. Then he thought he and she might go and sit on a seat which was placed under a drooping ash in the centre of the lawn, for from this point they commanded a fine view of the western seas and hills. They had just sat down there when he said :

"My girl, I am going to take the privilege of an old man, and speak frankly to ye. I have been watching ye, as it were—and your mind is not at ease."

Miss Avon hastily assured him that it was quite, and begged to draw his attention to the yacht in the bay, where the men were just lowering the ensign, at sunset.

The laird returned to the subject ; entreated her not to take it ill that he should interfere ; and then reminded her of a certain night on Loch Leven, and of a promise he had then made her. Would he be fulfilling that solemn undertaking if he did not, at some risk of vexing her, and of being considered a prying, foolish person, endeavor to help her if she was in trouble ?

Miss Avon said how grateful she was to him for all his kindness to her ; and how his promise had already been amply fulfilled. She was not in trouble. She hoped no one thought that. Everything that had happened was for the best. And here—as was afterward admitted—she burst into a fit of crying, and was very much mortified and ashamed of herself.

But at this point the laird would appear to have taken matters into his own hand. First of all he began to speak of his nephew—of his bright good-nature, and so forth—of his professed esteem for her—of certain possibilities that he,

the laird, had been dreaming about with the fond fancy of an old man. And rather timidly he asked her—if it were true that she thought everything had happened for the best—whether, after all, his nephew Howard might not speak to her ? It had been the dream of his old age to see these two together at Denny-mains, or on board that steam yacht he would buy for them on the Clyde. Was that not possible ?

Here, at least, the girl was honest and earnest enough—even anxiously earnest. She assured him that that was quite impossible. It was hopeless. The laird remained silent for some minutes, holding her hand.

"Then," said he, rather sadly, but with an affectation of grave humor, "I am going to tell you a story. It is about a young lass, who was very proud, and who kept her thoughts very much to herself, and would not give her friends a chance of helping her. And she was very fond of a—a young prince we will call him—who wanted to go away to the wars, and make a great name for himself. No one was prouder of the prince than the girl, mind ye, and she encouraged him in everything, and they were great friends, and she was to give him all her diamonds and pearls and necklaces—she would throw them into his treasury, like a Roman matron—just that he might go away and conquer, and come back and marry her. But lo, and behold ! one night all her jewels and bracelets were stolen ! Then what does she do ? Would ye believe it ? She goes and quarrels with that young prince, and tells him to go away and fight his battles for himself, and never to come back and see her any more—just as if any one could fight a battle wi' a sore heart. Oh, she was a wicked, wicked lass, to be so proud that, when she had many friends that would willingly have helped her. . . . Sit down, my girl, sit down, my girl, never mind the dinner ; they can wait for us. . . . Well, ye see, the story goes on that there was an old man—a foolish old man—they used to laugh at him because of his fine fishing tackle and the very few fish he caught wi' the tackle—and this doited old body was always intermeddling in other people's business. And what do you think he does but go

and say to the young lass: 'Ha, have I found ye out? Is it left for an old man like me—and me a bachelor, too, who should know but little of the quips and cranks of a young lass's ways—is it left for an old man like me to find out that fine secret o' yours?' She could not say a word. She was dumfounded. She had not the face to deny it: he *had* found out what that wicked girl, with all her pride, and her martyrdom, and her sprained ankles, had been about. And what do you think he did then? Why, as sure as sure can be, he had got all the young lass's property in his pocket; and before she could say Jack Robinson, he tells her that he is going to send straight off for the prince—this very night—a telegram to London—"

The girl had been trembling, and struggling with the hand that held hers. At last she sprang to her feet, with a cry of entreaty.

"Oh, no, no, no, sir! You will not do that! You will not degrade me!"

And then—this is her own account, mind—the laird rose too, and still held her by the hand, and spoke sternly to her.

"Degrade you?" said he. "Foolish lass! Come in to your dinner."

When these two did come in to dinner—nearly a quarter of an hour late—their hostess looked anxiously from one to the other. But what could she perceive? Mary Avon was somewhat pale, and she was silent; but that had been her way of late. As for the laird, he came in whistling the tune of the Queen's Maries, which was a strange grace before meat, and he looked airily around him at the walls.

"I would just like to know," said he lightly, "whether there is a single house in all Scotland where ye will not find an engraving of one or other of Mr. Thomas Faed's pictures in some one of the rooms?"

And he preserved this careless and indifferent demeanor during dinner. After dinner he strolled into the library. He would venture upon a small cigar. His sole companion was the person whose humble duty in this household is to look after financial matters, so that other folks may enjoy themselves in idleness.

The laird lay back in an easy-chair, stretched out his legs, lit his cigar, and

held it at arm's length, as if it were something that ought to be looked at at a distance.

"You had something to do with the purchase of Miss Mary's American stock, eh?" said he, pretending to be concerned about the end of the cigar.

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"Funded Five per Cent."

"What would be about the value of it now?"

"Just now? Oh, perhaps 106, or 107."

"No, no, no. I mean, if the bonds that that ill-faured scoondrel carried away with him were to be sold the now, what money, what English money, would they fetch?"

But this required some calculation.

"Probably about £7300."

"I was asking," said the laird, "because I was wondering whether there was any chance of tracing them."

"Not the least. They were like bank-notes—more useful, indeed, to a swindler than even bank-notes."

"Ay, is that so," said the laird; and he seemed to be so charmed with his whistling of the air of the Queen's Maries that here turned to that performance. Oddly enough, however, he never ventured beyond the first line: perhaps he was afraid of missing the tune.

"Seven thousand three hundred," said he, meditatively. "Man, that's a strong cigar—little, and black, and strong. Seven thousand three hundred. Girls are strange craytures. I remember what that young doctor was saying once about weemen being better able to bear pain than men, and not so much afraid of it either—"

And here the Queen's Maries came in again.

"It would be a strange thing," said the laird, with a sort of rueful laugh, "if I were to have a steam-yacht all to myself, and cruise about in search of company, eh? No, no; that will not do. My neighbors in Strathgovan will never say that I deserted them, just when great improvements and serious work have to be looked forward to. I will not have it said that I ran away, just to pleasure myself. Howard, my lad, I doubt but ye'll have to whistle for that steam-yacht."

The laird rose.

"I think I will smoke in the garden now: it is a fine evening."

He turned at the door, and seemed suddenly to perceive a pair of stag's horns over the chimney-piece.

"That's a grand set o' horns," said he; and then he added carelessly, "What bank did ye say the American bonds were in?"

"The London and Westminster."

"They're just a noble pair o' horns," said he emphatically. "I wonder ye do not take them with ye to London." And then he left.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A RELEASE.

We had a long spell ashore at this time, for we were meditating a protracted voyage, and everything had to be left ship-shape behind us. The laird was busy from morning till night; but it would appear that all his attention was not wholly given to the affairs of Strathgovan. Occasionally he surprised his hostess by questions which had not the least reference to asphalt or gymnasium chains. He kept his own counsel, nevertheless.

By and by his mysterious silence so piqued and provoked her that she seized a favorable opportunity for asking him, point-blank, whether he had not spoken to Mary Avon. They were in the garden at the time, he seated on an iron seat, with a bundle of papers beside him; she standing on the gravel path with some freshly-cut flowers in her hand. There was a little color in her face, for she feared that the question might be deemed impertinent; yet, after all, it was no idle curiosity that prompted her to ask it. Was she not as much interested in the girl's happiness as any one could be?

"I have," said he, looking up at her calmly.

Well, she knew that. Was this all the answer she was to get?

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, after a second, "if I seem to be making a mystery where there is no mystery. I hate all foolishness like that. I do not myself believe there is anything of the kind; but I will just ask ye to wait for a day or two before speaking to

the lass herself. After that, I will leave it all in your hands. I trust ye will consider that I have done my part."

"Oh, I am sure of that, sir," said she: though how could she be sure?

"There is not much I would not do for that lass," said he, somewhat absently. "She has a wonderful way of getting a grip of one's heart, as it were. And if I could have wished that things had turned out otherwise—"

The laird did not finish the sentence. He seemed to rouse himself.

"Toots! toots!" said he, frowning. "When we are become men, we have to put away childish things. What is the use of crying for the moon? There, ma'am, is something serious and practical to consider—something better worth considering than childish dreams and fancies."

And then, with much lucidity and with a most dispassionate parade of arguments on both sides, he put before her this knotty question: whether it was a fit and proper thing for a body like the Strathgovan Commissioners to own public-house property? That was the general question. The immediate question was whether the "William Wallace" public-house, situated in the Netherbiggins road, should be re-let or summarily closed? On the one hand it was contended that the closing of the "William Wallace" would only produce a greater run on the other, licensed houses; on the other hand it was urged that a body like the commissioners should set an example and refuse to encourage a mischievous traffic. Now, the laird's own view of the liquor question—which he always put forward modestly, as subject to the opinion of those who had had a wider legislative and administrative experience than himself—was, that the total suppression of the liquor-traffic was a chimera; and that a practical man should turn to see what could be done in the way of stringent police regulations. He was proceeding to expound these points when he suddenly caught sight of the Youth, who had appeared at the gate, with two long fishing-rods over his shoulder. He dropped his voice.

"That just reminds me, ma'am," said he. "I am greatly obliged to ye—my nephew equally so—for your great

kindness to him. I think it will not be necessary for him to trespass on your forbearance any longer."

"I don't quite understand you."

"I think I will let him go back to his own pursuits now," said the laird.

"Oh, no," she said. "By all means let him come with us to Stornoway. He has been very good in not grumbling over any inconvenience. You would not send him away just as we are going to start on our longest cruise?"

She could not say anything further at the moment, for the Youth came up the gravel-path, and threw the two huge rods on to the lawn.

"Look there, uncle!" he cried. "I don't care what size of lithe you get on that line, I'll bet those rods won't break, any way. Sutherland used to be lamenting over the big fish you lost up in the north: try them with those things!"

Here their hostess passed on and into the house with her flowers. Uncle and nephew were left by themselves.

"Howard, lad," said the elder of the two men, "bring that chair over, and sit opposite me. I do not want my papers to be disturbed. There are one or two matters of business I would like to put before ye."

The Youth did as he was bid. The laird paused for a second or two; then he began:

"When I asked ye to come to the Highlands," said he, slowly, "I put an alternative before ye, with certain consequences. There were two things, one of which I wanted ye to do. Ye have done neither."

Howard Smith looked somewhat alarmed: his hostess was not there to put a jocular air over that bargain.

"Well, sir," he stammered, "I—I could not do what was impossible. I—I have done my best."

"Nevertheless," said the laird, in a matter-of-fact way, "neither has been done. I will not say it has been altogether your fault. So far as I have seen, ye have been on very good terms with the young leddy; and—and—yes, paid her what attention was expected of ye; and—"

"Well, you see, uncle," he interposed, eagerly, "What was the use of my proposing to the girl only to be snubbed?

Don't I know she cares no more about me than about the man in the moon? Why, anybody could see that. Of course, you know, if you insist on it—if you drive me to it—if you want me to go in and get snubbed—I'll do it. I'll take my chance. But I don't think it's fair. I mean," he added hastily, "I don't think it is necessary."

"I do not wish to drive ye to anything," said the laird—on any other occasion he might have laughed at the Youth's ingenuousness, but now he had serious business on hand. "I am content to take things as they are. Neither of the objects I had in view has been accomplished; perhaps both were impossible; who can tell what lies in store for any of us, when we begin to plan and scheme? However, I am not disposed to regard it as your fault. I will impose no fine or punishment, as if we were playing at theatre-acting. I have neither kith nor kin of my own; and it is my wish that, at my death, Denny-mains should go to you."

The youth's face turned red; yet he did not know how to express his gratitude. It did not quite seem a time for sentiment; the laird was talking in such a matter-of-fact way.

"Subject to certain conditions," he continued. "First of all, I spoke some time ago of spending a sum of £3000 on a steam-yacht. Dismiss that from your mind. I cannot afford it; neither will you be able."

The young man stared at this. For although he cared very little about the steam-yacht—having a less liking for the sea than some of us—he was surprised to hear that a sum like £3000 was even a matter for consideration to a reputedly rich man like his uncle.

"Oh, certainly, sir," said he. "I don't at all want a steam-yacht."

"Very well, we will now proceed."

The laird took up one of the documents beside him, and began to draw certain lines on the back of it.

"Ye will remember," said he, pointing with his pencil, "that where the estate proper of Denny-mains runs out to the Coulter-burn road, there is a piece of land belonging to me, on which are two tenements, yielding together, I should say, about £300 a year. By and by, if a road should be cut so—across to the

Netherbiggins road—that land will be more valuable; many a one will be wanting to feu that piece then, mark my words. However, let that stand by. In the mean time I have occasion for a sum of ten thousand three hundred pounds.”

The youth looked still more alarmed; had his uncle been speculating?

“And I have considered it my duty to ask you, as the future proprietor of Denny-mains in all human probability, whether ye would rather have these two tenements sold, with as much of the adjoining land as would make up that sum, or whether ye would have the sum made a charge on the estate generally, and take your chance of that land rising in value? What say ye?”

The laird had been prepared for all this; but the youth was not. He looked rather frightened.

“I should be sorry to hear, sir,” he stammered; “that—that—you were pressed for money—”

“Pressed for money?” said the laird severely; “I am not pressed for money. There is not a square yard of Denny-mains with a farthing of mortgage on it. Come, let’s hear what ye have to say.”

“Then,” said the young man, collecting his wits, “my opinion is, that a man should do what he likes with his own.”

“That’s well said,” returned the laird, much mollified. “And I’m no sure but that if we were to roup* that land, that quarrelsome body Johnny Guthrie might not be trying to buy it; and I would not have him for a neighbor on any consideration. Well, I will write to Todd and Buchanan about it at once.”

The laird rose and began to bundle his papers together. The Youth laid hold of the fishing-rods, and was about to carry them off somewhere, when he was suddenly called back.

“Dear me!” said the laird, “my memory’s going. There was another thing I was going to put before ye, lad. Our good friends here have been very kind in asking ye to remain so long. I’m thinking ye might offer to give up your state-room before they start on this

long trip. Is there any business or occupation ye would like to be after in the south?”

The flash of light that leaped to the young’s man’s face!

“Why, uncle!” he exclaimed eagerly, diving his hand into his pocket, “I have twice been asked by old Barnes to go to his place—the best partridge-shooting in Bedfordshire—”

But the youth recollected himself.

“I mean,” said he seriously, “Barnes, the swell solicitor, don’t you know?—Hughes, Barnes, and Barnes. It would be an uncommonly good thing for me to stand well with them. They are just the making of a young fellow at the Bar when they take him up. Old Barnes’s son was at Cambridge with me; but he doesn’t do anything—an idle fellow—cares for nothing but shooting and billiards. I really ought to cultivate old Barnes.”

The laird eyed him askance.

“Off ye go to your pairtridge-shooting, and make no more pretence,” said he; and then he added, “And look here, my lad, when ye leave this house I hope ye will express in a proper form your thanks for the kindness ye have received. No, no; I do not like the way of you English in that respect. Ye take no notice of anything. Ye receive a man’s hospitality for a week a fortnight, a month; and then ye shake hands with him at the door; and walk out—as if nothing had happened! These may be good manners in England; they are not here.”

“I can’t make a speech, uncle,” said the Youth slyly. “They don’t teach us those things at the English public schools.”

“Ye gowk,” said the laird severely, “do ye think I want ye to make a speech like Norval on the Grampian Hills? I want ye to express in proper language your thankfulness for the attention and kindness that have been bestowed on ye. What are ye afraid of? Have ye not got a mouth? From all that I can hear the English have a wonderful fluency of speech, when there is no occasion for it at all; bletherin’ away like twenty steam-engines, and not a grain of wheat to be found when a’ the stour is laid.”

* To *roup*, to sell by public auction.

CHAPTER XL.

"WHILE THE RIPPLES FOLD UPON
SANDS OF GOLD."

THE days passed, and still the laird professed to be profoundly busy; and our departure for the north was further and further postponed. The Youth had at first expressed his intention of waiting to see us off; which was very kind on his part, considering how anxious he was to cultivate the acquaintance of that important solicitor. His patience, however, at last gave out; and he begged to be allowed to start on a certain morning. The evening before we walked down to the shore with him, and got pulled out to the yacht, and sat on deck, while he went below to pack such things as had been left in his state-room. "It will be a strange thing," said our gentle admiral-in-chief, "for us to have a cabin empty. That has never happened to us in the Highlands, all the time we have been here. It will be a sort of ghost's room; we shall not dare to look into it for fear of seeing something to awaken old memories."

She put her hand in her pocket, and drew out some small object. "Look," said she quite sentimentally.

It was only a bit of pencil: if it had been the skull of Socrates she could not have regarded it with a greater interest. It is the pencil Angus used to mark our games with. I found it in the saloon the day before yesterday—"and then she added, almost to herself—"I wonder where he is now?"

The answer to this question startled us. "In Paris," said the laird.

But no sooner had he uttered the words than he seemed somewhat embarrassed. "That is, I believe so," he said hastily. "I am not in correspondence with him. I do not know for certain. I have heard—it has been stated to me—that he might perhaps remain until the end of this week in Paris, before going on to Naples."

He appeared rather anxious to avoid being further questioned. He began to discourse upon certain poems of Burns, whom he had once or twice somewhat slightly treated. He was now bent on making ample amends. In especial, he asked whether his hostess did not remember the beautiful verse in "Mary

Morison," which describes the lover looking on at the dancing of a number of young people, and conscious only that his own sweetheart was not there?

"Do ye remember it, ma'am?" said he; and he proceeded to repeat it for her:

'Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.

Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed and said among them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

Beautiful, beautiful, is it not? And that is an extraordinary business—and as old as the hills too—of one young person waling* out another as the object of all the hopes of his or her life; and nothing will do but that one. Ye may show them people who are better to look at, richer, cleverer; ye may reason and argue; ye may make plans, and what not: it is all of no use. And people who have grown up, and who forget what they themselves were at twenty or twenty-five, may say what they like about the foolishness of a piece of sentiment; and they may prove to the young folks that this madness will not last, and that they should marry for more substantial reasons; but ye are jist talking to the wind! Madness or not madness, it is human nature; and ye might jist as well try to fight against the tides. I will say this, too," continued the laird—and as he warmed to his subject, he rose, and began to pace up and down the deck—"if a young man were to come and tell me that he was ready to throw up a love-match for the sake of prudence and worldly advantage, I would say to him: 'Man, ye are a poor crayture. Ye have not got the backbone of a mouse in ye.' I have no respect for a young man who has prudence beyond his years; not one bit. If it is human nature for a man at fifty years to laugh at sentiment and romance, it is human nature for a man at twenty-five to believe in it; and he who does not believe in it then, I say, is a poor crayture. He will never come to anything. He may make money, but he will be a poor stupid ass all his days,

* Waling—choosing.

just without those experiences that make life a beautiful thing to look back on."

He came and sat down by Mary Avon.

"Perhaps a sad thing, too," said he, as he took her hand in his; "but even that is better than a dull causeway, with an animal trudging along and sorely burdened with the world's wealth. And now, my lass, have ye got everything tight and trim for the grand voyage?"

"She has been at it again, sir," said his hostess, interposing. "She wants to set out for the south to-morrow morning."

"It would be a convenient chance for me," said the girl simply. "Mr. Smith might be good enough to see me as far as Greenock—though, indeed, I don't mind traveling by myself. I must stop at Kendal—is that where the junction is?—for I promised the poor old woman who died in Edinburgh that I would call and see some relations of hers who live near Windermere."

"They can wait, surely?" said the laird, with frowning eyebrows, as if the poor people at Windermere had attempted to do him some deadly injury.

"Oh, there is no hurry for them," said she. "They do not even know I am coming. But this chance of Mr. Smith going by the steamer to-morrow would be convenient."

"Put that fancy out of your head," said he with decision. "Ye are going to no Greenock, and to no Kendal, at the present time. Ye are going away with us to the north, to see such things as ye never saw before in your life. And if ye are anxious to get on with your work, I'll tell ye what I'll do. There's our Provost McKendrick has been many a time telling me of the fine salmon-fishing he got at the west side of Lewes—I think he said a place called Gometra—"

"Grimersta," is here suggested.

The very place. Ye shall paint a picture of Grimersta, my lass, on commission for the provost. I authorize ye; if he will not take it, I will take it myself. Never mind what the place is like—the provost has no more imagination than a boiled lobster; but he knows when he has good friends, and good fishing, and a good glass of whisky; and, depend on it, he'll be proud to have a picture of the place, on your own terms. I tell ye I authorize ye."

Here the Youth came on deck, saying he was now ready to go ashore.

"Do you know, sir," said his hostess, rising, what Mary has been trying to get me to believe?—that she is afraid of the equinoctials!"

The laird laughed aloud.

"That *is* a good one—that *is* a good one!" he cried. "I never heard a better story about Homesh."

"I know the gales are very wild here when they begin," said Miss Avon, seriously. "Every one says so."

But the laird only laughs the more, and is still chuckling to himself as he gets down into the gig: the notion of Mary Avon being afraid of anything—of fifteen dozen of equinoctial gales, for example—was to him simply ludicrous.

But a marked and unusual change came over the laird's manner when we got back to Castle Osprey. During all the time he had been with us, although he had had occasionally to administer rebukes, with more or less of solemnity, he had never once lost his temper. We should have imagined it impossible for anything to have disturbed his serene dignity or demeanor. But now—when he discovered that there was no letter awaiting any one of us—his impatience seemed dangerously akin to vexation and anger. He would have the servants summoned and cross-examined. Then he would not believe them, but must needs search the various rooms for himself. The afternoon post had really brought nothing but a newspaper—addressed to the laird—and that he testily threw into the waste-paper basket without opening it. We had never seen him give way like this before.

At dinner, too, his temper was no better. He began to deride the business habits of the English people—which was barely civil. He said that the English feared the Scotch and the Germans just as the Americans feared the Chinese—because the latter were the more indefatigable workers. He declared that if the London men had less Amontillado sherry and cigarettes in their private office-rooms, their business would be conducted with much greater accuracy and despatch. Then another thought struck him: were the servants prepared to swear that no registered letter had been presented in the afternoon, and

taken away again because there was no one in the house to sign the receipt? Inquiry being made, it was found that no such letter had been presented. But, finally, when the turmoil about this wretched thing was at its height, the laird was pressed to say from which part of the country the missive was expected. From London, he said. It was then pointed out to him that the London letters were usually sent along in the evening—sometimes as late as eight or nine o'clock. He went on with his dinner, grumbling.

Sure enough, before he had finished dinner, a footstep was heard on the gravel outside. The laird, without any apology, jumped up and went to the window.

"There's the postman," said he, as he resumed his seat. "Ye might give him a shilling, ma'am; it is a long climb up the hill."

It was the postman, no doubt; and he had brought a letter, but it was not for the laird. We were all apprehensive of a violent storm when the servant passed on and handed this letter to Mary Avon. But the laird said nothing. Miss Avon, like a properly-conducted school-girl, put the letter in her pocket.

There was no storm. On the contrary, the laird got quite cheerful. When his hostess hoped that no serious inconvenience would result from the non-arrival of the letter, he said, "Not the least!"

He began and told us the story of the old lady who endeavored to engage the practical Homesh—while he was collecting tickets—in a disquisition on the beauties of Highland scenery, and who was abruptly bidden to "mind her own pussness;" we had heard the story not more than thirty-eight times perhaps, from various natives of Scotland.

But the letter about which the laird had been anxious had—as some of us suspected—actually arrived, and was then in Mary Avon's pocket. After dinner the two women went into the drawing-room. Miss Avon sat down to the piano, and began to play, idly enough, the air called "Heimweh." Of what home was she thinking, then—this waif and stray among the winds of the world?

Tea was brought in. At last the curi-

osity of the elder lady could no longer be restrained.

"Mary," said she, "are you not going to read that letter?"

"Dear me!" said the girl, plunging into her pocket. "I had forgotten I had a letter to read."

She took it out and opened it, and began to read. Her face looked puzzled at first, then alarmed. She turned to her friend.

"What is it? What can it mean?" she said, in blank dismay; and the trembling fingers handed her the letter.

Her friend had less difficulty in understanding; although, to be sure, before she had finished this perfectly plain and matter-of-fact communication, there were tears in her eyes. It was merely a letter from the manager of a bank in London, begging to inform Miss Avon that he had just received through Messrs. Todd and Buchanan, of Glasgow, a sum of £10,300 to be placed to her credit. He was also desired to say, that this sum was entirely at her own free disposal; but the donor would prefer—if she had no objection—that it should be invested in some home security, either in a good mortgage, or in the Metropolitan Board of Works stock. It was a plain and simple letter.

"Oh, Mary, don't you understand—don't you understand?" said she. "He meant to have given you a steam-yacht, if—if you married Howard Smith. He has given you all the money you lost; and the steam-yacht, too. And there is not a word of regret about all his plans and schemes being destroyed. And this is the man we have all been making fun of."

In her conscious self-abasement, she did not perceive how bewildered—how absolutely frightened—this girl was. Mary Avon took back the letter mechanically; she stood silent for a second or two, then she said, almost in a whisper:

"Giving me all that money! Oh, I cannot take it—I cannot take it! I should not have stayed here—I should not have told him anything—I—I—wish to go away—"

But the common sense of the elder woman came to her rescue. She took the girl's hand firmly, and said:

"You shall not go away. And when it is your good fortune to meet with

such a friend as that, you shall not wound him and insult him by refusing what he has given to you. No ; but you will go at once and thank him."

"I cannot—I cannot," she said, with both hands trembling. "What shall I say? How can I thank him? If he were my own father or brother, how could I thank him?"

Her friend left the room for a second and returned.

"He is in the library alone," said she. "Go to him. And do not be so ungrateful as to even speak of refusing."

The girl had no time to compose any speech. She walked to the library door, timidly tapped at it, and entered. The laird was seated in an easy-chair, reading.

When he saw her come in—he had

been expecting a servant with coffee, probably—he instantly put aside his book.

"Well, Miss Mary?" said he cheerfully.

She hesitated. She could not speak ; her throat was choking. And then, scarcely knowing what she did, she sank down before him, and put her head and her hands on his knees, and burst out crying and sobbing. And all that he could hear of any speech-making, or of any gratitude or thanks, was only two words :

"My father!"

He put his hand gently on the soft black hair.

"Child," said he, "it is nothing. I have kept my word."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE MIGRATION OF POPULAR STORIES.

BY SIR GEORGE W. COX.

THE preference for an explanation of facts which calls for little effort of thought to another which makes large demands on it is natural and intelligible. If we find the same custom in many different countries, we infer more readily that it was carried from one of these countries into the rest, than that it has come down from the common ancestors of the inhabitants of these lands in some remote age. When we find popular stories, of a very complicated and remarkable character, in Scotland and Germany, in Scandinavia, Persia, and India, we are at once disposed to adopt the conclusion, that their presence in the West is the result of direct communication with the East in historical and, perhaps, during comparatively modern, times. This attitude of mind is to a certain extent justifiable. Much wit and ingenuity may be wasted in attempting to prove the lateral transmission of two or more given stories from times preceding the migration of divided tribes from their common home, when conclusive evidence may be forthcoming to show that we are dealing with instances of direct borrowing. The ground over which such discussion lead us needs wary walking ; but it may be well to

have our eyes open to the danger of committing ourselves with undue haste to either conclusion. If we say of some Norse or Teutonic tale, that it found its way into Europe through some of those vast Oriental collections which are known to have been brought together in times later by many centuries than the Christian era, our mistake is not a trifling or a harmless one, if it can be shown that European Aryans were well acquainted with it at a time anterior to the date of the mythical founding of Rome, or the era of Nabonassar—in other words, at a time preceding the compilation of the *Hitopadesa*, and possibly even of the *Panchatantra*, by fourteen or fifteen hundred years. Our mistake would in this case be mischievous, not merely as committing us to a conclusion not borne out by evidence, but as putting out of sight one of the most astonishing facts in the history of the human race. If stories gathered, by Grimm and others, from the lips of peasants and their wives, almost in our own day, were told by Greek nurses or mothers to their children two or three thousand years ago, it is absolutely certain that their introduction into Europe is not owing to the activity of mediæval Christendom and

the contact with the East brought about by the Crusades or any other events of more modern history.

Our first duty, therefore, with regard to any story is to ascertain, so far as it may be possible to do so, the earliest time at which it is found in the written literature of the country to which it is traced, and then to determine, so far as the evidence may warrant our determining, how long it may have been known in that country before it was committed to writing. Of the many misconceptions which have hindered the settlement of such questions or diverted them to a false issue, not a few could never have sprung up if the ancient literature of the Hellenic tribes had been examined without prejudice or partiality. The truth is that Englishmen are still, or have been almost to the present time, brought up under the impression that the epic, lyric, and tragic poems which delighted Athenian hearers or readers had nothing in common with the poems and stories which have come to us in a distinctively Teutonic or English dress; and no attempt has been made to ascertain whether and how far the prose writings of Greek historians and mythographers bring before us stories which form part of the native popular tradition or folk-lore of northern Europe. On the contrary, if the subject was ever touched upon at all, boys were led to read the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and to work their way through the dramas of the Greek tragic poets under the firm belief that they contain nothing with which children in our nurseries are familiar in other shapes. Under the influence of this belief, which they never thought of calling in question, some have gone on to suppose that the stories told to English or German children were never told to children in Athens or Rome before the dawn of Christianity; and a few perhaps have tried to find reasons for the marvellous fact that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the odes of Pindar, and the plays of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* should be made up of materials wholly different from those which have furnished our nursery tales, or even the *Saga* literature of the Teutonic nations. That these poems and dramas, the works of the highest human genius, should contain any matter such as that which has been moulded into the

stories of *Cinderella* or *Blue Beard*, or *Boots*, or *Beauty* and the *Beast*, was a thought not to be entertained for a moment. The dignity of the Greek epic or tragic poets would not have stooped to the use of such materials, even if they had known them; but the common impression still is, that they did not know them. In so thinking and speaking, we are no wiser than the learned men who set to work to explain why a jar of water weighed no heavier with fish in it than it weighed without the fish. The danger of neglecting or passing over the evidence which would correct these mistaken impressions may best be shown by citing one or two examples as to which it may be safely said that no room is left for reasonable doubt.

Of the popular tales of northern Europe, one of the most familiar is that of the *Master Thief*. The question is whether this story was known in Germany or Scandinavia, or in any other part of Europe, before the Middle Ages of our era, or whether it was not. In Professor Max Müller's belief, it was first brought from Asia by means of the Arabic translation of the *Hitopadesa*, known as the *Kalila and Dimna*. This conclusion, he admits, could not be maintained if the tale were found in Herodotus, in whose time the translations of the *Hitopadesa* had, of course, not yet reached Europe, and the compilation of the *Panchatantra*, which furnished the materials of the *Hitopadesa*, was still a thing of the distant future. If it were so found, we should, he allows, be obliged to include the *Master Thief* within the most primitive stock of Aryan lore. But speaking of the story of the *Brahman* and the *Goat*, told in the *Hitopadesa*, he adds:

"There is nothing in the story of the two sons of the architect who robbed the treasury of *Rhampsinitos*, which turns on the trick of the *Master Thief*. There were thieves more or less clever in Egypt as well as in India, and some of their stratagems were possibly the same at all times. But there is a keen and well-defined humor in the story of the *Brahman* and his deference to public opinion. Of this there is no trace in the anecdote told by Herodotus. That anecdote deals with mere matter of fact, whether imaginary or historical. The story of *Rhampsinitos* did enter into the popular literature of Europe, but through a different channel. We find it in the *Gesta Romanorum*, where Octavianus has taken the

place of Rhampsinitos, and we can hardly doubt that it came originally from Herodotus."

So far as this tale is concerned, the question must be set at rest if it can be shown that not merely the adventures, but the title, of the Master Thief, was well known in Europe for ages before the *Gesta Romanorum* came into existence. If this can be shown, there will be no need, and no temptation, to trace the Norse, Teutonic, and Irish versions of the legend to the *Gesta*. To do so would be only to multiply difficulties unnecessarily. Of the *Hitopadesa* story, then, we may note, first, that it says nothing of a regular fraternity of thieves, nothing of a rivalry among them, nothing of the pre-eminence of one who was never known to fail, and therefore, of course, that it does not mention his distinctive title. Of the several versions of the Master Thief, on the other hand, we must remember that not one ascribes the losses of his victims to any deference to public opinion; and thus, without going further, we may be justified in doubting whether the story of the Brahman and the Goat has more than a very distant connection with one or two of the incidents embodied in the story of the Master Thief, while it certainly has nothing to do with its leading idea. The *Hitopadesa* tale is, indeed, very simple, if not very meagre. It merely tells us of a Brahman who, on being assured by three thieves in succession that the goat which he carried on his back was a dog, cast off the animal, and so left it as a prize for the knaves, who had adopted this mode of cheating him. But it does not say that these three rogues were striving for the mastery among themselves; and if they had been so striving they could not thus have worked in concert.

The gist of this story, Professor Max Müller remarks, is "that a man will believe almost anything, if he is told the same by three different people." But in truth it is not easy to discern any real affinity between the *Hitopadesa* tale and the European traditions of the Master Thief; and the moral of the latter, if they have any moral—at all, seems to be very different. Instead of showing that the seemingly independent testimony of two or three witnesses will pass at once for truth with the credulous, they seem

rather to point out that there are some who cannot be taught by experience. The tales themselves give their key-note with singular plainness. When, in the German story, he returns to his father's hovel with all the pomp of wealth, the youth replies to the question how his riches have been gained by saying, "I have been a thief; but do not be frightened, I am a Master Thief. Neither locks nor bolts avail against me; whatever I wish for is mine." He is one in whom the power of thieving is inborn. He needs no teaching, and his first exploits are as mighty and as successful as his last. The increasing difficulty of the tasks imposed upon him excites not the least feeling of fear or hesitation; and in the craft which invariably employs the means best fitted to obtain the desired ends there is no malignity and no spite, but always a genial humor, which delights in the absurdity of the positions in which his victims place themselves. These characteristics mark the three versions of the story, which may be found in Grimm's "Household Tales," in Dasent's "Tales from the Norse," and in Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands." The question is when did the myth of which we have these three closely-allied forms find its way into Europe?

In the pages of Herodotus we have a singular story, which he ascribes to the reign and the capital of the Egyptian king, Rhampsinitos. In this legend the wealth of the king is filched from his treasury by the sons of the architect, who on his death-bed reveals to them the method by which he had retained the power of entering it without the owner's knowledge. Finding his stores dwindling away, the king places a trap within the house. Being caught in this trap, the youngest brother prevails on the elder to cut off his head; and Rhampsinitos on entering the chamber is not only astounded at finding a headless body, but terrified by the knowledge that at least one of his spoilers was still at large. It is at this point of the story that a series of incidents begins, which show the unfailing wit and success of the thief who had no peer. Inviolable custom demanded that the bodies of the dead should be duly mourned; and the king fully counts on speedy discovery

when he orders his guards to impale the body on a wall, and bring before him any one whom they might find mourning for him. Resolved that the body should have the due rites of burial, the mother tells her surviving son that unless he forthwith brings it to her she will reveal everything; and the thief, loading some asses with wine-skins, drives them under the wall where the guards are keeping watch, and then loosening the strings of three of them, allows the liquor to escape. Roused by his frantic cries of distress and calls for help, the soldiers hasten to the rescue; but they are more intent upon catching the wine in their cups and drinking it, than on fastening the skins. At length their entreaties overcome the reluctance of the thief, and receiving more and more wine, they drink themselves into insensibility. The thief, of course, takes away the body; and its disappearance more than ever perplexes the king, who now makes use of his daughter to discover the criminal. The effort is vain. The thief places in her hand the hand of a dead man, and so escapes from her grasp. The king feels that no other course is now before him than to win his friendship by offering him his daughter, and on the celebration of the marriage he is told by Rhampsinitos that the Egyptians are cleverer than all other men, but that he in his thievery is cleverer than all the Egyptians.

Unless the Egyptian people of the days of Herodotus are to be regarded as a portion of the Aryan race, the presence of this legend in the Nile Valley is a perplexing fact, which can be explained seemingly only on the hypothesis of not infrequent intercourse between Egypt and India. The flattering unctio to Egyptian vanity with which the story is wound up, might easily be brought in by men who were well aware that the myth was not one of Egyptian growth. But it is not less clear that if it be not Egyptian, it must be borrowed. There is, no doubt, a class of myths which are common to all mythical systems alike, whether Aryan or non-Aryan; but these myths all belong to the primary or organic stage of development, and their general characteristics may be easily discovered. The phenomena of day and night or of the seasons must to a certain

extent impress all mankind in the same way. There is, therefore, nothing which is of necessity distinctively Aryan in phrases which speak of the sun as the child of the darkness or of the dawn; of the night as the daughter of the sun or twilight; of the sun itself as compelled to move in a fixed track, hence as under the doom of ceaseless toil, a bondman or a slave. From all these phrases a large crop of stories might spring up everywhere; but the character and sequence of their incidents would differ completely, except among tribes who had carried away at least the framework of the tales from the common home of their forefathers. The legend of the treasure-house of Rhampsinitos is not one of this class. The leading ideas or the framework of the tale being once given, we can imagine that the ingenuity of later generations might refine on the subtleties of the Master Thief; but we cannot suppose that a series of ideas so singular could suggest themselves to many minds, or even to two minds, independently. If it be supposed, as some have been inclined to think, that the old inhabitants of the Nile Valley belong to the Aryan stock, the difficulty is at once removed; but the substantial identity of the tale with stories found in India, Germany, Norway, and Scotland is beyond doubt. The Indian story, however, is not that of the Brahman and the Goat, in the *Hitopadesa*, but the tale of *Karpura* and *Gata* related by *Somadeva Bhatta* of *Cashmir*, in his "*Katha-sarit-sagara*," or "*Ocean of the Stream of Narrative*," a collection made early in the twelfth century, and itself professedly an abridgment of the older collection, known as the "*Vrihat-Kathâ*." Here, as in the Egyptian tale, we have a king, a king's daughter, and a room in which he places his child as well as his treasures: but the thieves are more clumsy. The elder brother enters, not by pushing aside a movable stone, but merely by making a hole through the wall. Staying too long, he is caught in the morning and hanged, having time only to warn his brother to carry away the princess. From this point the legend follows much the same course with that of Rhampsinitos. The body of *Karpura* is exposed, and the necessary amount of mourning must be gone through for it. This the

surviving brother, Gata, accomplishes by dashing on the ground a *karpapa*, or pot of rice, and exclaiming, "Alas for my precious *karpapa*!"—words which the guards regard as uttered for the loss of the broken pipkin. The trick of the wine follows, and the body is stolen away; but when the king puts forth a proclamation promising his daughter in marriage to a thief of such consummate skill, the princess bids Gata beware, and they make their escape together from the country. The substantial identity of this tale with the Egyptian tradition cannot be questioned; but the latter assuredly could not be derived from the "Vrihat-Kathâ," which was probably not in existence for perhaps a thousand years after the time of Herodotus, and perhaps no one will maintain that the Egyptian version is the original of the myth as given by Somadeva Bhatta.

The idea that the story in Herodotus furnished the materials for the Teutonic, Norse, and Celtic versions of the Master Thief would be scarcely less absurd. In these versions, the narrative exhibits great changes in detail; but the framework remains the same, and the general spirit of the myth is in no way altered. It is very necessary to note that the thief is described as a singularly slim and slender youth, whose modest and unpretending demeanor would never lead strangers to suspect his astonishing adroitness and power. In each of these versions the place of the king is taken by a wealthy nobleman, whose daughter, in the Norse and Scottish stories, becomes the wife of the thief. The German tale alone makes no mention of any daughter, and is, indeed, the most meagre of the three. In it we are told that the thief resolves to face the count in his castle, and is told that he can escape death only if he succeeds in stealing the count's favorite horse from his stable, then in taking away the counterpane from his bed, while he and his wife are asleep, and lastly in stealing the parson and clerk out of the church. The first of these tasks is performed by precisely the same means which the thief employs in the Hindu and Egyptian stories. The guards are stupefied with drugged wine, and the thief rides up to the castle on the stolen horse. The second he accomplishes by means of a

corpse, which he pushes up to the window of the room in which the count slept. The latter, hearing the noise, points a pistol at the figure and fires; and the thief immediately lets the body fall to the ground. When the count comes down to bury the dead man, the thief hastens to the chamber and obtains the bed-covering from the countess on the plea of needing a shroud, and the ring on the plea that it was only fair to bury with him that for which he had perilled his life. Although this incident is not found in the Herodotean story, it may be well to compare the use here made of the corpse with the way in which the dead man's hand is used in the Egyptian tale. The accomplishment of the third task is, like the other incidents of the legend, related with greater humor and vigor in the Norse version, in which the thief, climbing into a tree, tells the priest that he is an angel sent to announce to him that he should be taken up alive into heaven for his piety's sake, that at a given time he would come for him with a sack, and that all his worldly goods must be left in a heap in his dining-room. Completely taken in, the priest, who had laughed at the nobleman for allowing himself to be duped, preaches a farewell sermon, telling his parishioners of his approaching ascension. The result is that his goods are stolen, and he himself left bruised and battered in the sack.

Of this incident we have no trace in the Herodotean tale, nor does it appear in that of *Karpapa* and *Gata*; but we find it in a totally different connection in the very remarkable story of *Champa Ranee*, related by Miss Frere in her volume entitled "Old Deccan Days." This story will call for some further notice. For the present, we have to mark that in Scotland the legend of the Shifty Lad presents a much closer likeness to the Egyptian myth than either the Norse or the German versions. We cannot, of course, fail to notice the still closer resemblance to the Herodotean tale exhibited in the tradition which Pausanias relates of the treasury of *Hyrieus*, built by *Trophonios* and *Agamedes*, who so leave one of the stones that it can be moved from the outside. Here, again, a snare is set; and *Hyrieus* is astounded to find the body of *Agamedes*.

medes, whose head had been carried away by Trophonios. In this instance it may, of course, be said that the localizing of this tale in Hellas was the result of direct borrowing from the Herodotean narrative; but this explanation can scarcely be received without much misgiving. The details of the Celtic legend are certainly more noteworthy. The Shifty Lad here goes through his time of pupilage under the Black Rogue, whom he tricks to his death. He next engages himself to a carpenter, with whom he agrees to plunder the king's treasure-chamber. The snare set in this case is a hog's head of soft pitch, into which the wright sinks up to his neck. The youth, stepping in on his shoulders, takes as much gold as he can carry, and then sweeping off the carpenter's head, leaves his body in the cask. The king now consults a Seanagal, who advises that they should "set the trunk aloft on the points of the spears of the soldiers, to be carried from town to town, to see if they could find any one at all to take sorrow for it." As they pass the carpenter's house, his wife cries out in her distress; but the thief cuts himself with an adze, and makes the captain believe that the cry was caused by sorrow at his hurt. This is followed by the hanging of the body on a tree, the soldiers receiving strict orders to seize any one who should attempt to take it down; but they are, of course, tempted to drink themselves to sleep, and the thief carries off the corpse. The sequel is, perhaps, in still closer accordance with the Herodotean version; and Mr. Campbell, who gives us the Celtic tale, duly notices the theory that these incidents "have been spread among the people by those members of their families who study the classics of the Scotch universities." This theory, he adds, involves the further supposition that "these books have been read at some time so widely in Scotland, as to have become known to the laboring population who speak Gaelic, and so long ago as to have been forgotten by the instructed who speak English and study foreign languages."

That the five stories thus far noticed are simply variations of one myth, we may now very safely maintain; and it is also proved that the legend in Herodotus could not possibly be derived from either

the Katha-sarit-sagara or Panchatantra. But inasmuch as the Egyptian tradition is in substance the same as those of northern Europe, Professor Max Müller's conclusion that the story of the Master Thief could not be known to Herodotus, because the translations from the *Hitopadesa* had not yet found their way westward, and indeed were not yet in existence, falls to the ground. There remains one more fact connected with these legends, which is more astonishing than any which we have yet marked. The so-called Homeric Hymn to Hermes is undoubtedly older than the history of Herodotus—how much older it might be rash to affirm. But for Thucydides these hymns were certainly the work of Homer, and he speaks of them as having been composed in times which even in his day were ancient. The one addressed to Hermes dwells on the exploits of a child so slender and weak that none who see him in this form can credit him with the possession of gigantic power and superhuman subtlety. He is, in short, the slim and lithe youth whom the count or the squire of northern stories cannot bring themselves to regard with any fear. Yet there are no secret places into which he cannot penetrate; there are no treasures which he cannot filch away; and when his thievish work is done, he resumes his old appearance of innocence and weakness. The hymn speaks of him as born in the early morning, when he sings sweetly to himself in his cradle, playing gently with the cradle-clothes. But in an hour or two he rises up and fashions for himself a lyre with the shell of a tortoise which he finds in front of the cradle, and after bringing forth from it for a little while some beautiful, stirring melodies, he hurries with gigantic paces over hill and valley to the mountains where the cattle of Phœbus are feeding. These he drives away by tortuous paths which make the task of tracking him hopeless; and when Apollo at last finds him, he has passed through the bolt-hole of the cave, and is again whispering to himself in his cradle. What can a child a few hours old know of cattle or of thieving? Still there is roguery in his eye, and when he has made his defence, he utters a soft whistling sound, to show, perhaps, how entirely it should be believed. In spite of his anger, a smile is

forced to the face of Phœbus ; and in the suppressed amusement which the whole adventure gives him we have the counterpart of a very striking feature in the Norse version of the story. The squire may be vexed at finding himself in every case outwitted ; but he cannot help laughing at his own discomfiture, and still more at the troubles of the parson. In this version one of the trials which he imposes on the thief is that of stealing from him his own horse while he is riding it ; and an incident closely in accordance with this, but not mentioned in the Hymn of Hermes, is given in the well-known stanza of Horace :

" Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret viduus pharetra
Risit Apollo.

In all the forms of the myth, except in the Teutonic version in Grimm's collection, the thief marries the daughter of the king, nobleman, or squire, whose treasures and property he has stolen. In other words, the old wrong is atoned, and a league of amity set up between them. This is the special point of the tale related in the Homeric hymn, in which Phœbus Apollo is the king, count, or squire. It is impossible to resist the plunderer ; it is, therefore, better to make him the guardian of the cattle, which otherwise he will steal without leave or license, and the proffer is accompanied by the solemn promise that the child or youth shall be honored forever by the title of the Master Thief.

τοῦτο γὰρ οὖν καὶ ἔπειτα μετ' ἀθανάτοισι γέρας
ἔξει,
ΑΡΧΟΣ ΦΗΛΗΤΕΩΝ κεκλήσεται ἡμᾶτα πάντα.

Here, then, we have demonstrative evidence, not merely that the story of the Arch Thief or Master Thief was known in Europe, for many centuries probably, before the time of Herodotus, but that the Greeks were perfectly familiar with the title, and that this title, in fact, lay at the very root of the myth. On the Rhampsinitos story we need lay no stress. It is valuable chiefly as proving that the legend was not first brought into the West by translations from the Hitopadesa ; but although Herodotus speaks of it as an Egyptian tradition, it by no means follows that he was rightly informed. Egyptians might easily local-

ize a tale which they had received originally from Greeks or any others ; and the story of Hyrieus, Trophonios, and Agamemedes is conclusive evidence that the myth existed in Hellas in a distinctively Greek form. We can scarcely suppose that the tale related by Pausanias is of post-Herodotean growth ; and the fact that Herodotus does not notice it goes for nothing. Few Greeks, probably, were familiar with the whole mass of Hellenic mythology, and it is only on the hypothesis of this partial knowledge that we can account for the silence of many writers on myths closely resembling those of which they were themselves speaking. The value of the Homeric hymn is immeasurably greater. It places beyond doubt the fact that the myth formed part of the folk-lore of Hellenic tribes for many centuries before the compilation of the Vrihat-Kathā and the Panchatantra, and it also discloses its origin. The cows of Phœbus are the cattle of Indra, and these are unmistakably the rain-giving clouds, which are driven along by the wind. But the wind can blow either softly or strongly, and therefore the wind is not only a thief, but a singer or harper. The powers of music and of theft are inherently his own ; and though he may root up forests in his fury, in his gentler moods he can call forth sounds that fill all hearts with gladness. The covenant represented by the marriage of the thief with the daughter of the king, count, or squire, in the northern versions is here represented by the compact which, in return for the rod of wealth, secures to Phœbus from Hermes the divine power of song. The real nature of the material from which the story has grown up is laid bare in every line of the hymn. The wind can penetrate into tangled thickets and mysterious caves ; the wind-god, therefore, thinks that he may fairly ask for the wisdom of the sun-god, who sees and knows all things. In thorough accordance with the facts of the outward world, he is told that this request cannot be granted, but he may obtain a wisdom far surpassing that of man by holding converse with the hoary sisters who dwell in the cliffs of Parnassus. To crown the proof, we have in hymns of the Rig Veda precisely the same conceptions of the wind which

have shaped the western myth. In those hymns, Rudra is the father of the Maruts, the wind whose "shout makes all men reel forward over the whole space of the earth." Like Hermes, Rudra is "the bountiful," "the gracious," and has his fertilizing power; but like him and the Shifty Lad, he is also "the lord of thieves, the robber, the cheater, the deceiver, the lord of pilferers and robbers."

This evidence can lead us to but one conclusion. The story of the Master Thief was not brought into Greece or into northern Europe by any communication of Greeks or Teutons with Aryan tribes after they had planted themselves in the Indian peninsula. It is useless to refer it to the intercourse between the East and West caused by the conquests of Alexander, or even by the wars with Darius and Xerxes, because the Hymn to Hermes is older, probably by many centuries, than the earliest of these events. It must belong therefore to that class of myths which the ancestors of Hindus, Greeks, Celts, Teutons, and Scandinavians carried away with them, in forms more or less developed, from their common primeval home.

The temptation to connect the story of Panch Phul Rane, in Miss Frere's "Deccan Tales," with that of the Snake Leaves in Grimm's collection, as an instance of direct borrowing, might be felt perhaps even more strongly. Neither of these two tales has found its way into written literature until quite lately; but in the former we read of a young prince killed in jumping the seventh hedge of spears, within which the Dawn-maiden was imprisoned. The rajah is tired of seeing so many men die in order to win her, and he orders that his daughter shall be taken away with the dead body and abandoned in a jungle. There she hears two jackals talking, and learns that he might be brought to life again, if some of the leaves of a certain tree were crushed "and a little of the juice put into the rajah's two ears and upon his upper lip, and some upon the spear-wounds in his side." The German story is that of the husband of a princess, who makes a vow that she will marry no one who would not promise that, if she should die first, he would let himself be buried alive with her. Shut up with

his wife's body, he sees a snake creeping out of a corner of the vault and, thinking it was coming to feed on the corpse, he cut it into three pieces with his sword. Another snake, which now crawled out, retreated on seeing its companion dead, and returned with three green leaves in its mouth. Joining the three pieces of the dead snake together, it put a leaf on each wound, and the serpent thus restored to life crawled away with the other. The husband now places the leaf on the mouth and eyes of his wife's body, and her life also is restored. It is, of course, possible that the story may have been carried from Germany to India or from India to Germany within the last two or three centuries, although from the scant communication between the two countries, as well as from the wide differences in the setting and details of the legends, this is in a very high degree unlikely. But the speculation is superfluous. The tale was known in Europe at least two and twenty centuries ago, and it is recorded in the pages of Apollodorus, who tells us how Polyidos found the dead body of Glaukos, the son of Minos, and was by the king's order shut up with it until he should bring it to life.

"Being sorely perplexed," says the mythographer, "Polyidos saw a dragon approach the corpse. This he killed with a stone, and another dragon came, and, seeing the first one dead, went away and brought some grass which it placed on the body of the other, which immediately rose up. Polyidos, having beheld this with astonishment, put the same grass on the body of Glaukos, and restored him to life." Here, then, we have another set of tales, for which any other supposition than that of lateral transmission becomes inadmissible. The Greek, the Hindu, and the German story form part of the folk-lore carried away from the common ancient home of the Aryan tribes.

A strong presumption, to say the least, is thus raised against the hypothesis of conscious borrowing in the case of stories which, down almost to our own times, have belonged strictly to the unwritten folk-lore of Europe or Asia. It will be found probably that the influence of the great Hindu, Persian, and Arabian compilations which have been made known in Europe by means of translations, has

lain chiefly among the educated and literary classes ; and that they have not furnished materials for the genuine folklore stories which the country people tell to one another, or to their children. If, then, we find a story of a very complicated kind in Grimm's collection, which in all its essential features reappears in a Hindu tale picked up only the other day from one who had received it by oral tradition, we are scarcely justified in thinking that the one was borrowed from the other, even if a story more or less resembling it had already been given to the world in printed books. When no such tale has been printed or written down, the likelihood of the borrowing becomes indefinitely fainter. This substantial identity between the story of the Dog and the Sparrow, in Grimm, and that of Champa Raneé in the Hindu legend of Vikram Maharajah, is very striking. Certainly, we cannot trace these tales back to the age in which the Hymn to Hermes was composed ; and probably the literary world never heard of either before the present century. In both a bird vows to ruin a human being for injuring a helpless and unoffending creature ; and in both the offender is made to bring about the catastrophe by his own voluntary acts. In the German story the wrong is done by a carter to a dog, which he deliberately crushes beneath the wheels of his wagon. The dog's friend, a sparrow, warns him that his deed should cost him his horses and his cart. The bird contrives to force out the cork from the bung-hole of one of the casks in the wagon, and the wine is wasted. She then perches on the head of one of the horses and picks out his eye. The carter, hurling his hatchet at the bird, slays the horse. The other casks and the remaining horses are disposed of in the same way. Hastening home, the carter bewails his disasters to his wife, who tells him that a wicked bird had brought a vast army of birds, which were eating every ear of corn in their wheat-fields. But when the carter mourns over the poverty which had come upon him, the bird says that he is not poor enough yet. His deed shall cost him his life. After desperate efforts he catches the sparrow, and when his wife asks if she shall kill it, he replies that that would be too merciful. He there-

fore swallows her alive ; but the bird flutters about in his stomach, and coming into his throat, cries out again that she will have his life. In despair, the carter bids his wife bring an axe and smite the bird in his mouth. Missing her aim, she kills her husband, and the predictions of the sparrow are fulfilled. In Miss Frere's "Deccan Tale" the place of the sparrow is taken by a parrot, and that of the carter by a dancing-girl, while a wood-cutter, whom the girl tries to cheat, represents the dog of the German story. The case is brought before the rajah, who determines to abide by the sentence of a wise parrot belonging to a merchant in the city. The bird is enabled to prove the fabrications of the nautch girl, who declares that she will get the parrot into her power and bite off its head. The vow of the parrot is now made once for all, and the story runs to its issue with a cleverness and simplicity for which we look in vain in the German tale. Summoned to the merchant's house, the maiden dances so well that she is bidden to name her own reward. She asks only for the parrot, which she gives to her servant to be cooked, ordering that its head may be grilled and brought to her that she may eat it before tasting anything else. The parrot is plucked, having escaped the wringing of its neck by pretending to be dead, and during a momentary absence of the servant wriggles itself into the hole which carries off the kitchen sewage. A chicken's head is placed before Champa Raneé, who exults over the success of her scheme of vengeance. But the nautch woman is one who fears death exceedingly, and her constant prayer to the god whose image stood in a neighboring temple was that she might be translated to heaven without the process of dying. The parrot, placing itself behind this image, tells the girl, when next she comes, that her prayer has been heard, and that, if she wishes to attain her desire, she must sell her goods and give them to the poor, and, having levelled her house to the ground, must return to the temple, when she should be bodily taken up into heaven. Champa Raneé does as she is bidden ; but when she hastens to the shrine with the friends whom she has brought to witness her glorification, the parrot flies up from be-

hind the image and bids her farewell. "You ate a chicken's head," said the bird. "Where is your house now? Where are your servants and all your possessions? Have my words come true, think you, or yours?" Cursing her folly, the nautch girl dashes herself down on the floor of the temple, and is killed.

This incident of the promised ascent into heaven, and of the disappointment which follows it, is found, as we have seen, in the Norse and Teutonic versions of the story of the Master Thief. The correspondence extends even to minute touches; but the setting in the two cases is entirely unlike, and the fact would seem to prove that of the innumerable mythical incidents handed down by the forefathers of the Aryan nations, some might be applied to different purposes, the change of collocation establishing their great age still more conclusively. But, apart from this, what opportunity have German peasants had of borrowing from the peasants of India, or the latter from the former, since the days when Hermann crushed the legions of Varus, or for centuries before his time? Clearly none; and it would probably be true to say that no borrowed story ever differed so widely from its original as that of Champa Ranee differs from the German tale of the Dog and the Sparrow. If there is absolutely no evidence of borrowing, the notion must be given up, and it should be given up with good-will. Professor Max Müller has rightly set aside, as sneaking, the argument which ascribes to conscious borrowing even those fables which are common to all the branches of the Aryan family. It seems to afford an explanation, when it is really a mere surmise, which furnishes none. But it is not the less impossible that the Hindu and the German should each for himself have hit on the idea which makes a bird the avenger of wanton wrong, and brings about the ruin of the wrongdoer through his own acts, while in each case the criminal swallows, or thinks he has swallowed, his persecutor. Whatever, then, be the origin of the story (and with this it is unnecessary for the present to concern ourselves) its framework belongs, we must conclude, to that distant time when the forefathers of the Hindu, the German, and the Englishman had still a common home in Central Asia.

There are, of course, a vast number of tales, of which it would be very rash to speak positively, but which raise nevertheless some curious and interesting questions. The readers of *Fraser* will remember Mrs. Oliphant's singularly beautiful story of "Earthbound," which appeared in the number for January last. This tale tells us of a girl who had died in early youth, and whose short life was marked by the clinging tenderness which, after death, would not suffer her to leave the scenes which she had loved. More than others about her, she had delighted in her home; and when her happy spring-time was cut short, her spirit could not tear itself away from her old haunts. She lingers especially round one spot as the slow years roll away; and at length a young man, with a deeper insight than his companions, is enabled to see her and confess his love. She answers him gratefully and tenderly, but without any trace of earthly passion. After his departure "no one else, so far as we have heard, has been again accosted by the gentle little lady who was earthbound. Perhaps her time of willing punishment is over, and she is earthbound no more."

This, it may be said, is a very simple framework for a story; but it is as striking as it is simple, and it awakens a keen curiosity to learn how the idea originated. Arguing for another purpose, Mr. Gladstone had said long ago, in his "Homeric Studies," that "invention cannot absolutely create; it can only work on what it finds already provided to hand;" and the Eastern and Western versions of myths already noticed have shown convincingly how extremely simple may be the framework of very complicated stories, which in spite of all differences in local features and coloring, come undoubtedly from the same source. Now, in Washington Irving's delightful "Tales of the Alhambra" we have in

* Due allowance must be made, in examining these tales, for the degree in which the imagination of the narrator may have modified or embellished them. But it must be remembered that Irving disclaims complete originality for any of them, while he declares that he has given some as nearly as he can recollect in the words of his informant. To the latter belongs the noteworthy story entitled the "Adventure of the Mason," one of the many tales of plundered treasure-houses which have already

the "Legend of the Three Beautiful Princesses" a character which is precisely that of the gentle lady in "Earthbound." Zorayhayda, like her, is bound to her home, even to those objects in it which we might fancy would not be likely to call forth any warm affection. But to every object in it she clings; and when, like her sisters, she is the love of a Spanish captive, she cannot make up her mind to follow their example, and elope with her lover. She remained in her home and she died young, and the story ran that every night, clad in her Moorish garb, she appeared by the side of the fountain in the patio (the square of grass with its vase-surmounted pedestal in "Earthbound"), in the hope of being seen by some Christian, at whose hands she might receive baptism and thus be enabled to rest in peace. Generations roll away; and at length a maiden, who despairs of the faithfulness of her lover, sits down one midsummer night disconsolate by the fountain side. "The poor little damsel's heart was overlaid with sad and tender recollections, her tears began to flow, and slowly fell drop by drop into the fountain. By degrees the crystal water became agitated, until a female figure, richly clad in Moorish robes, slowly rose to view." Like Edmund Coventry, the Rose of the Alhambra the next morning relates her experience to her aunt, and like him is told that she must have been dreaming. Like him also, she resolves on seeing the gentle lady again, if it be possible. "That what I have seen is no phantasy of the brain," said she to herself, "I am confident. If indeed it be the spirit of the gentle Zorayhayda, which I have heard lingers about this tower, of what should I be afraid?" Her hope is realized. The vision excites in her mind

come before us in the stories of Rhampsinitos, of Karpapa and Gata, of Hyrieus, and of the Master Thief. It is probably not too much to say that those who have given any attention to the subject of comparative mythology will have no difficulty in distinguishing those portions of Irving's Alhambra stories which belong to the local tradition from his additions or embellishments. There can be no question of the substantial genuineness of the story of "Prince Ahmed-al-Kamel, or the Pilgrim of Love;" and with scarcely less confidence we may speak of the passage relating to Zorayhayda in the legend of the Rose of the Alhambra as obtained by Irving from the story-tellers of the place.

a strange tumult of feelings, but she is "reassured by the soft and plaintive voice of the apparition, and the sweet expression of her pale, melancholy countenance." The Moorish lady asks if the maiden will undertake the task of breaking the spell by pouring over her the waters of baptism and uttering the holy words:

"'I will,' replied the damsel, trembling. 'Come hither, then, and fear not. Dip thy hand in the fountain, sprinkle the water over me, and baptize me after the manner of thy faith: so shall the enchantment be dispelled, and my troubled spirit have repose.' The damsel advanced with faltering steps, dipped her hand in the fountain, collected water in the palm, and sprinkled it over the pale face of the phantom. The latter smiled with ineffable benignity. She dropped her silver lute at the feet of Jacinta, crossed her white arms upon her bosom, and melted from sight, so that it seemed merely as if a shower of dew drops had fallen into the fountain."

In this legend we have the essential features and some even of the minutest details in the story of "Earthbound." It would be a matter, therefore, of no little interest to learn whether Mrs. Oliphant has found this tale localized in any English spot; in what shape it first came to her knowledge; and whether there is any clue toward tracing its history. Because it resembles in greater or less degree the Alhambra story, it by no means follows that it is a direct importation from Spain; but, on the other hand, no peculiarities of local coloring will suffice, of themselves, to prove that it is of strictly English origin. The features of "The Ghost of Lew Trenchard" seem to be absolutely distinctive; and Mr. Baring Gould relates with reference to it a circumstantial tale which might deceive any but the most wary. A young man who had landed from America soon after the death of Madame Gould was riding home to Tavistock.

"It was a clear moonlight night, and as he passed through the Lew Valley, with the white rime lying thick on the grass, he noticed a newly-ploughed field, in which the plough had been left. On this was seated a lady in white satin, with long brown hair floating down her shoulders. Her face was uplifted and her eyes were directed toward the moon, so that Mr. Symonds had a full view of it. He recognized her at once, and taking off his hat, he called out, 'I wish you a very good-night, Madame.' She bowed in return and waved her hand, the man noticing the sparkle of her

diamond rings as she did so. On reaching home, after the first greetings and congratulations, he said to his aged parents, 'What do you think now? I have seen that strange Madame Gould sitting on a plough this time o'night, and with frost on the ground, looking at the moon.' All who heard him started, and a blank expression passed over their countenances. The young man, seeing that he had surprised them more than he had anticipated, asked what was the matter. The reply was, 'Madame was buried three days ago in Lew Church.'"

In this story Mr. Baring Gould sees a legend which in its essential features is of great antiquity, and he asserts in plain words that Madame Gould, a lady who died toward the close of the eighteenth century, is "unquestionably

an ancient Saxon goddess (the German Frau Holle) who has fallen from her pedestal and undergone anthropomorphism and localization." Such instances, he adds, although rare in England, are common enough in Norway. It would be interesting to learn whether the framework of "Earthbound" has been provided by any like process; nor must it be forgotten that it is strictly the framework only which is a matter of scientific interest. The details may vary indefinitely; but the myths already examined must surely suffice to show that the divergences of stories manifestly cognate may be profoundly astonishing. —*Fraser's Magazine*.

LOLA MONTES.

EUROPE in 1846 was anything but a pleasant abode for despotically-inclined kings and ministers. That fitful restlessness which precedes the fever of revolution was impelling men to demand all sorts of concessions from their rulers: Louis Philippe and Frederick William were wavering in the storm; and even Metternich, subtle of brain and strong of will, aided by bayonets and Jesuits, was unable to keep down the rising tide of democracy.

In one part of Germany, however, in the little Kingdom of Bavaria, the anti-progressive party was enjoying a triumph as complete as that attained elsewhere by the grape-shot and wholesale deportations of the autocrat Nicholas. The press was effectually fettered, justice was administered in closed courts and solely in the interests of the nobility, the Protestants were kept under with a strong hand, and all foreign relations were directed in due subordination to the great despotic interests of the continent.

Suddenly these conditions were radically altered, and Bavaria's voice was heard on the side of liberalism and progress. M. Abel and his Ultramontane colleagues, who had held office for ten years, were dismissed: Prince Wallenstein, a man of marked liberal tendencies, was called to office, the press was made as free as it could be under the existing federal legislation of Germany, the Ultramontane Party was

crushed both at court and in the University, and Bavaria assumed an independent and liberal attitude in its foreign relations. A memorable instance of this last change occurred on the occasion of Austria and Prussia making a proposal to the German Diet strongly hostile to the Swiss Government and to the events which had recently taken place in Switzerland. Bavaria immediately declared to the Diet and to the British Minister at Munich that "the constitutional States of Germany could not but sympathize with the Swiss Government so long as it continues to respect the principle of cantonal sovereignty and confines itself to measures calculated to ameliorate the condition and administration of the country."

This dramatic change of administration and policy was inspired and directed by an *intrigante* of remarkable intellect and force of character, under whose influence Ludwig Karl August, the artist-king of Bavaria, fell toward the close of forty-six.

Lola Montes, a beautiful *danseuse*, came to Munich from Paris, overflowing with a passionate enthusiasm for liberty, equality, and fraternity, a sentiment she had imbibed under the auspices of a young journalist named Dujarrier. At Munich, obtaining permission to dance in the theatre there, her beauty and distinguished manners attracted the notice of the king. On further acquaintance with her he became so enamored

of her originality of character that he installed her as his favorite. From that moment Bavaria and its king were governed by Lola Montes.

This adventuress's exit from Paris was as picturesque as her rise into power at Munich. Dujarrier, who was editor of *La Presse*, quarrelled with a political opponent named Beauvallon. Beauvallon challenged him to a duel, which they fought in the Bois de Bologne. Dujarrier, who could not hit a mark as large as a man twice in fourteen times, was shot through the brain. For this honorable murder Beauvallon was tried at Rouen and acquitted. Among the witnesses at the trial were Alexandre Dumas, who was a friend of Dujarrier, and Lola Montes. This is what the journals said of Lola's part in the tragedy :

" Mlle. de Montes had expressed a desire to be introduced to Beauvallon and go to the dinner, but Dujarrier positively refused to allow it. She received the letter on her return from rehearsal, and immediately took measures to prevent the duel, but it was too late. 'I was,' said she, in her testimony, 'a better shot than Dujarrier, and if Beauvallon wanted satisfaction I would have fought him myself.' She received the corpse from the carriage, and the emotion which she then experienced was still visible in her testimony. Dujarrier evidently entertained a warm affection for her, as, in addition to his farewell letter, he wrote a will on the morning of the duel, leaving her the principal part of his estate."

The spirited manner in which Lola had rushed to the duelling-ground with the intention of herself exchanging shots with Beauvallon rather than her friend should be exposed to death, made her the heroine and idol of the hour in Paris. Her fame as a woman of spirit preceded her to Munich, and no doubt assisted in gaining her such an immediate ascendancy over the mind of King Ludwig.

Before Lola Montes became thus notorious, her life had been a very varied one.

Her baptismal name was Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert, and she was born of respectable parents in the city of Limerick in the year 1818. Her mother was of Spanish descent. Her father was an officer in the Forty-fourth Regiment. Shortly after her birth her parents took her to India. Here her father died of cholera, and, her mother speedily re-marrying, Dolores, or Lola

as she was always called, was sent to Europe, where she was placed under the care of a Scotch family at Montrose. From Montrose she went to France, and thence to Bath.

Bath was at that time a centre of fashion, and Lola's visit there was a crisis in her life. She had inherited from her mixed Irish and Spanish descent a fierce, passionate temperament, and education and example had done nothing to modify it. Placed early under the over-strict discipline of a Scotch home, its harsh cold rules had only served to implant in her mind an incurable disgust with control, a disgust which her removal thence, attended as it was with greater liberty, intensified into an inalienable part of her character. Her mother, who was ambitious, unscrupulous, and vain, did nothing by her example to correct the faults of the daughter, and, unfortunately, all other difficulties were complicated by Lola's consciousness that she possessed the all-subduing gift of beauty. Under the circumstances, for Lola to finish her education with a fashionable course at Bath was about the most fatal thing that could happen to her.

While at Bath her mother arranged a marriage between her and a gouty old judge of sixty. Lola objected; her mother insisted on her obedience. The impetuous girl settled the dispute by eloping with a captain named James, to whom she was married at Meath, in the month of July, 1837.

Captain James remained in Ireland with his wife eight months, when he joined his regiment, the Twenty-first Bengal Native Foot, in India. The affection between Lola and her husband was never very great; she found him but the gilded shell of a man, and with that her exacting spirit could not be content. Differences arose, by mutual desire a divorce was obtained, and Lola was sent back to Europe at the close of the year 1842.

It was decided by her friends that she should take up her residence with a branch of her father-in-law's family at Perth. Lola retained no pleasant memories of her previous residence in a Calvinistic Scotch family, and she had tasted the delights of liberty. The attractions of the latter as against the

former were too great for her, and on reaching London she put into execution a purpose she had been revolving in her mind on the voyage home—she refused to accompany Mr. David Craigie, who was waiting to escort her to Perth.

She had a small sum of money with which her friends had supplied her before quitting India, and on this she lived for a time. Her intention was to become an actress, but deficient English was a bar to her immediate appearance, so it was settled that she should be a *danseuse*. A Spanish teacher of that art was soon procured, with whom she studied for four months, after which she made her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre.

As a *danseuse* she was not very successful, but her graceful manners and impulsive style proved a source of attraction in various cities of the Continent, and gained her at Paris the friendship of the talented Dujarrier, and eventually placed her in power at Munich.

There, to the surprise of every one, she ruled with wisdom and ability, but her innovations created numerous enemies, who, working on the popular dislike to her foreign extraction and equivocal position, roused disturbances which ended in her expulsion from the kingdom.

During her brief tenure of power she unquestionably assisted the liberal party in Bavaria, but that she could ever have become a permanent element of strength in its composition is improbable. That she proved herself no mere common *intrigante* is on all hands admitted. Her disposition was generous and her sympathies large, and she had a certain capacity for appreciating and giving practical effect to great political ideas, but she was at the same time vain and wayward, and the good which her liberalism and generosity accomplished was fatally handicapped by her equivocal position.

King Ludwig was passionately fond of this Irish adventuress, and after she had been at Munich a few months he raised her to the ranks of the nobility with the title of Countess of Handsfeld, and gave her an estate of the same name, with certain feudal privileges and rights, which yielded an income of over £5000

per annum. When the popular disturbances drove her from Bavaria, he even endeavored to bring her back again, but was prevented. Her estates were confiscated and her naturalization as a Bavarian subject was cancelled.

Various descriptions of her appearance about this time are extant. In person she was of middle height, slender, with a mass of raven-black hair, and large lustrous eyes of a deep blue, almost approaching black, with long black lashes. The lower part of her face was symmetrical, the upper part not so good, owing to rather prominent cheek-bones. Her chin was somewhat ungracefully sharp, her nose was delicately fashioned, with thin, mobile nostrils whose vibrations betrayed every emotion of anger or pleasure. Her complexion was pale and dark. Seen in repose, she did not merit her great reputation as a beauty; but when in motion or speaking, her vivacity and the expressiveness which lit up her mobile features and magnificent eyes made her undeniably fascinating. She was a charming and eloquent talker, and displayed in her conversation a wide and keen intelligence and a mental grasp unusual in a woman.

From Bavaria, Lola was conveyed under arrest to Switzerland, whence she came to London.

Her arrival in the metropolis was signalled by various notices in the press of her career, and the directors of Covent Garden Theatre announced a piece entitled "Lola Montes, or A Countess for an Hour." The dramatic censor of that day, however, interdicted the representation.

While in London, a young lieutenant named Heald, much to the annoyance of his friends, fell in love with and married the beautiful but too notorious *danseuse*.

An aunt, in whose guardianship he had been left, endeavored as a last resource to trace Lola's previous husband, Captain James, and succeeded. On the strength of this she instituted a charge of bigamy against Lola, but before the case was concluded Heald fled with her to Spain. They wandered about Spain and France together for some time, but they were an ill-matched pair, and eventually Heald left Lola and returned to London, where he easily

succeeded in getting his marriage annulled.

After a short residence in Paris, Lola's restless spirit flung her from one end of the world to the other, and she was heard of in quick succession at the theatres of the United States and of Australia.

Returning to America, she delivered a series of lectures in New York, written for her by C. Chauncey Burr. These proved pecuniarily successful, but with her usual lavishness, she soon wasted the greater part of their proceeds.

Shattered in health, deserted by her associates, and fast sinking into a state of semi-misery, Lola was met in New York by a school-fellow who had known her in the far-off days at quiet Montrose. This lady recognized and spoke to her. Lola's impulsive heart was touched by the unlooked-for remembrance, and she confided all her sense of misery and desolation to her friend, who did her utmost to assist her.

With this friendship a new phase opened in Lola's eventful career; her old restless condition was definitely abandoned for one more domestic, and the last few months of her life were devoted to visiting the outcasts of her own sex at the Magdalen Asylum near New York.

While thus laboring, she was suddenly stricken down with paralysis of the left side. She lingered for a few weeks, and died, sincerely penitent for her past life, on the 17th of January, 1861. She was buried, according to the Episcopalian rites, in Greenwood Cemetery. A plain marble tablet has been erected above the spot, inscribed with her name and the date of her birth and decease. The remains of her property she bequeathed to the Magdalen Asylum.

Thus died Lola Montes at the age of forty-three. With more of the good and more of the evil in her composition than most of her sisters, she made wreck of her life by giving the reins to the latter, and she stands out as a prominent example of the impossibility of a woman breaking away from the responsibilities of her sex with any permanent gain either to herself or to society. Her passionate, enthusiastic, and loving nature was her strength, which, by fascinating all who came in contact with her, was also her weakness. As her autobiography says, there was too much of her to be held within the prescribed and safe limits allotted to woman, but there was not enough to enable her to stand securely beyond the shelter of conventional rules.—*Temple Bar*.

THE NORTHERN SHEPHERD.

THERE is something at once poetical and exceedingly prosaic in the word "shepherd" according to the point of view from which it is looked at. It brings to our minds the smock-frocked man on the Wiltshire downs, or on the sunny hills of Devon, with his kindly, but often not very intelligent, face, a cider-drinking, bacon-eating father of smock-frocked, bacon-eating children. There is the pretty pair, *relique* of the Dresden era, with their delicate flower-adorned crooks and garments, charming and useless. The black-bearded, swarthy man, whose like has watched flocks on Syrian or Arabian deserts for untold generations, is another type. And, lastly, we can see on old Greek vases, or on still more ancient sculpture, the figure of a man with god-like face and stately limbs, lying sunburnt and half naked by a fountain or river, play-

ing on his pipes, or wooing some maiden, fair indeed, but scarcely more so than himself. The shepherds of the North of Scotland yield in grace and dignity to the last, but stand, we think, superior to the first; and we propose in this paper to give a short account of them, and of the wild land in which they live.

Of the deer, the grouse, and the salmon, greatly though we love them, we shall say little here. After the full and accurate accounts given of them by such writers as Scrope, St. John, and Colquhoun, little remains to be said; these men in their younger days had opportunities which are now, alas! wanting to us. They could follow, with little let or hindrance, the deer from Loch Inver to Dunrobin, or from Loch Shin to the Kyle of Tongue, and fish without question rivers which now let for a hundred pounds a month. They

all, too, had the power of bringing vividly before their readers the scenes they were describing, and St. John is peculiarly successful in this art. We seem, as we read his charming pages, almost to smell the peat-smoke of the shepherd's house into which he turns wet and tired after his long day on the hill. Our feet slip with his on the polished down-lying stems of the rank heather, as breathless and panting he struggles up to cut off the wounded deer. We can almost hear the alarmed "whutter" of the old mallard as he hurriedly rises from the lonely mountain loch, only to come down again. In their time wild Sutherland was still wilder; animals and birds which they came frequently across are extinct or very rare now. The weird old stories, too, about the freebooters and poachers, the fierce wolves and enormous stags, the giants and cave-dwelling spirits, were fresher then. It is hard to say what may be going on in the lonely hills of Sutherland in another hundred years.

When the bracken and the birches are beginning to feel the effects of the early autumn frosts, and the larch is found in the morning with her yellow needles lying about her, as if it were a garment, most of the shooting tenants move southward, and for nine months Sutherland is left once more to itself. And yet for some, though perhaps these are but few, it has in the late autumn and in the winter charms not less than in the purple August. The summer look of the country, that known best by the great majority of its visitors, is of course gone. The hot sun, shining with broad face over the great moors, and making the outlines of the hills shake and tremble in its fierce heat, and the still more beautiful summer midnight, semi-Arctic in its lightness, when Sailven, and Canispe, and Benmore, though twenty miles away, can be seen cutting the clear sky with their bold masses, are wanting—though, indeed, in these degenerate times hot sun and clear skies are not familiar sights even in the summer. To these few a long tramp on some lowering November afternoon has a peculiar fascination, when the shadows of the great clouds are chasing each other wildly over the far-stretching moors, and the sun, now grown faint and powerless, shows up here and there the

sickly yellow grass against the brown heather; while with every breath they inhale air which has been driven a hundred miles over the mountains, as if it needed filtering and purifying, fresh from its journey of thousands more across the sea.

The shepherds of Ross-shire and Sutherland, about whom more especially we are writing, are physically a fine race. Many people have a fixed idea that all Highlanders are tall, strong men; others, judging probably from the fishermen they have seen on the east coast or from the western islands, imagine them small, stunted, and red-haired. Of course there are small, poor-looking men, but as a rule they will compare favorably with any race in these islands; and it would be a strange thing if they did not. Their life is eminently calculated to make them do so. Their food, though simple, is abundant; the oatmeal which, with milk and a little mutton and bacon, forms their diet, is well known for its properties of bone-making. They breathe air than which there is no purer in the world, and their hard, out-of-door life insures them sound and healthy sleep.

If to most men the life of a shepherd would appear strange and almost appalling in its utter loneliness, to some few it has, for this very reason, a peculiar fascination. (We are speaking here of the genuine hill-man, not of one who is connected with a coast arable farm.) Some of the straths and glens are well populated—well populated, that is to say, for that country. There may be on twenty miles of road a couple of shooting-lodges, with their attendant collection of keepers' houses, a few small crofts, perhaps an inn, and possibly a kirk, though these two latter are infrequent, and the average distance between inns in Sutherland (always excepting a narrow strip on the east coast) may be set down at from fifteen to thirty miles. Many of the shepherds' houses, however, are a long distance off the main road, and a man, after walking from the nearest railway station twenty or thirty miles, and often much further, may have to turn across the heather for five or six more before he gets home, though there is often a peat-track to help him. His most probable near neighbor will be a

keeper, and keepers and shepherds do not always pull well together, there being knotty questions about heather burning and sheep straying over marches (the latter being especially frequent when the adjoining land is under deer), which have to be settled afresh every year, and which cause no little amount of jealousy and ill-feeling between the two. Sometimes, however, they are great friends; and as a rule they get on pretty well together, partly, no doubt, for the sake of companionship, and partly, on the keeper's side at least, from motives of policy for he knows well, if he is worth anything, how essential it is for the welfare of his game that he and the shepherd should be on good terms, and how great the power is which the latter has over it.

Here then in his substantial, generally slated, house, the shepherd lives a lonely life—out all day and every day to the hills; not able to discuss the local news with forester or ploughman, as men in the lowlands can, and, indeed, often with no local news to discuss; spending the whole day for weeks and months and years alone with his collies and his sheep, and coming back at night to his wife and children, perhaps the only human faces he will see for long stretches of time together. And if the life of the man is considered a dreary one, what must it be for the wife? Poor lassie! a long course of natural selection has adapted her for it; but she must often hardly know what she is consenting to when she allows herself to be persuaded by some prosperous young shepherd's eloquence to go up to his far-away strath and make his lonely life less lonely. The first year after her marriage may be called one long honeymoon, if the fact of seeing hardly any one but her husband can constitute one. But he is rarely with her in the day, and with little to do, it must often be weary work alone from the early morning till late in the afternoon. She will sometimes have enough to think about, though, on some wild December or January evening, when the wind comes driving down the glen, making the house, firmly built as it is, rock, and piling the white drift high up against its walls. At such times it must be difficult to avoid remembering dismal stories of men as brave, as stalwart, and as determined as her hus-

band, whose bravery and determination were of no avail against their silent and awful enemy—the snow. Then in the midst of her forebodings her husband arrives, a good-looking, red-haired, knickerbockered fellow, who kisses his wife, laughs at her fears, and sets to at his supper with the appetite of one of his own collies.

When, too, the little ones arrive one by one, and squall, and grunt, and crow, and make those pretty noises in which all mothers take so much delight, she cannot, like her lowland sisters, invite her friends and gossips to tea, to inspect and admire their many charms. Their distant and out-of-the-way life prevents this, and for years the children live, seeing few faces but their parents', playing contentedly all day and in all weathers before the door, sunburnt, yellow-headed, healthy little boys and girls, to grow up, the girls as servants in the low country, the boys, perhaps to take their father's place, perhaps to become, under a paternal government, an item in the material by which in these days "scientific frontiers" are arranged and held.

The shepherd's wife, as has been said, sees few faces, but now and then she has visitors whom she could well dispense with. The lonely roads which run from the east to the west coast are, strange as it may appear, not unfrequently used by tramps, tinkers, and gypsies, and if the house is near at hand, a bold face is sometimes poked into the kitchen, and a demand rather than a request made for oatcake or milk. What can a poor girl do when she looks out and sees other bold faces behind? Sometimes these people make a return by mending something for their unwilling hostess; sometimes a little impertinence is her only reward.

At one time the shepherd would have had other neighbors. The hills of Sutherland were not always so lonely as they are in these days. Now a man may travel in many parts the length of a long summer day without meeting any one, unless it be a stray keeper or shepherd, and without coming across any inhabited house. But he will see traces of the latter, and signs that men have once been there. Along the shores of the far inland running sea lochs or kyles, and in some of the most sheltered and best-

watered straths, are to be seen the remains of houses—some in tolerably good preservation, others totally ruined—and often it is only by the increased greenness of the patches in the heather, or by a turf-grown ridge, dimly to be traced, that he knows he is standing on ground on which men who have long since been dead and forgotten once lived and worked. This is not the place to enter into a discussion as to the justice or injustice of the compulsory clearance of these moor-crofters. There can, however, we think, be little doubt that, if the change was a benefit to the landlords, it was ultimately much to the benefit of the tenants, and that no one who has seen, as the writer has, the poverty, the hard existence, and the temptations to become indolent and apathetic, which are the almost inseparable adjuncts to the lives of these men, would wish to see them reinstated. These remarks apply to those who work their small holdings up in the mountains, far away from the large arable farms. When the crofts are near the latter, the owners can if they like, get pretty regular work, and are proportionately more prosperous. In the former case, little can be done in this way except at rare intervals, such as during the clipping and smearing, and as a ten-acre croft cannot employ a family's whole time, there is a good deal of idleness, and men are satisfied with getting a mere existence out of their land.

The shepherd has a few little breaks in his monotonous life. The clipping, which on large farms lasts a week or ten days in fine weather, in wet much longer, is one; and though the clippers have to work very hard, they enjoy it, and look forward to its meetings and gossip and attendant flirtations, with great interest. There is a wedding now and then in the strath, and a wedding-feast in these parts is a serious business, often lasting not only all day but all night too. If there is a cow to buy or sell (shepherds always keep cows, grass for them being allowed by the farmer), a visit has to be paid to one of the kyle or west-coast fairs; and, cow or not, most men manage to turn up at the famous "Fiel-eadachan," or "market of the white stone," held just across the Sutherland march in November. It is on occasions like these that

our otherwise sober shepherd is apt to indulge in a little too much whiskey.

On all farms, especially on those where the ground is steep, or where there is much cliff-land, as on the coast, sheep often get crag-bound; that is, are tempted by the sweet, fresh grass to climb down to some rock or ledge from which they cannot get up, and unless seen and rescued, they of course die. The enormous extent of some sheep-farms prevents the minute examination of ground which can be given on southern pastures; 60,000 or 70,000 acres in the Highlands are occasionally let to one man, and some farms have an ill reputation for this kind of loss. The shepherd in such cases has to be let down by ropes to their prison, and, their legs being tied together, gets them hauled up. Sometimes the stupid things, frightened and bewildered, throw themselves over the rocks just when help is near, and if it is the sea which is below, a boat is, if possible, brought round to be ready to pick them up.

So much for their fine-weather life; the winter one is very different. Cold and snow are the enemies which have to be fought for many weeks—sometimes, during late years, for many months. Descriptions have often been given of snow-storms, but the best of them can convey but a feeble idea of the reality, and we shall not attempt it here. It is hard and heart-breaking work travelling any distance on the hills through deep snow, even when the weather is fine; but it is when a furious wind is driving this white covering, catching it up and whirling it about in dense masses, and cutting the breath with its icy cold almost to the point of suffocation, that the fearful power of a really bad snow-storm in the North is felt. It is a very rare thing for a shepherd to be lost even in the very worst winter; their great experience, their wonderful and most minute knowledge of their ground and of landmarks, their power of endurance, and, lastly, their sagacity in reading beforehand the signs of the weather, are their safeguards. Still they have not always escaped, and the deer-stalker may have pointed out to him, perhaps on a broiling September afternoon, when the mind almost refuses the conception of such a quality as cold, the place

where in some late spring long since was found all that remained of the poor shepherd who used to live in the little house below. From long experience they are able to foretell a coming change with the greatest accuracy. Often the grouse-shooter out on the moors at the end of November, or just before the season closes, is disgusted to hear the dreaded yells, whistles, and other terrible sounds which denote a "gathering." He can see no signs of the coming storm. Perhaps the weather is dry, and the wild birds are lying better than they have done for weeks past, but of course his day is spoiled, and he may give it up and go home. In the morning, when the snow, already deep, is still falling, he will be sorry for the bad language he probably used, and be glad to think of the sheep, so scattered yesterday, now lying snug and sheltered near at hand.

Taken as a body, shepherds may be called well-educated, intelligent, and moral men. The weekly *Scotsman* and—best of local papers—the *Inverness Courier* find their way up to the glens, and a stranger would be surprised at the knowledge they show and the interest they take in the affairs of the great world from which they are so far divided. Home and foreign politics are keenly followed, and we remember being once, to use a homely word, very much "stumped" when on going into a house in the north of Sutherland to get a bit of oat-cake, we were asked by an old shepherd there "what the Ultramontanes were doing now." Religion has a strong hold up in these mountains, often tintured, it is true, with a good deal of bigotry and superstition. A long distance will not keep the man from the kirk, and it is a curious sight in July, just before the summer sacrament, to see the troops of people crossing the moors, old and young, men and women together, carrying their finery with them, and bound often on a two days' journey. To an English eye the great gatherings on these occasions seem an almost unmixed evil—a time which some of those present, especially the women, have good cause to remember as long as they live. Illegitimacy, however, which, with drunkenness, is the great curse of agricultural Scotland, is rarer in the class we are writing of than

in the rest of the population; and though an unmarried shepherd lives alone with his servant (sometimes, it is true, a sister or relation, but frequently a stranger), it is not very often that anything goes wrong. The hard swearing, common among the lower classes, is not heard so much here. What would, however, be the result of translating the Gaelic conversation carried on with the colliers, it is not easy to say.

The shepherd does, no doubt, a little poaching; a good loch in an out-of-the-way hirsell will have the likely spots along its shores (especially those suited for night fishing) well trodden by other feet than those of the laird and his keepers; but not much harm is done, and the offence seems a venial one in a man imbued from a long line of forebears with the instincts of a sportsman. There was a time when salmon and venison formed no little part of his diet. It is not so now. There are old men still living in Strath Carron, in Ross-shire, who used to pay to the then Balnagown factor with their rent an additional half-crown a year for the right of killing salmon, not, be it remembered, with rod or net, but with leister, or click, or by any means they could. At that time the coble fishings in the Kyle of Sutherland were not so constantly or scientifically worked (if indeed at all) as they are now; and we have heard men say that, when they wished to take a cart across a ford in the Carron during the spawning season, it was often first necessary to drive away the multitudes of fish which were lying in the shallow waters lest they should be injured, or their splashing should frighten the horse. Half a century ago deer-poaching was much commoner. Even in these days, when, during a hard winter, the starving beasts come prowling about the little patches of cultivated ground, the temptation of sending a handful of slugs among them is sometimes too great to be resisted. Many a grand set of horns that would now be worth two five-pound notes to any keeper has been smashed up and thrown into a peat hag lest the possession of an article so difficult to hide should get the owner into trouble.

And here perhaps we shall be pardoned if we break the promise made at the beginning of this paper, and give

one little story—a true one—as an illustration of this kind of work. It was told us by an old man now living in Ross-shire, who was one of the actors in it.

One fine September morning, more than fifty years ago, a man from this same Strath Carron was out after deer. He may have been a shepherd or he may have been a crofter, we don't know; on this particular occasion he was a poacher. In those days there were hardly any keepers in the northern forests; that of Balnagown, however, the oldest in the country, was an exception, and the deer, though not nearly so numerous as they are now, were much finer. The man met with little luck all day, but late in the afternoon he came across a very fine stag, with seventeen or eighteen points, lying in a corrie called "Crock Moror," on the east side of the Glenmore Water. The stag was in very difficult ground, and could not be stalked without great risk. The poacher waited a long time in the hope of a change of position, but night coming on, he had to leave, feeling pretty sure, however, as the deer had not been disturbed, and as it was yet early in the season, of finding him in the same place next morning. He went home, and in a weak moment confided his secret to a friend. This friend, also a poacher, at once insisted on going too, and, disgusted at his own stupidity, the first man had to give way, saying, however, that the corrie in which he had seen the deer was one at the head of Glenmore, not far from where the shooting lodge of Deanich now stands. But this corrie is some miles west of Crock Moror, where the stag had really been. They then went to bed, agreeing to start soon after midnight so as to be on their ground at the first light. When the time came, however, the Strath Carron man feigned sickness, but unselfishly insisted on his friend's not losing such a grand chance, and started him off alone. So soon as he was well away, the sick man became suddenly well; he too shouldered his gun, an antique flint and steel weapon, and set off, no doubt chuckling at the success of his manœuvre. Away he went, across the hills by Croick, and over the Glen Alladale Water to the top of Crock Moor, in which corrie, or in the adjoining one of Glasgoil, he expected to find the stag. Nothing was to

be seen—the corries were quite empty. Much disappointed, but still not losing all hope, he went on up Glenmore, and his disappointment was soon changed to bitter disgust at meeting, radiant with triumph, his last night's friend, sent, as he thought, on a fool's errand. *He* had slain the stag. The animal had shifted his ground during the night, passed eastward up the glen, and, by a curious coincidence, had gone to the very place to which the second poacher had been misdirected. The head of this animal is said to be one of those in the fine collection at Tarbet House, but though there are two or three there with a great number of points, they are not so remarkable for strength and width as some of the others.

So the shepherd lives a contented, peaceful life, far removed from the dirt and poverty, the smoke and noise of the great world; his long, uneventful existence only marked by such incidents as his marriage, his daughter's marriage, or an unusually unhealthy year in his hirsels. And at last a day comes when he must leave his house, never again to enter it, and is carried on the shoulders of men whom he had known all his life, for whose fathers and brothers he had perhaps done the same office, across the moors and down the glens to one of the little kirkless burying-grounds which are scattered here and there among the hills. There is such a one in Strath Oykel, above Rosehall, not far from the mound on which it is said that a woman sat long ago and saw her seven sons slain in battle. There, under the short-cropped, bee-haunted turf, the old shepherd lies, and, in a place of burial far grander than Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, waits for the day to-be; his face looking up toward the sky, whose signs he knew so well to read, shut in on every side by the stately mountains, perhaps the oldest in the world, which have looked down upon his little troubles and happiness, his love and his disappointments; which, unchanged and still indescribably ancient, stood there when Troy was young and another and a fairer shepherd yet unborn, and which will, so far as we can see, stand there unaltered to the end of Time.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE FUTURE OF ASIATIC TURKEY.

THERE is a difficulty behind the "Eastern Question," which one day, perhaps very soon, may be of pressing importance to Great Britain, and that is, the fate of the sultan's immense dominion in Asia. If the Turkish power in Constantinople should end, and especially if it should end suddenly, the sultan's authority in Asia, already trembling, will receive a shock which may affect its very existence, and immediately concern almost all the European Powers. Armenia, Asia Minor in its more limited sense, Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Arabia all belong in some more or less direct way to the sultan, and all will be profoundly affected by his overthrow. The mere rumor of such an occurrence is even now stirring Arabia to its depths, and exciting every race on the borders of the Eastern Mediterranean. Hitherto, Englishmen, with their healthy tendency to consider only the business in hand, and to "put that through," as Americans say, first, have attended only to European Turkey; but as the destiny of the Balkan peninsula shapes itself more and more visibly, the Asiatic side of the great question will come more directly to the front. So far as they have thought about the matter at all, which is very little, Englishmen have, we believe, held vaguely to one of three theories. Either, they think, the new master of Constantinople, whoever he may be, will hold Asiatic Turkey as a huge dependency; or "Asia" will fall, in some unexplained way, to Great Britain, to be ruled as she rules India; or the sultan, retreating on Broussa, will reinvigorate his Asiatic dominion, and governing in the Asiatic way, establish, under European supervision, some sort of endurable order. The first idea is, of course, only held by those who believe that ultimately Constantinople must fall to one of two military Powers, Russia or Austria, with troops and resources sufficient to hold down great and uneasy dependencies, and is discredited by the present aspect of affairs. European Turkey seems likely to fall to a federation, which will be disinclined, as well as unable, to hold more of Asia than the peninsula of

Ismid, which is essential to the prosperity as well as the safety of Constantinople. The second idea is probably held by very considerable persons, Lord Beaconsfield, perhaps, among them; but all other difficulties apart, it could not be realized without an addition to the British army of which there is as yet no prospect. Turks and Cypriots and Arabs under British officers might make a gendarmerie, but could not make an army which would be exempt from temptation to mutiny or insurrection. The third is the more popular and widely-held idea, and, if Turkey were alone in the world, might prove to be the accurate one. The sultan seated at Broussa, and supported by all the Mahomedans of Asia Minor and most of the Mahomedans who would throng out of Europe to enter his service, might prove too strong for any internal opponent, might retain his full authority, and might continue lord of Western Asia, until misgovernment had destroyed alike its reduced resources and its diminishing population. That has happened in Persia. Persia is becoming a desert, and every province is decaying, hungry, and discontented; but the shahs have contrived to secure the fidelity of their own immediate family and of the army, and by entrusting every province to a prince, they have kept their wide dominions in some sort of obedience, and themselves in possession of the throne. Persia is ruined, but it is a kingdom, and not a *colluvies* of semi-independent states. The house of Othman might do as the Kajars have done, but that Asiatic Turkey, unlike Persia, is closely watched by interested European Powers, and full of nationalities longing for independence. Already Egypt is in all political relations independent. The Arabs are talking of a new khalifate, are pressing northward, and are only kept down by secret severities, of which the execution of the Shereef of Mecca, under orders from Constantinople, is the most conspicuous example. Projects for declaring Syria as independent as Egypt is, with Midhat Pasha for khédive, have been gravely discussed, and if Europe approved,

might be carried out; while Sir H. Layard declares that there is already an "Armenian question" afoot, perhaps the most pressing of all. All these ambitions, hopes, and tendencies would be developed by the fall of Constantinople, and the sultan seated at Broussa would find himself perplexed by as many difficulties as harass him in his present capital. He would have, no doubt, immediately around him a fairly loyal population, and under him a numerous and, in its way, effective army, but he could not use his resources at discretion. On the east, he could not thoroughly subjugate Armenia without rousing in Russia, and perhaps in all Europe, a passion of indignation which would speedily produce armed intervention. On the south-west, France would never permit him to slaughter out opposition in Syria, or even seriously to affect the commercial prosperity of the Levant. On the south, he could hardly hope to subdue the Arabs, once aroused, without a long and exhausting war, which would still further weaken the declining Mussulman population of Asia Minor, upon which he must rely for his conscription. His "empire" would be strained from the first, and would probably be exposed, before ten years were over, to that slow, steady, exhausting pressure from Europe to which in our day everything Oriental sooner or later succumbs.

Under these circumstances, it is worth while for Englishmen to consider any suggestion made by a thoroughly informed politician, even if it should seem to them as dreamy as the one put forward by Mr. W. S. Blunt in this month's *Fortnightly* will probably do. Mr. Blunt, the able correspondent, who has recently written to us on Arab affairs, and who speaks from knowledge gathered in years of study of Asiatic Turkey, believes that the ultimate cause of decay in the whole of the vast region between Gallipoli and the Persian Gulf has been the claim to empire which Byzantine and Turk alike inherited from Rome, and which exhausted the countries with taxes and conscriptions; and that if Europe will but allow the Asiatic races to go free like the European, they also will recover the vitality they once displayed. He would allow Arabia to govern itself

on principles successful for a thousand years; would permit a free Arab State to arise at Bagdad, ruling much of Mesopotamia; would make of Syria a principality, and of Armenia a guaranteed free state:

"The Armenians of Armenia are indeed weak, but there is a greater Armenia without, which is both numerous and powerful. The Armenians scattered over Asia Minor and the Levant are the boldest and most successful merchants of the empire. They possess great wealth, and in many places great influence. They are above all intensely national. Of all the races of the East, there is none with so wide an intellectual grasp or so firm a political instinct as the Armenian. It has produced in our day more than one statesman who may rank as a man of genius. Nubar, Melikof, and the author of those admirable essays which have appeared lately in our English reviews, under the signature of 'An Eastern Statesman,'—in the presence of such names, who shall say that Armenia is incapable of self-government? The present Kingdom of Greece, when first launched into being, was hardly in better case. The Greek peasant and the Albanian pallikar were little more promising than the Armenian and the Kurd. Greece was backed by another Greece from without, and so may Armenia be backed by another Armenia. A European occupation may for some years be necessary to organize and teach and arm the unwarlike Armenian for his self-defence; but the task need be no very costly one, nor one without a limit in time."

Broussa would then be the capital of the sultan, ruling the Mussulmans of Asia Minor only in a modest and obscure way, and probably assisted by beys or hereditary chiefs, who would spring up as they did when the Ottoman Power first began. It might be necessary that each new state should have a protector, Armenia, Russia; Syria, France; Egypt, Britain; Asia Minor, Austria, or better, the Balkan Federal Prince; and Bagdad, the Indian Viceroy. But each should be allowed to live its own life and mould its own civilization in its own way, assisted only, if that were found practicable, as it might be both in Syria and Armenia, by European settlers. Each would be a state governed by its own people, and not a mere dependency.

A project of that kind will, of course, be pronounced "dreamy," or "Utopian," or unpractical, and we, at least, are not insensible to the immense difficulties in its way. The very first of these, perhaps the insuperable one, is

the rooted belief of Europe that Asiatic civilization is worthless, that no Asiatic States can progress, and that "progress" must mean an approximation to the European method of life. A state not greatly concerned about railways, a capital without public amusements, a people content to live without hurry, or change, or public discussion of all things, are ideas which Europeans regard as antiquated, inconvenient, even in some sense immoral. The desire to quicken every thing, to guide everything, to veto everything, above all to garrison everything, would be almost irresistible. Each protecting Power would be jealous of the others, anxious about frontiers, suspicious of intrigue among its projected subjects, and each would defend itself and its imaginary interests, until at last "protection" hardened into direct government, and freedom for the Western Asiatics would be as far off as ever. The protected subjects themselves also would be very tiresome. They would always be wanting, not only freedom at home, but an impossible liberty of action beyond their frontiers; always thirsting for territory, always describing each rival party in the state as the enemy of the particular protecting power. The conflict, too, of civilizations between protectors and protected would be very

keen. It takes a generation to teach even Englishmen, with their endless experience, to bear with a radically different social order; and Frenchmen, to judge from history, never get reconciled to any arrangement which they neither invent nor control. There would be endless difficulties with settlers, who would want their own laws, endless contests for concessions, endless efforts to plunder the protected treasuries in private interest. Nevertheless, the dream is in many ways a fascinating one, if only because, if it were possible, it would be such an easy solution of enormous difficulties, and would so little impair either the actual or the relative strength of the European powers, and because it would allow room for experiments that would fairly test one of the greatest problems of our age—Can an Asiatic people of moderate number, not ruling another race, and not ruled from without, establish an endurable or, still better, a progressive civilization; or must Europe, overburdened as it is with its own work and its own problems, take up also the task of administering the whole of Asia? Within five years, Western Asia will be in the crucible; and that question will, if Europe has come to no conclusion, be one for fleets and armies.—*The Spectator*.

A WOMAN'S WISDOM.

You blame me that I cannot love
As you can love, my friend;
You call me heartless—light of faith—
Because my fancies end!

I do not say it is not true;
Oh, no! your words are right:
But you who love, and I who laugh,
Which gains most in the fight?

And why, if you were seeking love,
Should you have turned to me?—
I, who of all who meet your gaze
Have sworn inconstancy!

Go farther yet, poor heart, and seek
For one who still can give;
Or, if your heartbreak prove too sharp,
Curse me, my friend—and live.



Engraved for the Volume by J. J. Gads. New York.

GEORGE GROTE.

Yes! Once I cursed—and lived. Alas!
 'Tis better far to die,
 Hands meekly clasped and prayerful
 Eyes upturned to the sky.

I loved too well—as you, my friend,
 Are loving me this hour;
 Such loves die hard, are cursed, we know,
 With overwhelming power.

My love went out—as yours will do—
 But after many years;
 And in those years I was not glad,
 And bitter were my tears.

My love was like your love, my friend—
 It met with no return,
 In spite of passionate appeal,
 In spite of words that burn.

But you who love, and I who laugh,
 May part at least in peace;
 One day you'll thank me for my words,
 One day your pain will cease.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

GEORGE GROTE.

BY THE EDITOR.

GEORGE GROTE, one of the most eminent of English historians, was born in London in the year 1794. His father was a London banker, and he himself, though carefully educated, was designed for the same pursuit; but he early exhibited a predilection for letters, which the irksome experience of the counting-room and the stern opposition of his father could not quite overcome. He fell under the influence of a talented young man who recognized the leadership and accepted the general doctrines of Jeremy Bentham and James Mill; and though he never went as far as some of his school, he did more than most of them to expound and exemplify their creed of "philosophical radicalism." His taste for classical studies was strong, and in 1823 he began to collect materials for his great work, the "History of Greece." His labors upon this were immense and indefatigable, but before he was ready for publication, he was drawn away from it for a time by his election to Parliament in 1832. During the nine years of his membership of the

House of Commons he distinguished himself by his persistent and able advocacy of election by ballot, the final success of which is said to have been largely due to his efforts. In 1841, he resigned his seat in order to devote his whole attention to his history; and at irregular intervals during the ten years between 1846 and 1856 the work was published, in twelve volumes.

Grote's "History of Greece" at once took a high place in literature, and has ever since been recognized as one of the classics and standards in its department. It was written throughout from the democratic or sympathetic point of view; it repudiated and discredited the conventional "morals" that had usually been drawn from the history of the Greek commonwealth; and it aimed to depict the inner or private life of the people as well as to record their public achievements and national glory. In it, too, for the first time, a competent scholar and critic surveyed the splendid Greek literature in direct connection with that imposing political history with

which it was so closely interlinked. The author's conclusions on many vexed points have been fiercely assailed, but it has been generally conceded that in the matter of research he exhausted the materials and left little to be done by his successors.

In 1865, Mr. Grote published "Plato and the Other Companions of Socrates," a work which exhibits very happily his

power of combining interpretive criticism with personal portraiture. Six years later, in 1871, he died. A sketch of his life was subsequently published by his widow, herself an authoress of some distinction; and a collection of his minor works, comprising selections from his contributions to periodicals, etc., appeared in 1873.

LITERARY NOTICES.

COWPER. By Goldwin Smith. ("English Men of Letters." Edited by John Morley.) New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

POPE. By Leslie Stephen. ("English Men of Letters." Edited by John Morley.) New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

Since our last notice of a volume of Mr. Morley's "English Men of Letters," the series has rapidly expanded, and now comprises some eighteen or twenty volumes. These are by no means all of uniform excellence, nor do all of them quite reach the high standard of the earlier issues; yet, on the whole, they amply vindicate the editor's plan of intrusting each subject to a writer whose researches and taste seem to have specially qualified him to deal with it. Why Goldsmith should have been assigned to Mr. William Black, or Thackeray to Mr. Anthony Trollope, is not entirely obvious; nor has the result, in the latter case at least, quite justified the selection; but the monographs on Spenser by Dean Church, on Chaucer by Professor A. W. Ward, and on Bunyan by Mr. Froude, show how much valuable information can be compacted into brief space by a writer who is "saturated," so to speak, with his theme.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's sketch of "Cowper" will not rank among the best in the series, but such defects as it has are partly due to the inadequacy of the materials with which he had to deal. Much has been written about Cowper, and Southey's biography of him is not lacking in copiousness; yet, after all, the really significant and verifiable details regarding his life are comparatively few in number, and when recorded in Mr. Goldwin Smith's customary conciseness of language, give an impression of meagreness which is apt to be considered as due to lack of research, or to negligence, on the part of the biographer. We believe, however, that nothing of consequence that is known about Cowper has failed to receive consideration from Mr. Smith, though he might easily and profitably have made more extended use of Cowper's letters. These letters are not only, as Mr. Smith says, among the

best in English literature, but they also afford biographical material of "the most valuable kind, and a liberal introduction of them would have imparted a personal charm to the narrative which, it must be admitted, is now somewhat lacking. All that Mr. Smith has to say about Cowper's poetry and his place in the history of English literature is admirably just and helpful; and if he makes no exaggerated claims in his behalf to a place on the heights of Parnassus, he renders better service in showing how clear and undeniable is Cowper's title to the distinguished merit of having ushered in the dawn of the modern poetry of nature.

One quality of Cowper's upon which Mr. Smith says particular emphasis, is the completeness of his reaction against the glittering artificiality that characterized the school which, for upwards of three generations, yielded allegiance to "that arch-versifier," Pope. Mr. Smith, indeed, repudiates the idea that Pope was a poet at all; but while this view is natural enough in a biographer of Cowper, it is somewhat surprising to find Mr. Leslie Stephen pronouncing substantially the same verdict in the monograph on Pope, which he has contributed to the series. Mr. Stephen terms the kind of writing in which Pope excelled "polished prose, with occasional gleams of genuine poetry," and observes that a single pathetic touch of Cowper or Wordsworth strikes incomparably deeper than all the studied pathos of Pope. He concedes that Pope has succeeded in doing with unsurpassable excellence what innumerable rivals have failed to do as well; and he adds that "the explanation is, if the phrase explains anything, that he was a man of genius, or that he brought to a task not of the highest class a keenness of sensibility, a conscientious desire to do his very best, and a capacity for taking pains with his work, which enabled him to be as indisputably the first in his own peculiar line as our greatest men have been in far more lofty undertakings."

This, it must be admitted, is not very cordial praise, but it is geniality itself in compari-

son with what Mr. Stephen finds himself obliged to say about Pope's character and conduct as a man. Mr. Stephen is above all things a moralist, but even if this were not so, it will be acknowledged that the task of a biographer who is constrained to apply such epithets as "liar," "hypocrite," and "slanderer," to his subject is by no means a pleasing one. In truth, there are few more painful and disgraceful chapters in literary history than certain incidents in the life of Pope. His real character was so different from the one which he assumed that any biography of him at this day must necessarily be in the nature of an "exposure"; and after reaching the end of his book Mr. Stephen is only able to express his hope that "the final element in our feeling about the man" may be "the pity which, after a certain lapse of years, we may be excused for conceding to the victim of moral as well as physical diseases."

MEMORIES OF MY EXILE. By Louis Kossuth. Translated from the original Hungarian by Ferencz Jansz. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Those who come to this book with the expectation of finding a personal autobiography of the great Hungarian patriot will be disappointed. Kossuth is too essentially modest, and too profoundly impressed with the dignity of his "mission," to suppose that that side of his career which is personal to himself could be of much interest to the public; and his aim in writing his memoirs is not so much to record his own adventures and experiences as to contribute something which he considers valuable to the history of his times. He observes in his preface that it is one of his shortcomings that he has scarcely ever thought of preserving in writing what he himself has done. "I have only preserved records in my exile of what others have done—as the reader will see. I have recorded my own doings but scantily."

The present installment of the "Memories" may be described with sufficient accuracy as the secret or diplomatic history of the Franco-Austrian war of 1859 for the liberation of Italy. Many puzzling questions as to the causes and steps which led to that war are here made plain for the first time; and aside from the interest of the particular revelations which it makes, it supplies the student of history with an incomparably vivid and illuminating glimpse of that subtle diplomacy which, behind the movements of armies and the pageantry of military display, spreads its intricate and tangled web, and really decides the fate of nations. As soon as the Emperor Napoleon had determined upon war—which was several months before hostilities actually began—he conceived the idea that a rising in Hungary

would create a diversion against Austria which would favor his schemes; and, accordingly, he intimated to Kossuth that such an uprising would be aided by him and might lead to the much-coveted independence of Hungary. Kossuth soon discovered that Napoleon's plan was a purely selfish one, and that, after using the Hungarians as cats'-paws, he would leave them to the fiery fate of war as soon as his own interests demanded it; but though he (Kossuth) declined to carry out Napoleon's suggestions, he yet kept up negotiations with him throughout the war, in the hope that some contingency might arise which would enable him to secure some definite pledge upon which Hungary might safely enter the contest. The peace of Villafranca dashed this hope to the ground and caused him bitter disappointment. On receiving a letter from the emperor announcing it, he says, "I wept like a child and could scarcely read it;" but his intimate relations with the leaders made him acquainted with all that was going on behind the scenes, and this inner series of events—this history within history—he now makes known to the public.

Very curious are the revelations thus made, some of them, indeed (such as the influence of British party struggles upon Italy's fate) are almost startling; and the reader will find it easy to agree with the author's over-modest opinion that "what I have written during my exile will form material not unimportant for the historian of our time."

THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF FRANCES BURNEY, MADAME D'ARBLAY. Revised and Edited by Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. In Two Volumes. Boston: *Roberts Brothers.*

The most charming of all literature, according to Matthew Arnold, is that of literary ana and reminiscence, and of the books in this department there are few more charming than Madame D'Arblay's "Diary and Letters," which now appears for the first time in an American edition. The reputation of her father, Dr. Burney, secured the entrance of his daughter into a brilliant circle of wits and literati, and her own early-acquired fame as the author of "Evelina" and "Cecilia," widened her social opportunities and brought her into personal relations with nearly all the leading men and women of her time. Burke, Garrick, Boswell, Langton, Warren Hastings, Herschel, Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi, Mrs. Delany, Queen Charlotte, Mrs. Montagu, Hannah More, and many others, figure more or less prominently in her pages; and there are no more pleasing and characteristic reminiscences of Dr. Johnson than those which Miss Burney has put on record. Her residence in Paris, as the wife of General D'Arblay, from 1802 to 1812, brought

her into contact with many of the eminent Frenchmen who have rendered that epoch illustrious; and her record deals, for the most part, with persons about whom the world is never tired of hearing.

This last remark is more especially applicable to the present revised edition. In order to bring the work within more manageable limits, Miss Woolsey has eliminated nearly all the matter which was of minor interest, or which dealt with secondary personages; and it may be fairly said that the work as she presents it is much more likely to be a popular one than in its original form. Nothing really important, either to the interest or to the continuity of the narrative, has been omitted; and a number of notes are introduced to explain dubious or obscure points.

One feature of the work is referred to by Miss Woolsey in the following sentences of her preface: "No biographer, except perhaps Samuel Pepys, has given so faithful, finished, and detailed a picture of the life of a court as Madame D'Arblay; and in revising the present edition of her 'Diary and Letters,' its editor has, as far as was possible, taken pains to leave intact this most unique and curious part of the narrative."

ODD OR EVEN? By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Like all Mrs. Whitney's stories, "Odd or Even?" has a distinct ethical and theological purpose, to which all purely artistic effort is subordinate. Indeed, the author formally declares that she "can no more tell a story of any real living and keep the Word of Life out of it than Mr. Dick could keep Charles the First's head out of his memorial," and adds pointedly that those who care for her memorial must take the head with it. Aside from the scriptural exegesis and commentary, which is inextricably interwoven with the narrative, the aim of the story is to show that it is wiser for a rich city girl to prefer country life with a good man, though he follows the occupation of a farmer, than to content herself with the rather vulgar magnificence which attracts the town girls of her circle. This thesis, however true in itself, is, to our mind, not quite demonstrated in the story, or even rendered plausible; but the "situation" affords opportunity for a number of those racy and piquant sketches of New England life and character which always redeem Mrs. Whitney's novels and make them entertaining reading in spite of the author's inveterate tendency to sermonizing.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE British Museum has purchased a collection of Babylonian inscribed cuneiform

terra-cotta tablets. Among them are additions to the legend of the Creation.

THE Calendar for the University of Tokio in the departments of law, science, and literature shows that twenty-three Japanese graduates have been sent abroad—viz., ten to England, nine to the United States, and four to France.

WE are glad to learn that there is at last some prospect of an exhaustive work on the life and writings of David Hume. Prof. A. C. Fraser, the editor of Berkeley, has in view this important undertaking after the completion of his work on Locke.

FATHER BOLLIG, one of the librarians at the Vatican Library, is engaged upon an edition of Samaritan prayers and hymns according to a MS. in the Vatican Library. If we are not mistaken, this MS. is not only the oldest, but also the completest in existence in any European library.

DON MARIANO AGUILO, head of the provincial library of Barcelona, has in preparation a new edition of the works of Ausias-March, the great Valencian Troubadour of the fifteenth century. His various wills, containing many interesting details of the poet's life, were discovered some years ago, and, with other fresh matter, will be made use of for this edition.

PROF. F. A. LEO, of Berlin, the well-known Shakespearean scholar and editor of the *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare Gesellschaft*, is now in England. He has been examining the Ovid of 1502 in the Bodleian Library, which is said to have been used by Shakespeare, of which he intends to give a detailed description with fac-similes in the forthcoming *Jahrbuch*.

PROF. SKEAT has developed his former attack on the genuineness of *The Romaunt of the Rose*, of old attributed to Chaucer. He examines in detail its false rhymes and assonances and its use of un-Chaucerian words, and concludes triumphantly that it could not possibly have been written by Chaucer at any time of his life. The essay will appear both in one of Prof. Skeat's Clarendon Press Chaucer volumes and in the Chaucer Society's *Essays on Chaucer*.

THE *Comptes Rendus* of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres contains an interesting announcement made at a sitting of the Academy. M. Desjardins has received a letter from Mariette Pasha, stating that, owing to the intervention of the Academy with the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and Public Instruction and the support of the French representative in Egypt, he had obtained the nec-

essary funds for resuming excavations in Egypt.

DR. MORITZ BRANDL, of Innsbruck and Vienna, has undertaken to edit for the Early English Text Society a collection of Early English Prophecies from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. He has found, besides a fragment of the third Fytte of Thomas of Erseldoune, hitherto overlooked, some old MS. explanations of, or keys to, the characters meant by the bear, fox, lion, etc., in the Prophecies; and by means of these he hopes to be able to identify the men and times, about whom and at which most of these Prophecies were written.

In bringing out a fifth edition of his useful and interesting "*Lehrgang der Russischen Sprache*," Dr. August Boltz defends, with much spirit, the Russian language from the charge sometimes brought against it of being "a rude, uncultured form of speech, which the Russians themselves despise." To show the enormities to which a tongue which specially prides itself on being cultured may give rise, he quotes from *Ausland* what he justly designates the word-monster, "*Zürchersalzverbrauchsbuchhaltungsverordnung!*"

THE Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, presented on Wednesday, the 30th ult., the first diplomas granted to students of the Bedford College, York Place. These diplomas are granted to regular students who have been at the college for three sessions, and who have obtained at least two-thirds of the possible number of marks in four subjects at the annual examinations. Alice Elizabeth Lee, Sophie Elise (Lita) Marshall, and Laura Gulliver received diplomas. It may be remembered that Miss Lee was at the head of the list at the matriculation examination of the University of London in December.—*The Athenæum*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

AURORAL OBSERVATIONS.—M. Sophus Tromholt, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Bergen, writes: "In order to get nearer, if possible, to the unravelling of the mysteries of the Aurora Borealis, I have, in the course of the last two years, endeavored to procure a greater amount of observations of this phenomenon in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. I have succeeded in engaging throughout the above-named countries several hundreds of observers who, led only by scientific interest, have lent me their assistance, and from whom a considerable amount of information has already been sent in. These observations are still to be continued,

as there is reason to suppose that the Aurora Borealis in the near future will appear much more frequently than has been the case during the last few years. Also Finland and Iceland will now be drawn within the circle of observations, and it is most desirable that the same should be made in Great Britain also, which country—especially in the maximum years of the appearance of the Aurora Borealis—would certainly be able to yield characteristic contributions in this respect. I therefore take the liberty to invite friends of nature to make such observations in accordance with the system which I have introduced in Scandinavia, adding that a schedule for the noting down of the observations, beside necessary instructions, will be sent to every one who, before the end of August, informs me of his name and address."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK ON ANTS.—At the last meeting of the Linnæan Society, Sir John Lubbock gave a further instalment of his observations upon ants. He began with an account of his fresh experiments on their powers of communication, several of which experiments seem to indicate that ants possess something approaching language. From tests with regard to their recognition of relations, he comes to the conclusion that the recognition of ants is not personal and individual. He is also of opinion that eggs laid by workers always give forth males, and that in queenless nests males alone are produced. On the contrary, in nests possessing queens, workers are produced in abundance. These facts lead to the presumption that, in the case of ants as well as that of bees, some special food is required to develop the female embryo into a queen. With regard to the different reception of queens by nests of the same species, Sir John thinks that the hostile reception of queens by his own ants was due to the fact of their having been living in a republic. He relates, besides, various experiments made to test their sense of direction. Studying the relations and treatment of the aphides by the ants, he clearly shows that not only are the aphides protected in the ants' nests, but that their eggs are brought by the ants into their nests and carefully tended by them all through the winter months. Sir John Lubbock concluded with the history and description of a new species of Australian honey ant.

CLOCKS WOUND UP BY ELECTRICITY.—A clockmaker of Copenhagen, named Louis Soenderberg, who for some time past has had charge of that city's electric timekeepers, has just invented an ingenious appliance which obviates the necessity of winding up the regulator from which the clocks in question "take their time." By a mechanical contrivance

which periodically cuts off the stream of electric fluid emanating from the battery, and brings an electro-magnet to bear upon the relaxed mainspring in such sort as to renew its tension instantaneously, perpetual motion is practically imparted to the works of the regulator—that is to say, as long as the batteries connected with it are kept properly supplied with acids. The discoverer of this important improvement has satisfied himself, by six months' successful experiments in his own workshops, that his system works faultlessly, and has applied for permission to adapt it to the electric clocks set up by the municipality in different parts of the Danish capital. Electricity, under Mr. Soenderberg's compulsion, is destined not only to make the Copenhagen clocks go, but to wind them up, with never-ending recurrence, until the "crack of doom."

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.—The details of Mr. Hannay's experiments on the artificial formation of diamond have been laid before the Royal Society, and read at one of their meetings. Except as a record of persevering labor carried on under much risk they are not interesting to the unprofessional reader. Having noticed in his early experiments that very small hard scales of carbon were formed in the tube, that fact became the basis of his further endeavors. Great heat and enormous pressure were required, and where was a material with sufficient power of resistance to be found? The massive iron tubes slowly cracked or flew to pieces with dangerous violence. Out of more than eighty experiments, not more than three successful results were achieved. It is easy to believe that "the continued strain on the nerves, watching the temperature of the furnace, and in a state of tension in case of explosion, induce a nervous state which is extremely weakening, and that when the explosion does occur it sometimes shakes one so severely that sickness supervenes." "In nature," says Mr. Hannay, "the temperature has been at one time higher than we can obtain artificially; and the pressure at a depth of two hundred miles below the surface is greater than can be supported by any of the materials from which we can form vessels. It will thus be seen that whereas in nature almost unlimited solvent power could be obtained, we are not as yet able to reproduce those conditions artificially. Could pressure alone increase solvent power, then much might be done; but pressure acts only by keeping the molecules close together when they have great *vis viva*, and this condition is obtainable by high temperature only." Notwithstanding that the difficulties appear to be insurmountable, we may, now that the particulars of the experiments are made public,

feel assured that other investigators will take up the research, and that further demonstration will be given of the artificial formation of diamond.

THE "CHITTIM-WOOD" OF SCRIPTURE.—When Sir Samuel Baker was exploring Cyprus, he was told by certain monks that they believed the Scriptural "chittim-wood" to be a species of pine which grows only on the mountains between the monastery of Kyker and the town of Khrysokus, a pathless and almost inaccessible region. Boughs, as specimens of the tree, were fetched by a trustworthy messenger, and were sent to Sir Joseph Hooker, Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, who, in a brief description published by the Linnean Society, says of this newly-found tree, that it differs from the known forms of *Cedrus* in the shortness of the leaves and the smallness of the female cones. In size of cone, size, form, and color of leaf, it approaches the Algerian far more closely than it does any Taurian, Himalayan, or Lebanon cedar. Among tree cultivators it may be called the Cyprus cedar; and its special characteristics will be better understood when the promised ripe cones and seeds shall be received at Kew. Sir Samuel Baker writes that he has found two varieties of cypress. One he describes as a tree thirty feet high, with a girth of six or seven feet, the wood cedar-colored, "emitting a powerful aromatic scent resembling that of sandalwood. This is (in Sir Samuel's opinion) the celebrated chittim-wood. Why should Solomon have sent for cedar, which is so common in Asia Minor? The No. 2 variety of cypress is an intensely hard wood, resembling somewhat *lignum vitæ*."

CARBONIC ACID IN THE AIR.—By a series of observations made at Grasmere last summer and autumn, Professor G. F. Armstrong of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, has come to some conclusions on the diurnal variation in the amount of carbonic acid in the air. Great care was taken to avoid error; and the results were that the normal amount of carbonic acid present in the air of the land is distinctly less than usually stated, and that it does not exceed 3½ parts in ten thousand of air. That plants absorb carbonic acid during the day and exhale it at night, and that vegetation, therefore, affects the quantity of carbonic acid present in the air, decreasing it by day, and increasing it at night; and that from this cause there is during that part of the year when vegetation is active, at least ten per cent more carbonic acid present in the air of the open country by night than by day. Some difficulty was experienced at times in collecting air for the experiments, in consequence of

the overabundance of rain in 1879. Grasmere is notoriously a wet place, and is within seven miles of the wettest place in England—Sty Head, where the average annual rainfall is one hundred and seventy-five inches. Last year it amounted to two hundred inches. This is a fact worth recording.

THE FATE OF THE EARTH.—In a discussion concerning the chemical and geological relations of the atmosphere, Professor Sterry Hunt, F.R.S., of Montreal, shows that while the atmosphere modifies the rocks, the rocks in their turn modify the atmosphere. A layer of the rock known as orthoclase, one metre thick over a fortieth of the earth's surface, would absorb the entire quantity of carbonic acid at present in the atmosphere. This faculty of absorption is fraught with important consequences. The total volume of our atmosphere at the density which it has at the sea-level is, according to calculation, less than four thousandths that of the earth; the volume of the ocean being very much less. "There is no known mass of cooled rock," says the Professor, "which has not a greater porosity than is represented by these figures; so that the conclusion seems inevitable that, with the complete refrigeration of the earth which must come in the course of ages, its atmosphere, following the ocean, will have so completely sunk into the pores of the cooled mass that its tension at the surface would be very small." In other words, the earth would be in the same condition as the moon now is, devoid of atmosphere and life; which condition probably exists also in the planet Mercury.

REPORTING BY TELEPHONE.—As was predicted, the telephone is now used for reporting speeches in Parliament. The reporter in the House reads his notes into a telephone receiver; the sound travels along wires to the *Times* office, where a compositor sits with his ear close to the mouth of the instrument, and, with the composing-machine, immediately sets up the spoken words in type. The labor and delay of writing out the reporter's notes are thus avoided, and the reports of debates can be printed an hour later than heretofore by the newspaper. In like manner reports may be spoken to all parts of the kingdom; and orators in the country will see their latest words printed at once in the London papers.

VARIETIES.

MOSAICS.—The first authentic account of any mosaic work in ancient Rome is given us by Pliny, who says that Sylla caused some "stone-laid" work to be made; and from his

and other sources of evidence we are justified in assuming the time of its introduction here to have been about eighty years B.C. This date corresponds with the destruction of Corinth, when precious objects of all kinds were carried to Rome, and naturally created a wish in the minds of wealthy Romans to possess mosaics as well as other luxurious embellishments. A very learned Italian writer has divided Roman mosaics into four classes, namely—tessellated and sectile, applied to pavements generally; fictile and vermiculated or pictorial, applied to walls and vaults. Of these the tessellated is probably the most ancient, and consisted of small cubes of marble, seldom averaging more than three-quarters of an inch square, worked by hand into such geometrical figures as, when combined, would best compose a larger figure equally geometrical, but of course more intricate. It is probable that the first colors used were black and white. The best samples of this tessellated work occur at Pompeii and at the baths of Caracalla; but very fine specimens have been found in this country. The sectile or sliced work was formed, some say, of the different slices of marble of which figures and ornaments were made; others hold that these slices were never employed to imitate figures or any actual object, but produced their effect solely through the shape, color, and vein of the marbles which were contrasted. It is believed that no piece or fragment of ancient sectile work imitating a subject of any kind has yet been found; and if it had been so employed we must have had examples at Pompeii, where the student may find all varieties of mosaic pavement known to either Greek or Roman. The most noble specimen of sectile work now extant is the splendid pavement of the Pantheon at Rome, where the principal marbles are arranged, each of great superficial extent, in alternate round and square slabs. The building of the Pantheon was finished about thirty years before the Christian era. This kind of work required the employment of costly marbles, and no remains of it have been discovered in any other country than in Italy.—*Pottery Gazette*.

ANTIQUITY AT TABLE.—With the Empire began that epoch of splendid gluttony which has no parallel. The history of the Cæsars, with some exceptions, is the narrative of a continual orgie. Take the notorious group at random—Commodus, Caligula, Tiberius, Verus, Vitellius, Nero, Heliogabalus, Domitian. These men spent their lives in a round of monstrous debaucheries. The day and the night, we are assured, were not long enough for their revels. Verus, the first to increase the number of guests from nine to twelve, pro-

longed his suppers throughout the night. Nero sat at table from midday to midnight. Tiberius spent two days and a night at the festive board. They had huge appetites—not only the gigantic Maximilian, who devoured forty pounds of flesh-meat and drank five gallons of wine at a meal, but finical dandies like Commodus, who ate even in the bath; Vitellius, who ceased eating only while he slept; Domitian, who ate "out of his hand" to stay his stomach in the intervals of regular repast. Heliogabalus was perhaps the most elaborate, Vitellius the most extravagant, in his daily fare. The latter squandered in seven months seven millions sterling, chiefly on his table. The total staggers belief; but let us examine the figures on the other side. The Roman epicure is reported to have paid £65 or so for a mullet; a brace of pigeons cost £1 12s. At an entertainment given to Vitellius by his brother two thousand of the rarest fish and seven thousand of the most curious birds were served up. One individual spent £5000 on a single dish, made of the tongues of the costliest singing-birds. The Roman *bon vivant*, supping on the brains of peacocks and pheasants, the tongues of nightingales and the roes of the most delicate fishes, swallowed thousands of pounds at a meal; and we need only multiply the individual expense by the number of the guests to form a notion of the cost of a high-class dinner in the days of the Cæsars. A supper in the Apollo meant a couple of thousand pounds thrown to the purveyors. But the emperors were certainly the most reckless in the profligacies of the table. Seneca and Tacitus are among the authorities who tell us that Heliogabalus spent £20,000 on one supper; that Nero, master of "The House of Gold," ate a dish which cost over £30,000, and drank a bumper still more precious. It is asserted further that the Emperor Verus treated twelve friends to a feast which cost £46,000; and Seneca is responsible for the statement that Caligula spent £80,000 on a supper.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

NEW TESTAMENT REVISION.—The first edition, as it may be called, of the revised translation of the New Testament may be expected in the autumn, and along with the English translation two recensions of the Greek text will be issued simultaneously: the one will proceed from the Clarendon, the other from the Pitt Press. These two texts will exhibit a notable and rather suggestive contrast in the different methods pursued in their construction. The Oxford text will represent the critical spirit of the nineteenth century, which is somewhat prone to seek new departures and to break with the past. Accordingly the Clarendon will publish the text which the revision-

ists have found it necessary to frame for themselves, after careful weighing and mature consideration of all available evidence for and against the readings adopted. For the behoof, however, of those weaker vessels who continue to have a superstitious veneration for the name of Robert Stephens and the Greek used by the translators of 1611, all passages in which the Oxford text departs from the received text will be indicated by foot-notes, and in these notes the reading of the *Textus Receptus* will be given. The Cambridge text will, on the contrary, be neither more nor less than a reprint of the *Textus Receptus*, with foot-notes, giving the reading adopted by the revisionists. Professor Palmer is responsible for the Clarendon text, Dr. Scrivener for the other. It is with regret that we hear it said that the form in which all Englishmen know, and most of them use, the Lord's Prayer is no longer to be the form which is to pass current. We shall rejoice if the report, which is widely circulated, proves incorrect; a greater calamity than such a change as rumor declares to be imminent it would be difficult at the present moment to imagine.—*Athenæum*.

ANTIDOTE FOR INFECTIOUS DISEASES.—The benzoate of soda has lately been recommended as a superior antiseptic in all infectious diseases; it acts very powerfully, and it is claimed that a daily dose of from thirty to fifty grains to a full-grown man will render the poison of diphtheria inoperative. The benzoate is prepared by dissolving crystallized benzoic acid in water, neutralizing at a slight heat with a solution of caustic soda, drying, and then allowing the solution to crystallize over sulphuric acid under a bell glass. Large doses are said not to appear absolutely necessary—good results may be obtained by the daily administration of about twelve grams.

THE ARTIST.

TRUTH in its unity hath many sides;
One Beauty rules infinity of change;
Art, a free spirit, through all realms may
range,

Embracing Truth and Beauty for her guides.
All doors are open to them; where abides
Their foot the roof is sacred, lowly grange
Or temple-court; no home to them is strange
From starry vault to nook where flowret hides.

And, Artists, hearken! Holding fast their
hand,
Ye shall learn secrets, each a special one—
Not of mere skill; the imitative band
Of craftsmen may not catch the whispered tone.
Truth beautiful is Art; who understand
This to create are Artists, they alone.

A. B.

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